

# THE YALE REVIEW

*Edited by* WILBUR CROSS

JULY



1919

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Book Reviews	

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*Edited by* WILBUR CROSS

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF  
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Henry C. Emery, economist and writer, is well known to readers of THE YALE REVIEW. He was resident in Russia at the time of the Revolution as financial expert for the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, was made prisoner by the Germans on his way out, and has had exceptional opportunities as well as exceptional training for a study of the difficult problems involved in Bolshevism, the subject of his article. His conclusions will clarify much muddy thinking on the Russian situation. Henry A. Beers, man of letters, and Professor Emeritus of English at Yale, is perhaps better qualified than any other living American to sum up critically and interpretively the contributions of Theodore Roosevelt to American literature. Walter Lippmann, an editor of "The New Republic," was a member of the House Peace Commission and later was on Government service in Paris both before and after the armistice. He is widely known for his lucid and discriminating discussions of contemporary politics. In this article he presents the Liberal view of the results of the Peace Conference. John Gould Fletcher, an American poet, now living in England, has been one of the chief figures in the renaissance of American poetry. He is the author of "The Silent Navy" and "A New Heaven" published in earlier numbers of THE YALE REVIEW. William O. Stevens, of the United States Naval Academy, here makes an able contribution to the discussion of how to make our armed forces safe for democracy. He is the author of a history of our navy, and other volumes. In the Book Review section he has an extended criticism of Admiral Jellicoe's "The Grand Fleet." William B. Cairns, Associate Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, an authoritative writer upon the history of American literature, here celebrates with careful appraisal the centenary of Walt Whitman. Siegfried Sassoon, an English army poet, made his reputation with poetry of the trenches, published in "The Old Huntsman" and "Counter-Attack," and is extending it widely by work of a different character, done in peace. He is a friend and companion writer of Robert Nichols and Robert Graves. Gordon Hall Gerould, Professor of English in Princeton, writes here of the defects of our technical education in scientific schools from experience gained in the novel contacts of war time. Frederick S. Dickson is an antiquarian and a specialist in the work and bibliography of Fielding. He has made a study of Indian dialects, of which the excursion into the byway of early American history and literature here printed is a



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fruit. Louis Untermeyer, poet and critic, is the spokesman for the Progressive party in poetry. His book on the new poets, "The New Era in American Poetry," has been recently published. Much of his verse has been published in *THE YALE REVIEW*. Lee Wilson Dodd, poet, playwright, and essayist, presents in "Foes of the Spirit" his protest against the destructive elements in Radicalism. Frederick E. Pierce, author of several books of verse and of excellent criticism of literature, is a member of the English Department at Yale. His latest books are "Poems of New England and Old Spain" and "Currents and Ed-dies in the Romantic Generation." James C. Alvord, a newcomer to the columns of *THE YALE REVIEW*, illustrates in "Woonsocket, City of Mills," certain tendencies in the "new poetry," of which Professor Pierce writes. Samuel Scoville, Jr., continues in his nature essays the school of thoughtful observation which Thoreau founded and John Burroughs carried on in America. Louis V. Ledoux, a poet of careful taste and high performance, has written several volumes of verse, including "Songs from a Silent Land" and "Souls' Progress." Margaret Adelaide Wilson is author of "Gervais" in an earlier number of *THE YALE REVIEW*. Arthur Whiting, musician and critic, who more than any other perhaps has encouraged the taste for good music in America, pays his respects in the essay here published to the mechanical piano. Brander Matthews, author, professor of the drama at Columbia University, is a connoisseur of all good literature.

Albert Beebe White is Professor of History in the University of Minnesota and an authority upon English constitutional history. Thomas Sergeant Perry, friend of many of the elder New England group of writers, is the author of many books on literature. Frederick Wells Williams, a specialist in Oriental civilization, is in the History Department of Yale University; as is also Charles M. Andrews, who has to his credit a long list of works in American history, especially of the colonial period. Lawrence Mason is an essayist and Assistant Professor of English in Yale University. Mary A. Jordan, Professor of English in Smith College, is a witty and incisive critic. William R. Shepherd is a distinguished authority upon Latin-American history. Wallace Notestein, Associate Professor of History in the University of Minnesota, served with the Committee on Public Information in the war. Henry Pratt Fairchild is an Associate Director of the War Camp Community Service, and a sociologist of long training and experience.



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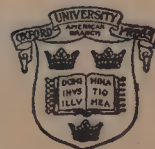


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# THE YALE REVIEW

Vol. VIII

JULY, 1919

No. 4

## UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?

By HENRY C. EMERY

THE word Bolshevism is used in many vague and confusing ways at the present time, but it is also used in three quite proper and definite ways which must be kept clear from one another despite their obvious relations. It is used to describe the policy and actions of a certain group in Russia; it is used to characterize a certain philosophy of society; and it is used to describe an active world movement based on this philosophy.

On my return from Russia I found that I was asked many questions about Bolshevism and the Bolsheviks, and that the words were used generally in the first of the above senses. The queries usually included the complaint that "reports are so conflicting"; that "it is so hard to tell who is stating the truth"; that what is needed is to get the "real facts." Few people seem to realize that this is not so much the fault of the news as the fault of the situation; not only are the reports conflicting, but the facts themselves are conflicting. The trouble is that we hear all kinds of conflicting stories about the Bolsheviks—and that most of them are true. It is not because of a mass of falsehoods that the problem is so puzzling, but because of a mass of seemingly conflicting truths.

Let us consider some of these reports in order. We are told, for instance, that the Bolsheviks were supported by



the German imperial government, and supplied with German money as a means of forcing Russia out of the war. We are told by others that Bolshevism is in large measure a racial movement; that a race long slighted and oppressed has seized the opportunity to assert its power; that most of its leaders are Jews, and that these Jewish leaders are actuated by ambition tinged with vengeance against their former oppressors. Again we are told that the Bolsheviks are organized bandits seeking their own immediate advantage through robbery and plunder. It is also asserted that Bolshevism is a developed and elaborate economic philosophy which aims to establish a new order of society. And finally, we are told that Lenin is the prophet of a new era, and Bolshevism a new faith or religion.

Each of these statements is true regarding some part of the Bolsheviks or regarding Bolshevism in some sections. No one of them without the others gives a true picture of the whole.

The simplest explanation of these seemingly divergent statements regarding Bolshevism, is that there are Bolsheviks—and Bolsheviks. Any new popular movement brings divergent elements to its standard, and men are frequently found carrying the same flag, using the same slogans, and subscribing to the same programme from quite different motives. Furthermore, the same individual may combine many motives in one line of conduct. The same person may be actuated by race hatred, class loyalty, personal greed for money or power, and even belief in the necessity of a new world order. Again, a man may begin a movement with one set of motives, and carry it to conclusion swayed by quite different motives.

There has been a somewhat acrimonious dispute as to the charges that the Bolshevik leaders were German agents. It is not necessary here to go into the question of the authenticity of particular documents, or the rôle played by particular men. Germany certainly made it easy for Lenin



to get into Russia, and doubtless knew what it was doing. He never denied that at least he was perfectly willing to take German money, or any other money that would help him carry on his cause. It is impossible not to believe that some of the minor Bolshevik leaders were personally in the direct pay of Germany, and working for German interests. There is also good evidence that Germans in certain cases helped organize Bolshevik forces and led Bolshevik troops in attacks.

For a while, some good people had the idea that this was the beginning and end of Bolshevism. To-day, however, all this is ancient history. It is entirely immaterial now how far certain individual Bolsheviks were in the direct personal pay of Germany. That the fundamental object of Lenin was to assist imperial Germany in her aims of conquest is, of course, nonsense. To suppose that the problem to-day is vitally connected with German imperialistic aims, is merely stupid. Those who take this attitude seem to think that they are thereby making the greatest possible charge against the Bolsheviks, and that anyone who denies it is showing some kind of sentimental sympathy for them. The opposite is the case. The Bolsheviks are responsible for a much more dangerous programme than any new success of German arms. If this were not so, the problem of Bolshevism would have been settled with the defeat of Germany. Far from this being the case, the complete collapse of Germany has increased the Bolshevik menace.

The Germans thought that they were doing a very shrewd thing in unloosing Lenin on Russia, and smiled in a patronizing way at Lenin's first efforts to propagandize Germany. Lenin, however, who is both an abler and a more dangerous man than most German statesmen, smiled grimly at the short-sighted confidence of the German government in turning such a force loose upon the world. The so-called Russian Embassy in Berlin became a hotbed of revolutionary conspiracy, and the very appeals which had been printed in



Germany for circulation in Russia were translated back into German and slipped into the Fatherland. German troops of occupation became infected with the Bolshevik virus; German prisoners in Russia took it back into the ranks—until one of the important factors in the collapse of Germany is to be found in the spread of Bolshevik ideas. The situation has become such to-day, that instead of the spectre of a Prussianized Europe, we have been facing the spectre of a Russianized Germany.

In the minds of some people, especially in Russia, Bolshevism takes on the color of a revolt of the Jews against the Russians, who have so long kept them in subjection. Lenin is of course a pure Russian, and it is a mistake to say that all the other leaders of importance are Jews. On the other hand, the Jews have been active in the movement out of all proportion to their relative numbers. No one who ever made a visit to Smolny Institute, when that was the headquarters of the Bolshevik government at Petrograd, could fail to understand how easy it was to get the impression that the Jews had at last seized the power. It would be easy to exaggerate the extent of this element in the Bolshevik movement, but reference to it is necessary to get a complete picture of the facts as they are, and still more a picture of events as they present themselves to many Russian minds.

The charge that the Bolsheviks are bandits, robbers, and murderers, is one which has been hotly debated when it should be coolly analyzed. The general reading public of this country has exaggerated the state of disorder in Russian cities, so far as the safety of the individual in pursuing the daily course of his life is concerned. At the time of the last reports from Russia, the overwhelming majority of the population were free to go about their affairs with safety on the streets.

The Red Terror did not take the form of promiscuous street shooting, as so many people seem to think, but it was none the less a genuine terror. Anybody who came under



suspicion of being opposed to the Bolshevik rule and Bolshevik principles was likely to be seized and thrown into prison without warning, and without any means of redress. Families and friends were commonly without knowledge of the fate of the missing person, and unable to secure information or relief. Without anything approaching fair trial—nothing more than a drumhead court-martial—a suspect might be taken out and shot. All of this was, of course, defended by the Bolshevik authorities as being nothing more than the maintenance of “law and order.” Opposition to Bolshevism being looked upon as treason, those guilty of it, or suspected of being guilty of it, were dealt with more summarily even than traitors in time of war. Such killings, however—whether we call them executions or murders—were not a result of accidental or casual street frays, but involved formal arrest by the Red Guard acting under authority. The question of the actual number of such incidents is relatively unimportant. Whether two thousand persons or twenty thousand persons lost their lives in this way, it was clearly adequate to establish a genuine reign of terror. Nobody, whether school-teacher, officer, or merchant, knew when his turn might come or when some hasty charge might be brought against him of not being sympathetic with Bolshevik rule.

In the same way the requisitioning of private dwellings or of personal effects has been carried out usually by direct order of Bolshevik authorities. The situation, however, has been complicated by the fact that men of mere lawless and criminal instinct joined the Bolshevik movement for their own private advantage, and under the cover of blanket authority many people could be deprived of their goods, or even their lives, by men acting merely for personal gain or revenge, under cover of such authority.

Another point that should always be kept in mind regarding the conflicting reports from Russia, is the marked local character of the Bolshevik movement. What is true of the



cities is not necessarily true of the villages, and what is true of one city or village is not necessarily true of another city or village. It is not to be supposed that what happens in every town which is now marked on the map as under Bolshevik control, is determined by orders from the Soviet government of Moscow. In some villages, for instance, the conditions remained peaceful and friendly. Even the expropriation of the land from the former proprietors was carried out with moderation and careful regard to some innate conception of natural justice. In others, the peasants looted the estates, burned the chateaux, and subjected the proprietors and their families to all kinds of brutality.

Reports of equally trustworthy eyewitnesses in different sections naturally present most contradictory pictures. In some towns, order prevailed, schools were maintained and encouraged, and the inevitable hard conditions of life alleviated as far as possible. In others, the prison doors were thrown open, and the lowest element of the population was given a chance for independent activity, unknown before, with the result that in some localities authority was simply seized by the criminal class for its own gain. They raised the Bolshevik banner, not because of any particular belief in the doctrines of Lenin, but because it was the most convenient cover for their predatory instincts. It would be absurd to accuse men like Lenin and Lunacharsky of being bandits or robbers in the ordinary sense of the word. On the other hand, many lawless men have flocked to their standard, who, in the localities where they have control, have used the Terror, proclaimed by the government against all suspected of counter-revolution, as a means to plunder the innocent.

The advance of the Bolshevik armies into certain reoccupied western territories has been marked by widespread pillage, and a giving over of the country to fire and sword, characteristic of the wars of the Middle Ages. In this sense, although it is not true that all Bolsheviks are bandits, it is



true that the bandit element of the population has found through Bolshevism its opportunity for loot and plunder. Furthermore, the leaders, such as Trotzky, must be held morally responsible for utterances which could have no other effect.

The fourth statement regarding Bolshevism to which attention was called at the outset of this article was that Bolshevism is a new religious faith. Even this has an element of truth. It may seem strange and is doubtless somewhat far-fetched to apply the word religious to a movement which is avowedly scornful of all known forms of religion. But the very word faith has a religious significance, and it cannot be disputed that to some of its followers Bolshevism represents a new faith. By that word we mean something which goes beyond immediate ambitions or policies, which is more than a rationalistic programme for economic reform, and which transcends the limits of logical proof. To some simple-minded believers there is in this movement an element of the idealistic dream, which makes them willing to disregard personal welfare, to sacrifice not only themselves but a generation, if necessary, to some half-conceived faith in a distant future. Indeed, if it were not for this, its hold would be hard to explain. Those who refuse to see it are simply shutting their eyes to one of the facts that makes Bolshevism so dangerous. A deluded fanatic is more destructive than a conscious criminal. The leaders know how to play on this motive, and even Trotzky and Tchicherin talk about "the holy cause."

Finally, we come to Bolshevism as a developed theory of economic reconstruction and a programme to carry this theory into effect. And here is the crux of the whole matter. Not only do we pass from the complexity of the manifold and conflicting manifestations of a movement, involving millions of men over a vast area, to something simple and capable of clear statement and established proof. We pass also from the non-essential to the essential. Con-

fronted with the economic and political programme of the Bolsheviks, we ought to be able to see that, so far as the main issue is concerned, it makes little difference how far they were pro-German or not, and how far they have been "bandits and murderers" in their conduct. The weighing of evidence on both sides of these questions seems rather futile. If these were the essential problems and the case against them had been proved on both counts, the situation could be handled accordingly. We could dispose of the Bolsheviks as we dispose of Germans or bandits. On the other hand, if it could be shown that none of the crimes of violence and cruelty charged against them were true—except in the sense that all war involves violence and cruelty—the menace of their programme would be every whit as great, the danger to the whole fabric of society just as alarming.

This economic programme should need no analysis here. It is the extreme form of Marxian socialism—a theory that has been discussed for two generations in thousands of volumes, so that we must assume it to be clear in outline for all intelligent readers. Its fundamental conception is, of course, a reorganization of society on such a basis that there shall be no private or individual property in land or any of the means of production, and no other form of income than that paid by the state for productive services rendered to the state. Therefore there will be no rent, no profits, and no interest—and also no wages, in the sense of wages paid by one private individual to another. What is new and startling about the programme of the Bolsheviks is that they do not predict this system as something to be brought about in a distant future by economic evolution, but that they propose to bring it about at once by force. And they not only propose to do it, they are actually trying it out. We confront then this simple fact, that the long predicted has at last occurred. The war of the classes has begun. This is the one great dramatic fact about what is called Bolshevism.



Furthermore, there is no profound significance in its appearance first in Russia rather than elsewhere. It happened that the great war had in that country its earliest and most disastrous disintegrating effect. Somewhat to their own surprise the militant leaders of the social revolution found in Russia the best soil for the seed of their doctrine and the best opportunity for its application by force. The easiest and most shallow way to brush aside this new doctrine—or rather this new incarnation of an old doctrine—is to say that it is “un-American.” Of course it is un-American, just as it is un-English, un-French, un-German, and un-Russian. It is altogether un-national. Lenin happens to be a Russian, and the movement has so far assumed an established form only in Russia, but Bolshevism was not devised as a system of government peculiarly fitted to Russia—or for Russia only—nor is it a natural product of Russian character or of Russian institutions. Indeed, many students of the movement believe that Russia is the least fitted of all great countries for the enduring continued success of such an experiment and that while Bolshevism advances in other countries, it will give way first in Russia. The thought is expressed both by the critics of the movement and by its friends. It is even said that Lenin himself shares this opinion.

Recognizing then that Bolshevism is a culmination of a revolutionary world movement rather than the natural outcome of a purely Russian revolution, it will make the situation clearer to recall a few dates of world importance. The year 1815 marks the end of a great period of national conflicts, the course of which had been determined by the rivalry of nations for conquest and power. A world exhausted by war settled down to an era of peace and retrenchment, and of industrial expansion. This period lasted for fifty years, and during it men’s minds turned more to new problems of social reconstruction, brought about by the new economic conditions. In 1848, Marx and Engels

published the Communist Manifesto with the startling new summons, "Proletarians of all Countries Unite." After a momentary spasm of excitement, the world went on its way, leaving socialism to develop as a system of philosophy for academic discussion. The kernel of the new socialism was that "all history is a history of class struggle," that consequently the idea of class consciousness must be kept vividly before the minds of the masses, and that ultimately by the working of inevitable forces the system of capitalistic production based on private property must break down. The propertied classes might sputter at such a teaching, but as long as its leaders confined themselves to predicting an economic collapse by the action of natural causes, they were not molested.

In the meantime a new era of nationalism began. Wars, national rivalries, national expansion, and more wars followed each other. The most striking features of this new era were the formation of the German Empire, and the war of the nations through which we have passed. The socialistic theory of history, namely, that all history is a history of class struggle, was patently false. The consciousness of national conflict was stronger than the consciousness of class conflict. Not a few earnest socialists, when the test came, found themselves far better patriots than they knew, and more deeply moved by the appeal of patriotism than by the appeal of class loyalty.

None the less, the socialistic theory of class struggle, though false as an explanation of all the phenomena of history, contained a very solid fact. A brilliant writer modified the original statement of the Communist Manifesto by saying that all history is a history of national struggle or class struggle—a contest either for the feeding-place (national aggrandizement) or for a share of the fodder (class war). In this brutal form the idea is again extreme and the facts of history have to be distorted too much to make them fit the formula. Yet the struggle of human



groups is a struggle for power, and the two most important and abiding forms which such grouping takes are national or racial groups on the one hand and class groups on the other. We have just been through the most stupendous experience of national struggle in all history. At its completion we are facing the first thoroughly self-conscious conflict of the other kind on anything approaching the same scale. Whether it also will prove "stupendous," the future historian must decide.

The patent fact—which we must not for a moment lose sight of—is that it has come. It is no longer possible to treat the conflict as something academic or vague or wild. The worthy people who told us that to talk about class interest, class solidarity, class war, is unmoral or irreligious are about as useful in their criticism to-day as were the good people who told us that a war of conquest in these enlightened times was impossible, when the Germans marched into Belgium. The fact is that in a great area—once a proud empire—the government has been seized by men claiming to represent a self-conscious proletariat. This government boasts of being a class government, it makes and enforces laws, it abolishes property, and what is more it raises and maintains armies greater than the world had known before 1914, and it wages war both defensive and offensive.

Objection may be taken to the above statements on the ground that they are extravagant or aim at the sensational. Consequently, I wish to make perfectly clear what I mean and what I do not mean. By saying that the class war has begun, I mean that a certain group of men have declared war against the organized state of society as now constituted on a basis of free enterprise and private property, and that in the name of the proletariat they have seized and control a vast territory, where they defend their own system by arms against outside attack and send forth great armies to conquer other territory. This seems to be a patent fact. I do not mean that class war has begun in the sense that

now the die is cast, that this class war must be waged throughout the world. This would be to repeat the very boastings of the Bolsheviks in all countries. Our American Bolsheviks assert it as true of America already. They hope to see a similar successful resort to force here. It is not here yet, and I do not for a moment believe there will be even a beginning here. I do not believe that labor is going to follow these would-be leaders. Consequently, when I say that there is already war, I do not mean war between labor and capital, or war between the proletariat and the ruling classes; I mean simply that there is war between the Bolsheviks, on the one hand, and the farmers, laborers, capitalists, and plain citizens, on the other, who believe that individual free enterprise and private property are the necessary basis of the state.

Others will perhaps contend that I am exaggerating even the attitude of the Bolsheviks, but surely all I have said is asserted over and over with passionate fervor by their leaders. It is not an unfair indictment—it is merely a recognition of their own claim within certain limits.

These limits are the limits of geographical fact. In Russia the leaders of Bolshevism have established their power and have waged war. In a minor degree, Bolshevism has been tried in Bavaria, in Hungary, and elsewhere. Wherever it appears it is an international movement. Russian "veterans" are sent to incite class war, or to support it wherever it has broken out. The Bolsheviks of all countries recognize one another as allies against a common enemy. It is easy on this side of the Atlantic to say that what Lenin and Trotzky do is purely a Russian affair, but it is not easy to say so in Germany or Austria, in Scandinavia or Roumania. It is Lenin himself who has most consistently declared that the war cannot be confined to one country; that the Russian Bolshevik campaign is a mere incident, and that it is doomed to failure unless the rest of the world can be conquered by his ideas.



But the class war does not exist here despite the claims of our American Bolsheviks. One or two editors or agitators cannot declare a war; the leader of a million armed troops can do so. It is just as befogging to our minds to deny that the class war is on anywhere, as to assert that it has begun everywhere. American Bolsheviks are hoping for a time when it will really begin here. In using the phrase "American Bolsheviks" one must be very specific. The term is applied loosely in these days, usually through a combination of ignorance and prejudice. It is easy to call a dissatisfied striker or a radical editor a Bolshevik, but it is very silly to do so. The term Bolshevik has a perfectly clear meaning, and we ought to confine it where it belongs. The editors of "The New Republic" are no more Bolshevik than the editor of "The Wall Street Journal." But the editor of "The Liberator" is. The I. W. W. is a straight Bolshevik organization, declaring as its first article of faith that there can be no truce between labor and capital—that it is a war to the death between the two classes. Eugene Debs is the one great American hero to Bolsheviks the world over. One does not have to go to Russia to study the doctrine of Bolshevism—one goes there only to study it in action.

Now, there is one very admirable thing about Debs and Max Eastman, as about Lenin and Trotzky. One knows where they stand and what they are striving for. There is amazingly little hypocrisy or camouflage about them. If anyone says that they are sentimental idealists aiming to reform our imperfect system of society, and that they are, therefore, entitled to the sympathy of the "liberal-minded," they themselves would be the first to laugh with scorn or protest with passion. The so-called "parlor Bolshevik" is treated with greater disdain by real Bolsheviks than by the Tories themselves. The true Bolshevik asks for no sympathy from liberals or others. He does not aim at reform of an imperfect system, but at the overthrow of the whole existing order. "It is true, your honor," said Debs, when

sentenced, "I am opposed to our system of government." When Professor Irving Fisher made a fine appeal to the economists of the country to realize their solemn obligation, in these troublous times, to stand fearlessly for justice, Max Eastman replied that Professor Fisher had quite missed the point. They want no "justice" as that word is understood by any adherents of the present legal foundations of society. "Justice itself is on trial," he said. What the revolutionist wants is not justice but power, and he is serving notice that he means to take it.

As I have already said, there is something which challenges our intellectual respect in the bold, clear-cut, declarations of true Bolsheviks whether Russian or American. They know which side of the fence they are on, and they want everyone else to know it. If one wishes to know what Bolshevism really is, one should read not what is said about them by the non-Bolsheviks, whether those who denounce them or those who have a strange sympathy for them. One should read what they themselves say about themselves—about their aims and their programme. A clever woman with whom I discussed Bolshevism, and who claims to sympathize with it, expressed surprise that I should be a regular reader of "The Liberator." I told her that I read it to keep the issue perfectly clear in my mind and to avoid the risk of having any foolish sympathy with Bolshevism from a misunderstanding of its real nature. "Oh yes," she replied, "just as I read the 'Times' to make sure not to lose my sympathy with it!"

Strangely enough, many educated people express a sympathy with Bolshevism in Russia who assert that they do not want it in America. This is perhaps the enchantment lent by distance. The true Bolshevik does not mean to keep it distant if it can possibly be brought nearer. And furthermore, if the principles of Bolshevism can be made to work with practical success anywhere—which seems to me impossible for centuries to come, at least—they certainly



could be made to work successfully in a developed industrial and democratic state like ours more quickly than in Russia. The practical operation of Bolshevism requires a great capacity for industrial organization like ours with a militaristic discipline like that of the Germans. Russia would seem to be the last place in which to think it might succeed.

If we once get firmly in mind the ruthless logic of the theory of the Bolsheviks, based upon this concept of war, many things become clear that otherwise seemed confusing. The clarifying process works in two ways. It clears up many of their actions towards other classes, and towards the world at large, and it clears up our own confused state of mind as to what should be our attitude towards them.

The Bolsheviks suppressed the Constituent Assembly and refused to refer the problem of their rule to a popular referendum. This irritates good Americans who believe in democracy and universal suffrage. But the Bolsheviks abhor what we call democracy, and do not accept universal suffrage as the proper method of settling class affairs. The question whether they are favored by a "majority" is unimportant to them. Some of their defenders vaunt the "democratic" character of their Soviets, with direct representation, immediate recall, and the like. But this is a mere blind to irritate their democratic opponents or to stir doubt in their hearts. There is no free election, no possibility of an anti-Bolshevik ticket. The reason is quite clear. To the Bolshevik a state of war exists. The proletarian class is out to take the power by force throughout the world. If in some particular country such as Russia, or in some particular section of Russia, those who do not support Bolshevism are in the majority, they are to be suppressed. This is perfectly logical when we start with the assumption of a world-wide war of the classes. It is as logical as suppressing any area or class in our own country which favors the enemy in war time.

The Bolsheviks disfranchise the propertied classes. They go farther in theory and propose to abolish the propertied classes, either by abolishing property or destroying its owners. This, however, cannot be done at one stroke, and in the transition period there remain some who live from something beside the direct and immediate pay for their services, from interest or rent or profits (whether past or present). Such people are enemies of the new order. Of course, they are disfranchised. One does not give the vote to an enemy in time of war. Some people are misled into thinking that this means that they disfranchise everyone either with brains or a clean collar. This is not true. Professors, engineers, managers may receive pay, even large pay, for their services, and have the franchise, if they accept the Bolshevik dogma that no man shall derive an income except from his own labor. This franchise means, however, only a vote for rival Bolshevik candidates. Bolshevism itself is above the franchise.

The Bolshevik leaders have a certain respect for kings and capitalists as one may have respect for an open and ruthless enemy. They are less bitter against a Grand Duke than against Kerensky or Breshkovskaja; less bitter against the Kaiser than against Scheidemann and Ebert; less bitter against Clemenceau than against Branting; less bitter against the monopolist than against the trade-union leader. The reason is that all socialists or labor leaders who still compromise with the institution of property and the wage system are traitors to the cause of the proletariat. When war has been declared treason is the deadliest crime. The traitor suffers a more terrible fate than the leader of the enemy forces. Were Lenin given twenty-four hours of power in this country, on whom would the hand of punishment fall first? Not on Rockefeller because he has the most money, nor on Wilson because he is head of the state, but on Gompers because in the eyes of the Bolsheviks he is the arch-enemy of his own class.



The Bolsheviks held an American Consul, Roger Treadwell, prisoner for months. It is reported that to appeals for his release they said they would let him go if we would release Mooney. At first this seems a piece of sheer insolence, of foreign interference with our own administration of justice by our own courts. But if we look at it from the point of view of the class war, it is quite consistent. The Bolsheviks recognize no national boundaries. There are as many fronts in this war as there are countries. According to their claims the proletariat is arrayed around the globe against the forces of property. It happens that in Tashkent the Bolsheviks held as prisoner a representative of the "established order." It happens that in California the representatives of the established order have put in prison a Bolshevik. What seems to us preposterous, namely an exchange of such prisoners, seems to them simple and logical, and it is logical if we once grant the premises.

The Bolsheviks suppress freedom of speech and freedom of the press with an iron hand. This is inconsistent with their protestations, when they were a minority in opposition, but an inconsistency quite common to all revolutions. There is, however, no inconsistency with their theory. Once granted the major premise, that an expression of belief in a system of private property, or an advocacy of private initiative in industry, constitutes a seditious utterance against the Bolshevik state, and the ruthless suppression of all utterances favoring the American type of democracy becomes an intelligible part of their whole fierce logic.

A clear recognition of these facts clarifies our ideas as to what position we may or should take towards Bolshevism. Plainly there can be no half-way position. The Bolsheviks themselves have adopted the slogan that he who is not with them is against them. Every conscientious man must face this challenge for himself and choose accordingly. One must be prepared either to throw in one's lot, at all sacrifice, with the red revolution, or to exert all one's efforts to

oppose it. This will be a hard saying to many. There are those who have a morbid dread of finding themselves on the conservative side. They have always taken great pride in being in the vanguard of the "forward" movement. Their greatest fear is that they will be classed as reactionaries; this feeling is quite intelligible and in some cases arises from noble sentiments of sympathy. But the time has come when many of them must recognize that the so-called forward movement has been such a rapid movement that a position in the front guard means nothing less than allegiance to the cause of red revolution by force of arms. If they are not prepared to go this far, they must be reconciled to hear themselves classed as conservatives and reactionaries. No one should be afraid to have epithets hurled against him by the enemy.

It may be objected that such a position leaves no room at all for an enlightened liberalism between revolutionary radicalism and tory reactionism. This, however, is not the fact. To make the choice, once for all, to devote oneself to fighting the Bolshevik régime, and the spread of its doctrines, does not mean that one is driven into the camp of those who oppose any change in the existing order and block every agitation for reform. There is nothing in this choice to make the words agitation and agitator offensive. The question is only as to what the agitation is for.

There is, indeed, grave danger that the forces of the enemy will be increased by the stupid tactics of those who cannot see the difference between the main issue and the minor issues. The main issue is quite simple. A Bolshevik is a man who believes in the overthrow of the institution of private property by force of arms. The definition is so clear-cut that there is no occasion to misuse the word. Unfortunately, the really reactionary person cannot refrain from calling everyone a Bolshevik who is less reactionary than himself, whether he is a laborer striking for higher wages, a trade unionist demanding recognition of the union,



or an editor denouncing mob violence against radical meetings. Such indiscriminate denunciation by the reactionaries obviously does an immense amount of harm to the very cause which the reactionary desires to champion. It is equally obvious that it is perfectly useless to tell him so. All agitation for change will continue to be denounced, but such agitation will always exist. The duty of every fair-minded man is to refuse to have his mind clouded either by the unintelligent opponent of Bolshevism, who includes under that name everything radical, or by the equally unintelligent, but more soft-hearted, sympathizer who tries to make the Bolshevik out as something quite different from what he is or from what he claims to be.

One thing is clear. The Bolsheviks by their own avowal have outlawed themselves. They despise democracy as we understand the term. They demand no amelioration of conditions. They do not ask for justice. They avow their contempt for "due processes of law." Very well, then, the gauntlet being thrown down, we cannot refuse to see it.

The first result is that any appeal in behalf of recognizing their "rights" loses all meaning. The word "right" has a legal significance, and they assert themselves outside and above existing law. The question is not one of "rights" or of "justice," which have no meaning apart from definite conceptions of law and the social order which the Bolsheviks discard. It becomes merely a question of policy—a difficult question, which cannot be discussed here. The main thing now is to recognize that the Bolsheviks of Russia have no "rights" in the matter of maintaining their form of government. The argument that we must recognize the right of the Russians to settle their own form of government does not hold in this case at all. It is not only because the present government is government by terrorism, and the very phrase "the rights of terrorism" is self-contradictory nonsense. The fundamental fact is that by its very essence Bolshevism is a world movement. It is an attack on all

governments. The Bolsheviks did not merely rebel against the government of Nicholas or Kerensky. They declared war against the basic legal institutions of all civilized states. They aim to overthrow these institutions everywhere. They do this in some cases by subsidies; in some cases by the spread of their agents; in some cases by resort to arms. The question then as to whether, or in what measure, intervention by arms is desirable or wise is merely a question of sound tactical judgment. It is not a question of anybody's "rights."

It does not follow that because the Bolsheviks have resorted to force, that force is the best weapon to employ against them. But it also does not follow that it is not the best weapon. It is frequently said that one cannot fight ideas with bayonets—or as Talleyrand said "one can do everything with bayonets except sit on them permanently." This is a profound truth, no doubt. But when ideas and bayonets join forces it may be that they must be opposed by other bayonets as well as other ideas. How best to fight destructive ideas is a problem that cannot be solved by any one formula. The situation has to be faced and solved differently, in different places, and at different times. It requires the wisest statesmanship. Unfortunately, up to now the statesmanship of the world has been absorbed in international questions of another character. A pathetic lack of statesmanship has been shown regarding the Russian and Bolshevik problem. The policy actually pursued appears to have been the worst possible, judging from results. Whether there has been too much intervention, or too little, can be vigorously disputed by men of equal judgment, who are agreed on the object to be achieved. There is also to be considered the effect of a policy of force not only on the territory where it is applied, but on the countries applying it.

The same problem of policy arises regarding the attitude towards avowed Bolsheviks at home. This also will be



hotly debated. Shall it be a policy of suppression or of pitiless publicity? Shall we punish with rigor, or attempt to convince by education? All these questions are questions of policy only. There always remains the danger, however, that in these disputes we shall forget what the new war is about; what the issues are, and who is on our side and who against us. To call one another names, to denounce one another's motives, is to weaken ourselves in the face of a common enemy. We become angry with one another when we should co-operate to the utmost. The trade unions of the country may prove the best fighting troops. They can do more to stem the tide of Bolshevism than any number of Defense Societies.

There is the utmost need that all different groups fighting for the same cause should show due consideration for differences in judgment, and should pay due tribute to loyalty of motive in all cases. At the same time we should clarify our minds as to where the real issue lies, and we should know at what point sympathy must cease. Let every thoughtful man of liberal views search his heart as to whether or not he is giving sympathy to the self-declared forces of destruction. On this point there must be no wavering or doubt. He who is not against Bolshevism is with Bolshevism. The time has come for each to answer the question, "Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

## ROOSEVELT AS MAN OF LETTERS

By HENRY A. BEERS

**I**N a club corner, just after Roosevelt's death, the question was asked whether his memory would not fade away, when the living man, with his vivid personality, had gone. But no: that personality had stamped itself too deeply on the mind of his generation to be forgotten. Too many observers have recorded their impressions; and already a dozen biographies and memoirs have appeared. Besides, he is his own recorder. He published twenty-six books, a catalogue of which any professional author might be proud; and a really wonderful feat when it is remembered that he wrote them in the intervals of an active public career as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, member of his state legislature, Governor of New York, delegate to the National Republican Convention, Colonel of Rough Riders, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice-President and President of the United States.

Perhaps in some distant future he may become a myth or symbol, like other mighty hunters of the beast, Nimrod and Orion and Tristram of Lyonesse. Yet not so long as "African Game Trails" and the "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" endure, to lift the imagination to those noble sports denied to the run of mortals by poverty, feebleness, timidity, the engrossments of the humdrum, everyday life, or lack of enterprise and opportunity. Old scraps of hunting song thrill us with the great adventure: "In the wild chamois' track at break of day"; "We'll chase the antelope over the plain"; "Afar in the desert I love to ride"; and then we go out and shoot at a woodchuck, with an old double-barrelled shotgun—and miss! If Roosevelt ever becomes a poet, it is while he is among the wild creatures and wild



landscapes that he loved: in the gigantic forests of Brazil, or the almost unnatural nature of the Rockies and the huge cattle ranches of the plains, or on the limitless South African veldt, which is said to give a greater feeling of infinity than the ocean even.

Roosevelt was so active a person—not to say so noisy and conspicuous; he so occupied the centre of every stage, that, when he died, it was as though a wind had fallen, a light had gone out, a military band had stopped playing. It was not so much the death of an individual as a general lowering in the vitality of the nation. America was less America, because he was no longer here. He should have lived twenty years more had he been willing to go slow, to loaf and invite his soul, to feed that mind of his in a wise passiveness. But there was no repose about him, and his pleasures were as strenuous as his toils. John Burroughs tells us that he did not care for fishing, the contemplative man's recreation. No contemplation for him, but action; no angling in a clear stream for a trout or grayling; but the glorious, dangerous excitement of killing big game—grizzlies, lions, African buffaloes, mountain sheep, rhinoceroses, elephants. He never spared himself: he wore himself out. But doubtless he would have chosen the crowded hour of glorious life—or strife, for life and strife were with him the same.

He was above all things a fighter, and the favorite objects of his denunciation were professional pacifists, nice little men who had let their muscles get soft, and nations that had lost their fighting edge. Aggressive war, he tells us in "The Winning of the West," is not always bad. "Americans need to keep in mind the fact that, as a nation, they have erred far more often in not being willing enough to fight than in being too willing." "Cowardice," he writes elsewhere, "in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin." Is this true? Cowardice is a weakness, perhaps a disgraceful weakness: a defect of character which makes a

man contemptible, just as foolishness does. But it is not a sin at all, and surely not an unpardonable one. Cruelty, treachery, and ingratitude are much worse traits, and selfishness is as bad. I have known very good men who were cowards; men that I liked and trusted but who, from weakness of nerves or other physical causes—perhaps from prenatal influences—were easily frightened and always constitutionally timid. The Colonel was a very pugnacious man: he professed himself to be a lover of peace—and so did the Kaiser—but really he enjoyed the *gaudium certaminis*, as all bold spirits do.

In the world-wide sense of loss which followed his death, some rather exaggerated estimates made themselves heard. A preacher announced that there had been only two great Americans, one of whom was Theodore Roosevelt. An editor declared that the three greatest Americans were Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. But not all great Americans have been in public life; and, of those who have, very few have been Presidents of the United States. What is greatness? Roosevelt himself rightly insists on character as the root of the matter. Still character alone does not make a man great. There are thousands of men in common life, of sound and forceful character, who never become great, who are not even potentially great. To make them such, great abilities are needed, as well as favoring circumstances. In his absolute manner—a manner caught perhaps partly from Macaulay, for whose qualities as a writer he had a high and, I think, well justified regard—he pronounces Cromwell the greatest Englishman of the seventeenth century. Was he so? He was the greatest English soldier and magistrate of that century; but how about Bacon and Newton, about Shakespeare and Milton?

Let us think of a few other Americans who, in their various fields, might perhaps deserve to be entitled great. Shall we say Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Robert Fulton, S. F. B. Morse,



Ralph Waldo Emerson, Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, Admiral Farragut, General W. S. Sherman, James Russell Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, General Robert E. Lee? None of these people were Presidents of the United States. But to the man in the street there is something imposing about the office and title of a chief magistrate, be he emperor, king, or elected head of a republic. It sets him apart. Look at the crowds that swarm to get a glimpse of the President when he passes through, no matter whether it is George Washington or Franklin Pierce.

It might be safer, on the whole, to say that the three names in question are those of our greatest Presidents, not of the greatest Americans. And even this comparison might be questioned. Some, for example, might assert the claims of Thomas Jefferson to rank with the others. Jefferson was a man of ideas who made a strong impression on his generation. He composed the Declaration of Independence and founded the Democratic party and the University of Virginia. He had a more flexible mind than Washington, though not such good judgment; and he had something of Roosevelt's alert interest in a wide and diversified range of subjects. But the latter had little patience with Jefferson. He may have respected him as the best rider and pistol shot in Virginia; but in politics he thought him a theorist and doctrinaire imbued with the abstract notions of the French philosophical deists and democrats. Jefferson, he thought, knew nothing and cared nothing about military affairs. He let the army run down and preferred to buy Louisiana rather than conquer it, while he dreamed of universal fraternity and was the forerunner of the Dove of Peace and the League of Nations.

Roosevelt, in fact, had no use for philosophy or speculative thought which could not be reduced to useful action. He was an eminently practical thinker. His mind was without subtlety, and he had little imagination. A life of thought

for its own sake; the life of a dreamer or idealist; a life like that of Coleridge, with his paralysis of will and abnormal activity of the speculative faculty, eternally spinning metaphysical cobwebs, doubtless seemed to the author of "The Strenuous Life" a career of mere self-indulgence. It is not without significance that, with all his passion for out-of-doors, for wild life and the study of bird and beast, he nowhere, so far as I can remember, mentions Thoreau, who is far and away our greatest nature writer. Doubtless he may have esteemed him as a naturalist, but not as a Transcendentalist or as an impracticable faddist who refused to pay taxes because Massachusetts enforced the fugitive slave law. We are told that his fellow historian, Francis Parkman, had a contempt for philosophers like Emerson and Thoreau and an admiration for writers such as Scott and Cooper who depicted scenes of bold adventure. The author of "The Oregon Trail" and the author of "African Game Trails" had a good deal in common, especially great force of will—you see it in Parkman's jaw. He was a physical wreck and did his work under almost impossible conditions; while Roosevelt had built up an originally sickly constitution into a physique of splendid vigor.

Towards the critical intellect, as towards the speculative, Roosevelt felt an instinctive antagonism. One of his most characteristic utterances is the address delivered at the Sorbonne, April 30, 1910, "Citizenship in a Republic." Here, amidst a good deal of moral commonplace—wise and sensible for the most part, but sufficiently platitudinous—occurs a burst of angry eloquence. For he was always at his strongest when scolding somebody. His audience included the intellectual *élite* of France; and he warns it against the besetting sin of university dons and the learned and lettered class in general, a supercilious, patronizing attitude towards the men of action who are doing the rough work of the world. Critics are the object of his fiercest denunciation. "A cynical habit of thought and speech,



a readiness to criticise work which the critic himself never tries to perform, an intellectual aloofness which will not accept contact with life's realities—all these are marks, not, as the possessor would fain think, of superiority, but of weakness. . . . It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. . . . Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world. Among the free peoples who govern themselves there is but a small field of usefulness open for the men of cloistered life who shrink from contact with their fellows."

The speaker had seemingly himself been stung by criticism; or he was reacting against Matthew Arnold, the celebrated "Harvard indifference," and the cynical talk of the clubs.

We do not expect our Presidents to be literary men and are correspondingly gratified when any of them shows signs of almost human intelligence in spheres outside of politics. Of them all, none touched life at so many points, or was so versatile, picturesque, and generally interesting a figure as the one who has just passed away. Washington was not a man of books. A country gentleman, a Virginia planter and slave-owner, member of a landed aristocracy, he had the limited education of his class and period. Rumor said that he did not write his own messages. And there is a story that John Quincy Adams, regarding a portrait of the father of his country, exclaimed, "To think that that old wooden head will go down in history as a great man!" But this was the comment of a Boston Brahmin, and all the Adamses had bitter tongues. Washington was, of course, a very great man, though not by virtue of any intellectual brilliancy, but of his strong character, his immense practical sagacity and common sense, his leadership of men.

As to Lincoln, we know through what cold obstruction

he struggled up into the light, educating himself to be one of the soundest statesmen and most effective public speakers of his day—or any day. There was an inborn fineness or sensitiveness in Lincoln, a touch of the artist (he even wrote verses) which contrasts with the phlegm of his illustrious contemporary, General Grant. The latter had a vein of coarseness, of commonness rather, in his nature; evidenced by his choice of associates and his entire indifference to “the things of the mind.” He was almost illiterate and only just a gentleman. Yet by reason of his dignified modesty and simplicity, he contrived to write one of the best of autobiographies.

Roosevelt had many advantages over his eminent predecessors. Of old Knickerbocker stock, with a Harvard education, and the habit of good society, he had means enough to indulge in his favorite pastimes. To run a cattle ranch in Dakota, lead a hunting party in Africa and an exploring expedition in Brazil, these were wide opportunities, but he fully measured up to them. Mr. W. H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, said of him: “He had more knowledge about more things than any other man.” Well, not quite that. We have all known people who made a specialty of omniscience. If a man can speak two languages besides his own and can read two more fairly well, he is at once credited with knowing half a dozen foreign tongues as well as he knows English. Let us agree, however, that Roosevelt knew a lot about a lot of things. He was a rapid and omnivorous reader, reading a book with his finger tips, gutting it of its contents, as he did the birds that he shot, stuffed, and mounted; yet not inappreciative of form, and accustomed to recommend much good literature to his countrymen. He took an eager interest in a large variety of subjects, from Celtic poetry and the fauna and flora of many regions to simplified spelling and the split infinitive.

A young friend of mine was bringing out, for the use of schools and colleges, a volume of selections from the English



poets, all learnedly annotated, and sent me his manuscript to look over. On a passage about the bittern bird he had made this note: "The bittern has a harsh, throaty cry." Whereupon I addressed him thus: "Throaty nothing! You are guessing, man. If Teddy Roosevelt reads your book—and he reads everything—he will denounce you as a nature faker and put you down for membership in the Ananias Club. Recall what he did to Ernest Seton-Thompson and to that minister in Stamford, Connecticut. Remember how he crossed swords with Mr. Scully touching the alleged dangerous nature of the ostrich and the early domestication of the peacock. So far as I know, the bittern thing has no voice at all. His real stunt is as follows. He puts his beak down into the swamp, in search of insects and snails or other marine life—*est-ce que je sais?*—and drawing in the bog-water through holes in his beak, makes a booming sound which is most impressive. Now do not think me an ornithologist or a bird sharp. Personally I do not know a bittern from an olive-backed thrush. But I have read some poetry, and I remember what Thomson says in 'The Seasons':

The bittern knows his time with bill engulf'd  
to shake the sounding marsh.

See also 'The Lady of the Lake':

And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

See even old Chaucer who knew a thing or two about birds, teste his 'Parlament of Foules,' admirably but strangely edited by Lounsbury, whose indifference to art was only surpassed by his hostility to nature. Says Chaucer:

And as a bytoure bumblith in the myre."

My friend cancelled his note. It is, of course, now established that the bittern "booms"—not in the mud—but in the air.

Mr. Roosevelt was historian, biographer, essayist, and writer of narrative papers on hunting, out-door life, and

natural history, and in all these departments did solid, important work. His "Winning of the West" is little, if at all, inferior in historical interest to the similar writings of Parkman and John Fiske. His "History of the Naval War of 1812" is an astonishing performance for a young man of twenty-four, only two years out of college. For it required a careful sifting of evidence and weighing of authorities. The job was done with patient thoroughness, and the book is accepted, I believe, as authoritative. It is to me a somewhat tedious tale. One sea fight is much like another, a record of meaningless slaughter.

Of the three lives, those of Gouverneur Morris, T. H. Benton, and Oliver Cromwell, I cannot speak with confidence, having read only the last. I should guess that the life of Benton was written more *con amore* than the others, for the frontier was this historian's favorite scene. The life of Cromwell is not so much a formal biography as a continuous essay in interpretation of a character still partly enigmatic in spite of all the light that so many acute psychologists have shed upon it. It is a relief to read for once a book which is without preface, footnote, or reference. It cannot be said that the biographer contributes anything very new to our knowledge of his subject. The most novel features of his work are the analogies that he draws between situations in English and American political history. These are usually ingenious and illuminating, sometimes a little misleading; as where he praises Lincoln's readiness to acquiesce in the result of the election in 1864 and to retire peaceably in favor of McClellan; contrasting it with Cromwell's dissolution of his Parliaments and usurpation of the supreme power. There was a certain likeness in the exigencies, to be sure, but a broad difference between the problems confronting the two rulers. Lincoln was a constitutional President with strictly limited powers, bound by usage and precedent. For him to have kept his seat by military force, in defiance of a Democratic majority, would have been an act of treason. But the Lord Protector held



a new office, unknown to the old constitution of England and with ill-defined powers. A revolution had tossed him to the top and made him dictator. He was bound to keep the peace in unsettled times, to keep out the Stuarts, to keep down the unruly factions. If Parliament would not help, he must govern without it. Carlyle thought that he had no choice.

Roosevelt's addresses, essays, editorials, and miscellaneous papers, which fill many volumes, are seldom literary in subject, and certainly not in manner. He was an effective speaker and writer, using plain, direct, forcible English, without any graces of style. In these papers he is always the moralist, earnest, high-minded, and the preacher of many gospels: the gospel of the strenuous life; the gospel of what used to be called "muscular Christianity"; the gospel of large families; of hundred per cent Americanism; and, above all, of military preparedness. I am not here concerned with the President's political principles, nor with the specific measures that he advocated. I will only say, to guard against suspicion of unfair prejudice, that, as a Democrat, a free-trader, a state-rights man, individualist, and anti-imperialist, I naturally disapproved of many acts of his administration, of the administration of his predecessor, and of his party in general. I disapproved, and still do, of the McKinley and Payne-Aldrich tariffs; of the Spanish war—most avoidable of wars—with its sequel, the conquest of the Philippines; above all, of the seizure of the Panama Canal zone.

But let all that pass: I am supposed to be dealing with my subject as man of letters. As such the Colonel of the Rough Riders was the high commander-in-chief of rough writers. He never persuaded his readers into an opinion—he bullied them into it. When he gnashed his big teeth and shook his big stick,

. . . The bold Ascalonite  
Fled from his iron ramp; old warriors turned  
Their plated backs under his heel;

molly coddles, pussy-footers, professional pacifists, and nice little men who had lost their fighting edge, all scuttled to cover. He called names, he used great violence of language. For instance, a certain president of a woman's college had "fatuously announced . . . that it was better to have one child brought up in the best way than several not thus brought up." The woman making this statement, wrote the Colonel, "is not only unfit to be at the head of a female college, but is not fit to teach the lowest class in a kindergarten; for such teaching is not merely folly, but a peculiarly repulsive type of mean and selfish wickedness." And again: "The man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage . . . is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people."

Now, I am not myself an advocate of race suicide—I have eight living witnesses to the contrary—but I confess to a feeling of sympathy with the lady thus denounced, whose point of view is, at least, comprehensible. Old Malthus was not such an ass as some folks think. It is impossible not to admire Roosevelt's courage, honesty, and wonderful energy: impossible to keep from liking the man for his boyish impulsiveness, camaraderie, sporting blood, and hatred of a rascal. But it is equally impossible for a man of any spirit to keep from resenting his bullying ways, his intolerance of quiet, peaceable people and persons of an opposite temperament to his own. Even nice, timid little men who have let their bodies get soft do not like to be bullied. It puts their backs up. His ideal of character was manliness, a sound ideal, but he insisted too much upon the physical side of it, "red-bloodedness" and all that. Those poor old fat generals in Washington who had been enjoying themselves at their clubs, playing bridge and drinking Scotch highballs! He made them all turn out and ride fifty miles a day. Think of their prostate glands!

Mr. Roosevelt produced much excellent literature, but



no masterpieces like Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Second Inaugural. Probably his sketches of ranch life and of hunting trips in three continents will be read longest and will keep their freshness after the public questions which he discussed have lost interest and his historical works have been in part rewritten. In these out-door papers, besides the thrilling adventures which they—very modestly—record, there are even passages of descriptive beauty and chapters of graphic narrative, like the tale of the pursuit and capture of the three robbers who stole the boats on the Missouri river, which belonged to the Roosevelt ranch. This last would be a capital addition to school readers and books of selected standard prose.

Senator Lodge and other friends emphasize the President's sense of humor. He had it, of course. He took pains to establish the true reading of that famous retort, "All I want out of you is common civility and damned little of that." He used to repeat with glee Lounsbury's witticism about "the infinite capability of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge." I wonder whether he knew of that other good saying of Lounsbury's about the historian Freeman's being, in his own person, a proof of the necessity of the Norman Conquest. He had, at all events, a just and high estimate of the merits of my brilliant colleague. "*Heu quanto minus est tum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*" But Roosevelt was not himself a humorist, and his writings give little evidence of his possession of the faculty. Lincoln, now, was one of the foremost American humorists. But Roosevelt was too strenuous for humor, which implies a certain relaxation of mind: an ability to look disinterestedly on both the upper and under side of a thing; and, in the peculiarly American form of it, a humility which inclines one to laugh at himself. Impossible to fancy T. R. making the answer that Lincoln made to an applicant for office: "I haven't much influence with this administration." He was too earnest for that. As for that variety of humor that

is called irony, it demands a duplicity which the straight-out-speaking Roosevelt could not practise. He was like Epaminondas in the Latin prose composition book, who was such a lover of truth that he never told a falsehood even in jest—*ne joco quidem*.

The only instance of his irony that I recall—there may be others—is the one recorded by Mr. Leupp in his reply to Senator Gorman, who had charged that the examiners of the Civil Service Commission had turned down “a bright young man” in the city of Baltimore, an applicant for the position of letter-carrier “because he could not tell the most direct route from Baltimore to Japan.” Hereupon the young Civil Service Commissioner challenged the senator to verify his statement, but Mr. Gorman preserved a dignified silence. Then the Commissioner overwhelmed him in a public letter from which Mr. Leupp quotes the closing passage, beginning thus: “High-minded, sensitive Mr. Gorman! Clinging, trustful Mr. Gorman! Nothing could shake his belief in that ‘bright young man.’ Apparently he did not even yet try to find out his name—if he had a name,” and so on for nearly a page. Excellent fooling, but a bit too long and heavy-handed for the truest ironic effect.

Many of our Presidents, however little given to the use of the pen, have been successful coiners of phrases—phrases that have stuck: “entangling alliances,” “era of good feeling,” “innocuous desuetude,” “a condition, not a theory.” Lincoln was happiest at this art, and there is no need to mention any of the scores of pungent sayings which he added to the language and which are in daily use. President Roosevelt was no whit behind in this regard. All recognize and remember the many phrases to which he gave birth or currency: “predatory wealth,” “bull moose,” “hit the line hard,” “weasel words,” “my hat is in the ring,” and so on. He took a humorous delight in mystifying the public with recondite allusions, sending everyone to the dictionary to look out “Byzantine logothete,” and to the Bible and cyclopedia to find Armageddon.



Roosevelt is alleged to have had a larger personal following than any other man lately in public life. What a testimony to his popularity is the "teddy bear"; and what a sign of the universal interest, hostile or friendly, which he excited in his contemporaries, is the fact that Mr. Albert Shaw was able to compile a caricature life of him presenting many hundred pictures! There was something German about Roosevelt's standards. In this last war he stood heart and soul for America and her allies against Germany's misconduct. But he admired the Germans' efficiency, their highly organized society, their subordination of the individual to the state. He wanted to Prussianize this great peaceful republic by introducing universal obligatory military service. He insisted, like the Germans, upon the *Hausfrau's* duty to bear and rear many children. If he had been a German, it seems possible that, with his views as to the right of strong races to expand, by force if necessary, he might have justified the seizure of Silesia, the partition of Poland, the *Drang nach Osten*, and maybe even the invasion of Belgium—as a military measure.

And so of religion and the church, which Germans regard as a department of government. Our American statesman, of course, was firmly in favor of the separation of church and state and of universal toleration. But he advises everyone to join the church, some church, any old church; not because one shares its beliefs—creeds are increasingly unimportant—but because the church is an instrument of social welfare, and a man can do more good in combination with his fellows than when he stands alone. There is much truth in this doctrine, though it has a certain naïveté, when looked at from the standpoint of the private soul and its spiritual needs.

As in the church, so in the state, he stood for the associative principle as opposed to an extreme individualism. He was a practical politician and therefore an honest partisan, feeling that he could work more efficiently for good government within party lines than outside them. He resigned

from the Free Trade League because his party was committed to the policy of protection. In 1884 he supported his party's platform and candidate, instead of joining the Mugwumps and voting for Cleveland, though at the National Republican Convention, to which he went as a delegate, he had opposed the nomination of Blaine. I do not believe that his motive in this decision was selfish, or that he quailed under the snap of the party lash because he was threatened with political death in case he disobeyed. Theodore Roosevelt was nobody's man. He thought, as he frankly explained, that one who leaves his faction for every slight occasion, loses his influence and his power for good. Better to compromise, to swallow some differences and to stick to the crowd which, upon the whole and in the long run, embodies one's convictions. This is a comprehensible attitude, and possibly it is the correct one for the man in public life who is frequently a candidate for office. Yet I wish he could have broken with his party and voted for Cleveland. For, ironically enough, it was Roosevelt himself who afterward split his party and brought in Wilson and the Democrats.

Disregarding his political side and considering him simply as man of letters, one seeks for comparisons with other men of letters who were at once big sportsmen and big writers; Christopher North, for example: "Christopher in his Aviary" and "Christopher in his Shooting Jacket." The likeness here is only a very partial one, to be sure. The American was like the Scotchman in his athleticism, high spirits, breezy optimism, love of the open air, intense enjoyment of life. But he had not North's roystering conviviality and uproarious Toryism; and the kinds of literature that they cultivated were quite unlike.

Charles Kingsley offers a closer resemblance, though the differences here are as numerous as the analogies. Roosevelt was not a clergyman, and not a creative writer, a novelist, or poet. His temperament was not very similar to

Kingsley's. Yet the two shared a love for bold adventure, a passion for sport, and an eager interest in the life of animals and plants. Sport with Kingsley took the shape of trout fishing and of riding to hounds, not of killing lions with the rifle. He was fond of horses and dogs; associated democratically with gamekeepers, grooms, whippers-in, poachers even; as Roosevelt did with cowboys, tarpon fishers, wilderness guides, beaters, trappers, and all whom Walt Whitman calls "powerful uneducated persons," loving them for their pluck, coolness, strength, and skill. Kingsley's "At Last, a Christmas in the West Indies," exhibits the same curiosity as to tropical botany and zoölogy that Roosevelt shows in his African and Brazilian journeys. Not only tastes, but many ideals and opinions the two men had in common. "Parson Lot," the Chartist and Christian Socialist, had the same sympathy with the poor and the same desire to improve the condition of agricultural laborers and London artisans which led Roosevelt to promote employers' liability laws and other legislation to protect the workingman from exploitation by conscienceless wealth. Kingsley, like Roosevelt, was essentially Protestant. Neither he nor Mr. Roosevelt liked asceticism or celibacy. As a historian, Kingsley did not rank at all with the author of "The Winning of the West" and the "Naval War of 1812." On the other hand, if Roosevelt had written novels and poetry, I think he would have rejoiced greatly to write "Westward Ho," "The Last Buccaneer," and "Ode to the North-East Wind."

In fine, whatever lasting fortune may be in store for Roosevelt's writings, the disappearance of his vivid figure leaves a blank in the contemporary scene. And those who were against him can join with those who were for him in slightly paraphrasing Carlyle's words of dismissal to Walter Scott: "Theodore Roosevelt, pride of all Americans, take our proud and sad farewell."



## THE PEACE CONFERENCE

By WALTER LIPPMANN

**F**IVE great powers sent plenipotentiaries to Paris and with them came delegates from a host of small nations, provisional governments, and classes. Together they constituted the representatives of a coalition that had won at terrible cost a complete mastery of the organized military and economic power of the world. The process of victory had entailed the destruction of established authority in four of the great empires, and out of their ruin had issued angry, frightened, resentful, and wildly hopeful masses of men. It was by flashes black night and golden morning, the new day and the end of the world.

At Paris men looked out upon two continents in revolt, upon conflicts and aspirations more intricate and more obscure than any they had ever been called to resolve. The ordinary agencies of information failed them. Social disorganization had wrecked the means of communication: trains did not run, telegraph lines were cut at innumerable frontiers, censorship and propaganda were in control at key points, and above all, the old personnel of military and diplomatic intelligence was in a state of mental collapse. The pathetically limited education of officials trained to inert and pleasant ways of life prevented them from seeing or understanding the strange world that lay before them. All that they knew and cared for, all that life meant to them, seemed to be slipping away to red ruin, and so in a panic they ceased to be reporters and began bombarding the chancelleries at home with gossip and frantic exclamation. The clamor converged on Paris, and all the winds of doctrine were set whirling around the conferees. Every dinner table, every lobby, almost every special interview, every

subordinate delegate, every expert adviser was a focus of intrigue and bluster and manufactured rumor. The hotels were choked with delegations representing, and pretending to represent, and hoping to represent every group of people in the world. The newspaper correspondents, struggling with this elusive and all-pervading chaos, were squeezed between the appetite of their readers for news and the desire of the men with whom the decisions rested not to throw unconcluded negotiations into this cyclone of distortion.

Through it all the primary problem of the conference was to find men who had sufficient authority to negotiate a peace. Soon there was discovered a truth, which political science seemed to have ignored: that you cannot wage war with or dictate peace to an unorganized people. The situation, in other words, revealed the baffling power of what is usually called non-resistance. A government can be defeated, and having been defeated orders can be issued to it. But if that government is suddenly unable to govern its people, the blow falls on nothing that counts politically.

Force can be applied effectively and continuously by one nation against another only through the medium of governments. Nations as such, that is the unorganized peoples, can clash at their edges, but one cannot reach over into the heart of the other and impose its will. An unorganized people can be starved into an acquiescence, but unless it has a corporate personality incarnated in a government, its acquiescence, like that of the Russians after Brest-Litovsk, disintegrates into passive resistance. Within a day or two of the signature of the armistice this was realized by the cooler heads in the Allied countries. They saw that unless they were able to reverse the psychology of the war quickly there was no possibility of making peace, much less of dictating it. Up to November eleventh, every energy had been turned to destroying government as it existed in Central

Europe. By that date it was destroyed. Paradoxically, as it seemed to some people whose minds and emotions were running on inertia, it was necessary on November eleventh to bend every effort to reconstituting governments in those very territories where it had been destroyed.

Then the conference ran upon its initial difficulties. For a long time public opinion in the Allied countries, and some of the statesmen, could not and would not see the necessity. What—feed people, help people, strengthen people who last week were devastating our territory; bolster up a government so that these people can recuperate?—it is revolting and insulting, and it shall not be done. The feeling was not directed against Germany alone. The Jugoslavs for a long time could secure no diplomatic status and Russia, of course, was dealt with only at the end of a bayonet. But reality is ruthless to the sentimentalist no matter how just his indignation may be. There are things that can be done, and things that cannot be done, and all the emotion and all the rhetoric in the world will not change them. One of the things that cannot be done is to make peace with a nation that has no government it accepts. You may draw up all the treaties you like, write into them every condition that satisfies your sense of justice, but if you cannot find a constituted authority to sign and execute the treaty, what are you going to do?

If your only object is to recover territory on the borders of the nation, why you may be able to occupy what you claim and let it go at that. But if your object is to make the whole nation go to work to produce goods to be paid to you, and adopt a certain kind of foreign policy, you are absolutely stumped unless that people has a government which it obeys. For without such a government your only alternatives are, if it is an industrial nation, to starve so many men and women and children that the survivors will take orders from you for a while, or to occupy the country, and send a platoon of soldiers to every family in every village to dictate the



terms of peace. But the moment you recall that Germany, for example, is a complicated industrial plant, and if you can remember what happens to production in a factory at home when the workers are angry, you realize that if that plant is to be set working at anything like capacity it needs not only foods and materials but at least a minimum of working good will. Peace with Germany, on any terms that could be called peace, meant relaxing the blockade and holding out the hope of a moral restoration sufficient to make life seem worth living. There was no dodging that.

But much time was consumed in attempting to dodge it. Whatever the economists may teach, the mass of men instinctively believe in a mercantilist economy. The immediate popular assumption in any country is that the seller has an advantage over the buyer, that one nation's prosperity is at the expense of another's, and that the way to wealth is through the extermination of rivals. So deeply rooted is this idea in men's thinking and so difficult to reason away, that one is almost tempted to conclude that our economic prejudices were embodied in the human structure during the long marauding experience of primitive man. Since war means, among other things, a weakening of recently acquired inhibitions and social controls and a release of concealed pugnacities, it is not surprising that four years of the most savage fighting in history should have resulted in a state of mind which made it difficult for men to adjust themselves to the necessities of modern industrial and political technique. It is easy to see why the most urgent task of the Conference should have been balked by the fiercest kind of prejudice, and why President Wilson, who saw the problem clearly, should have been suspected of weakness to the enemy.

This mercantilism was complicated by another factor. The peoples of France, Italy, and England suffered such agony for so long a time that, as one wise Englishwoman remarked the other day, no grown person in Europe ever

again expects to be happy. Why did men endure the agony so long? To save Europe from despotism? Yes, but not altogether. They endured, they carried on through the livid monotony of the struggle because they were told, and because they had made themselves believe, that having sacrificed so much, they would find in complete victory a compensation for that sacrifice. This was the great sustaining hope in the latter phases of the war. It was not solace enough simply to have resisted the aggression. It was not hope enough to believe that this was the last war. Beneath both of these impersonal ideas there was the sustained conviction that personal salvation from ruin and loss and despair would somehow come out of victory. Around the idea of a military decision there had been woven all the strands of hope. There were, of course, throughout the war, many broken threads of despair and doubt and disillusionment. But enough there were which held firm to keep a fighting unity in each western country and in the coalition. This enormous personal concentration upon the miracle of victory was the point from which radiated the major expectations of the European Allies. Having won the war, they expected the winning of it to fulfill the promise.

Just what the promise of victory was no man could say clearly. Because it was a general promise, it was easy enough to infer that any particular desire was part of it. In the British elections of December this state of mind was revealed. Victory was to recreate, and the more anyone shouted that it would recreate, the more votes he got. The result was that responsible statesmen made speeches as to what was to be had from the Peace Conference which they knew, which their advisers knew, were absurdly impossible. The mandate which came out of the British elections officially, came unofficially to all the other Allies. They were to conjure up the miracle of victory.

This popular exaltation was, of course, immediately exploited in every country, and subsidized propaganda set to

work to show that the miracle would take place if such and such a piece of territory, port, railroad concession, or colonial market were obtained. The result was that the vague but tremendous expectations were gradually nucleated in certain symbolic demands which had behind them a violent public opinion. It is, for example, absurd to suppose that the barren coast of Dalmatia, inhabited by a restless and hostile population, is so great a need of the Italian people that they would upon reflection deliberately sacrifice the political friendship of the great powers in order to obtain it. But by the ingenious manipulation of Italian opinion the fulfilment of the whole war got itself symbolized in the annexation of the eastern coast of the Adriatic. In dealing with the Italians on that question, the Conference was not negotiating with statesmen who were thinking of Italy in clear perspective, but with politicians riding a passion which happened to get directed towards Dalmatia and Fiume. They were dealing with something far deeper than reason or principle. They were faced with the unfulfilled expectations of over three years of agony.

These expectations called insistently for an undoing of the ruin of the war and for a punishment of those responsible for the ruin. But here again realities arose to baffle the men who were responsible. Just as you can in two seconds kill a man whom it took decades to mature, so you can destroy the labor of years in a half-hour barrage. The consequence is that the full restoration of all that German aggression has destroyed would take the labor of more than one generation. Now, when you say that "Germany" is guilty and therefore must repair, you are really talking about something which in the test of reality turns out to be a fiction. Certain Germans—if you like, all Germans living between 1914 and 1918—are guilty, but by what process of logic or persuasion are you to persuade Germans born in 1919 that they should spend part of their working days from 1940 to 1950 paying for reparations? The thing goes



deeper. No German child now living will acknowledge personal guilt for what the Hohenzollerns did, nor will the large mass of peasants and working men who were conscripted and bullied into supporting the war. To the child yet unborn, to the child now at school in Germany, to the working man for the first time enfranchised, the crime of the Hohenzollerns will seem as alien as does chattel slavery to those now living whose ancestors were slave merchants.

Still another paradox supervenes. One of the objects and one of the results of the war was to destroy the discipline and obedience of the enemy. One of the necessities of the peace is the most rigorous discipline and obedience if the economic demands are to be executed. The terms laid down at Versailles require for their enforcement in Germany an intensity of effort similar to, if not greater than, the effort of war. They require a loyalty and a sense of personal sacrifice to the government which signs the peace such as few governments can command except in the earlier stages of a patriotic war. In the relaxation of peace there is no example to be found of a comparable self-effacement. It is, therefore, quite an interesting speculation as to how any government which signs the peace can keep its population from slipping away, idling, or doing listless work. The experiment of forcing a generation of educated people to produce for their fathers' enemies has not been tried before; and yet if the experiment fails many poignant expectations will remain unfulfilled.

For an understanding of what has happened at Paris these last six or seven months, it is necessary to study the peculiar technique of the Wilson diplomacy as it operated in contact with these imponderables. By way of introduction it is necessary to remember that the grammar of Mr. Wilson's thought is a fusion of Jeffersonian democracy with a kind of British Cobdenism. This means in practical life a conviction that the world needs not so much to be

administered as to be released from control. It is a state of mind which in its deeper phases acts passionately on the doctrine of consent, the ultimate righteousness of popular judgment, a warm hatred of imperialism, and quick sympathy with rebellion against political despotism. In the more temperate zones of its feeling it leans towards free trade and a philosophical *laissez-faire*. But its controlling characteristic is a lack of interest in procedure, organization, machinery, and technical methods. The world is to be set right by the communion of consciences. The world set right it envisages as a spontaneous co-operation of uncorrupted people. Perfectly convinced of the innate desire of all men for righteousness, it assumes that once certain conspicuous obstacles, like the Prussian power, are removed, the souls of men will come together in harmony. "That is why," asserted President Wilson on September 27, 1918, "I have said this is a peoples' war, not a statesmen's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken."

To consummate peace Mr. Wilson has relied altogether upon what he calls the clarified common thought, and his avowed conception of himself as diplomatic leader of the coalition has been to clarify it. Until he went to Paris and closeted himself with the other members of the Big Four, he had never in any important sense negotiated for the kind of peace which he proclaimed. The ordinary machinery of diplomacy he discarded almost entirely. It was never a significant part of his method to use the diplomatic service as an instrument of policy. He acted above, almost never through, the Department of State. As diplomatic representatives he kept at the critical points in Europe men who, whatever their other virtues, were certainly not representatives of the Wilson diplomacy. He permitted Mr. Creel to send abroad agents who, with one or two exceptions, were completely unaware either of the implications of the President's policies or the actual state of affairs in Europe.

It was normal for them to feed as publicity to the European press material which naïvely undermined the President's intentions by giving everyone to understand that America was in such a paroxysm of unselfishness and absent-mindedness that it had neither views nor desires nor policy as to the conduct or the settlement of the war. The diplomatic service, which by the way was generally in a condition of armistice with Mr. Creel's representatives, was practically never sufficiently instructed to indicate what the government's beliefs or intentions were. The embassies were islands of bewilderment in timid and spasmodic communication with home. In each the idiosyncrasies of the minister did duty for a policy, for instructions were rarely available from the department. The machinery of a diplomatic service existed, so it was maintained, but it did not share Mr. Wilson's confidence. His conviction seemed to be that diplomacy was a disturbing medium which had better be ignored than used. And so with a confidence in his intuitions which was sublime and often successful, he extemporized policy as he went along, drawing primarily on his conscience and secondarily on intimation.

Just as he avoided the diplomatic service, so he abstained during the war from the intricacies of European diplomacy. A less unconventional mind would have argued that if he was to participate in the details of the treaty, it would be necessary to participate in the working out of the preparatory negotiations which were leading towards it. Mr. Wilson knew what a network of commitments, arrangements, notes, and treaties would confront him when the time for making peace finally arrived. He had resolved to take part in the making of that peace, and to pledge America to guarantee the results. Yet he refrained from interfering in the decisive stages of the preliminaries. This is a central point in the Wilson diplomacy, and the answer to it is perhaps the chief clue to his action.



The facts are, I believe, about as follows. Throughout the war he was increasingly convinced that the masses in Europe were passionately determined upon the kind of peace which he himself desired. When he "clarified" this common thought he found himself the acknowledged spokesman of the populations of Europe, and gradually he came to believe that no power on earth could successfully resist this democratic insistence. "Statesmen must follow the common clarified thought or be broken." Therefore, why become involved in the complications of governmental diplomacy when all that will be swept aside by popular demand? Why commit the governments (who, by the way, could have been committed to anything while they needed American military assistance) when the people accept the President's leadership? All the rest can be ignored so long as the heart of the people is expressed.

It is just here, I think, that the President's policy was upset by a misreading of human motive. He imagined that the idealism of the European masses during the war was like his own—a disinterested, highly cultivated sense of justice. In reality it was in part an attempt to end the war, in part a reaction against the governments, in part the kind of millennial hope which accompanies human tragedy. Certainly it was not that steady and irresistible aspiration which is implied in the phrase "clarified common thought." It had the appearance of clarity and unity during the war because the President embodied at that time all the different kinds of salvation for which men yearned. He was the bringer of victory and the spokesman of peace. He could both win the war and end the war, rebuild Europe and feed the hungry. And politically he was an excellent stick with which to beat the government at home.

The President miscalculated by failing to realize that his position would be radically altered by the conclusion of the

war. The let-down which this brought, resurrected the personal hopes of individual men. It was not a difficult thing for politicians playing upon these to divert the clarified common thought into innumerable little separate channels of special interest. After all, when men looked at the thing closely, what had Mr. Wilson to offer them? The hope of an enduring peace? Yes. But there was not going to be another war anyway in their lifetime. The others offered recompense now, rich territories, trade, and a quick return to prosperity. So at least it seemed, and in an increditably short time the popular forces in the middle classes, supposed to be behind Mr. Wilson, regrouped themselves behind special interests. The result was that while in the summer of 1918 Mr. Wilson commanded the support of practically the whole working and middle classes in every Allied country, by Christmas his only fervent supporters were a section of the working class somewhere about the left centre.

In the meantime he had lost his grip on America. Here again the cause was that same naïve confidence in the character of popular support. Ignoring the details of administration at home, he had permitted his own appointees to set up such a reign of terror that liberal opinion was stifled and embittered. By countenancing suppressions more ruthless than any in our history, he let loose a flood of intolerance which naturally turned upon him with fury. He had killed the discussion which would have created opinion to support him, and at the time of the elections he was overwhelmed. When he went to Europe his confidence was shaken, and there he was confronted by governments which had solidified themselves at home by exploiting the expectations of victory.

Never did a man face so difficult a task. He had five cards—the threat to withdraw, the political principles embodied in the armistice, the menace of Bolshevism in case a satisfactory peace were not made, the economic power

of America, and the support of the radicals. This last he was, of course, compelled to ignore; withdrawal was not a pleasant thing to contemplate; and the economic power of America he did not know how to use, nor did he wish to use it. Armed with the Fourteen Points, and with the bogey of Bolshevism ever present, he had to enter a closed conference and plunge into the very intricacies which he had so long avoided.

Now, a closed conference was, of course, the most unfavorable *terrain* for the exercise of Mr. Wilson's virtues. If there is one thing you cannot do to an old salt like M. Clemenceau it is to intoxicate him with visions and eloquence. That inimitable old man has none of the qualities of a crowd; as an audience he must be thoroughly disconcerting; and as a debater he will drive through a generalization like a tank through a rosebush. What happened in the so-called secret conferences of the Big Four is not so secret after all. It is written in the Treaty of Versailles.



# EARTH

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

## I

Earth, let me speak to you,  
Earth, let me listen to you;  
Patient, brooding, melancholy;  
Earth of many harvests.

Earth, let me rest upon you,  
Earth, let me sleep upon you,  
Deep, dark-bosomed mother,  
Shaper of my life.

Mother of the grass  
That grows and is mown in a season,  
Mother of the tree  
That abides for a hundred years in strength;

Mother of the man  
Whose years fall swiftly as the grass,  
Whose spirit stands yet as a tree  
Unshattered by the gales;

Womb out of which I emerged,  
Grave into which I must enter,  
Hear me, mother of my song;  
Give reply.

In the splendor of the morning  
Hear my question:  
“Why are not men made as Gods  
That they may know the beauty of the earth?”

## EARTH

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In the weariness of evening  
Answer low:  
"I am the ultimate mistress,  
I open wide my arms that all may come."

### II

Earth of bright harvest fields,  
Rich, firm-breasted, fertile, yielding  
Golden grain and gleaming flowers,  
Song-birds, butterflies;

Orchard-bearing earth,  
Chastely beautiful in the spring;  
After the dense, dull showers of summer,  
Glowing in pride, mature;

Flaming with scarlet fruit,  
Heavy, firm, and sweet to the taste;  
Glowing with wild berries  
Sharp and bitter;

You are the giver of all life,  
Bountiful, fruitful, worn with years,  
Offering your body up  
Still to the casual sun;

You are the grave that awaits me,  
The peace that is greater than life's peace,  
The curtain of silence that falls  
Upon the close of the play.

### III

Earth of dark battlefields,  
Red-soaked burnt earth, crumbling, barren,  
Earth under which the armies burrowed  
As into living tombs;

Earth that is slashed and rent;  
Shell-gouged, trench-torn, bruised, and battered,  
Earth that is desolate,  
A stark and horrible shape.

Weedy, forsaken earth,  
Stagnant with scummy, rotting pools,  
Earth where nothing flourishes  
But the rat, the hawk, the crow;

You are the grave of my hopes,  
You are the sterile harlot  
Kissing me with the fierce kisses of death  
That eat my lips and eyes;

You are the mother of new life,  
Torn with the pangs of a monstrous birth,  
The unforgettable shame  
Through which we men renew.

#### IV

Dust returns to the dust,  
And spirit goes back into spirit;  
Who speaks with the tongue of the earth,  
Earth only can set him free.

Of me the winds shall speak  
When they cry with half-human voices,  
For me the rains shall complain  
In their long falling;

Through me the stars shall burn bright  
Over desolate ruined cities;  
Through me new cities shall rise,  
Fair as the ones in my dreams.



My tears have dropped on the earth,  
And the earth has received them.  
My voice has called out to the earth,  
Earth's silence will answer my speech.

My years turn to seaward now,  
A river of sorrows, burdened, dark;  
Fed by the clouds and tempests  
Of other years.

I have buried my hopes in the earth,  
As a man robbed of all but one treasure  
Hides that away  
In the hills;

I have looked far away to the future,  
As a man who at sunset peers  
Into the cloudy, smouldering west  
Finds the faint evening star.

## THE SWORD OF DEMOCRACY

By WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS

A STRIKING feature of our history is the long-standing distrust of armies and navies on the part of the American people. In the early years of the nineteenth century Jefferson voiced this feeling in no uncertain terms, and smaller statesmen were still more emphatic. Armies and navies, they thundered, were the "instruments of tyranny." And from Jefferson's day to our own, when Mr. Bryan expressed his faith in the million men who would "spring to arms between sunrise and sunset," the popular conviction has been to the effect that the American volunteer is more than a match for the trained soldier and that standing armies and navies are undemocratic and un-American.

General Upton performed a great service to the cause of truth when he exposed the wretched failures in all our wars due to this popular fallacy that all an American citizen needed to make a good soldier was a gun, and—what was worse—that all that was necessary to make a good general was a satisfactory record in politics, a red sash, and a sword. Witness the case of Banks, who at the outbreak of the Civil War was Governor of Massachusetts, and who forthwith became a major general assigned to command an army in the field! Happily in the late war we did not make the same ghastly blunders on this score, for we have learned at last something of the value of preparation. Indeed, we have now come to ridicule these earnest apostles of democracy who opposed every form of military preparedness, and wonder how they could have been so misguided.

And yet we are not fair to these sincere democrats of an older day if we judge them entirely by the unpreparedness in which our country was caught at the beginning of every

one of our wars and for which they were certainly to blame. However preposterous their utterances and however harmful their policies, we must admit that at the root of their hostility to military establishments lay a sound instinct. They believed that the spirit of a professional military organization is hostile to democracy, and they had a striking contemporary example in the spectacle of Napoleon riding down the new-born liberties of France. One may laugh at Jefferson for announcing his intention of collecting the tiny American fleet of his day in the Potomac, where he could "keep an eye on it." One must admit, nevertheless, that the spirit of professional military organizations, the world over, is anything but democratic, and this fact is as true to-day as it was in the time of Napoleon and Jefferson.

The case of Germany is, of course, the grossest. There, in peace or war, liberty and law lay under the heel of the Prussian jack-boot. Moreover, the military class was permitted, during an entire generation, to prepare for a war on neighboring peoples, and in carrying out that war to perpetrate colossal crimes. For four years Prussian militarism has stood revealed in all its revolting savagery, and yet what have the military men of neutral countries thought of it? From Spain, from Sweden, even from democratic Switzerland, the testimony during the war was the same—"the army officers are ardently pro-German."

In France, Louis Napoleon used the army and his uncle's prestige to destroy the Second Republic. When his own empire collapsed and a new government had to be devised, it was again the army that was the bulwark of the monarchists. In fact it was only the idiotic behavior of the Bourbon claimant that prevented France from becoming a kingdom in 1873. Later, Boulanger nearly succeeded in riding to a crown with the army behind him. The Dreyfus case showed the army again dangerously hostile to the republic; and it is said that even Faure, at the time of his assassination, had conspired to use the army to make himself



emperor. At any rate, during the brief period since the Franco-Prussian war the Third Republic has, time and again, been threatened with shipwreck by its own army.

In England, army and navy have been the property of a social caste—the class that till recent years could fairly be called the governing class of Great Britain. The story of the nineteenth century in England, as elsewhere, is the upward struggle of democracy against autocracy; but from Waterloo to Mons the British military class has stood, with the distilleries and the Church, as the bulwark of reaction, of stubborn opposition to every attempt towards social or political reform. The political record of Wellington, for instance, is a faithful picture of the attitude of his class. Finally, in 1914 when apparently the army officers refused to interfere with the Ulster rebels, the English public awoke to the peril of a Liberal parliament, representing the will of the people, opposed by the army, representing a small tory minority. For the time being, the situation was saved by the outbreak of the great war, in which both parties could unite; but it was fraught with grave possibilities.

As for militarism in the United States, there has been little chance for it on account of the suspicious attitude of the American people towards a standing army. In 1806 Burr and Wilkinson planned to use the army to serve their ends, but were thwarted by the fact that the army officers were too close to the Revolution from which they had sprung not to be loyal to its ideals. They were not “class conscious,” as the Socialists say; and for a hundred years thereafter our little standing army had to fight too hard for its existence to be at all dangerous to American liberties.

Nevertheless, in the very nature of the case military organizations in the United States are liable to the same points of view and habits of thought as they are elsewhere. And unfortunately these failings are likely, here as elsewhere, to be cherished as actual virtues of the profession.

What are some of these anti-democratic tendencies of the military mind?

At the outset, since autocracy is the cornerstone of every military organization, autocracy naturally comes to be looked upon as a trustworthy principle for every problem of government. Wellington once remarked, "I believe in democracy, but not on board a man-of-war." Unfortunately, however, he made it only too clear, through a long lifetime, that he did not believe in democracy anywhere or under any circumstances.

The essence of autocracy is privilege. One form of military privilege is called *esprit de corps*. As far as it means simply professional pride and fraternity, it is admirable; but too often it degenerates into a policy of shielding the incompetent and the unworthy, particularly from outside criticism. Instances of this sort of thing are legion in every service in every country, but the case of General Gough of the British Fifth Army is a recent example. Having failed conspicuously in Flanders and still more palpably on the Ancre, he was nevertheless shielded from censure and left in command. The German assault of last March found him unready, and in consequence inflicted on the British one of the most terrible routs suffered by the Allied armies during the war and very nearly brought disaster to the Allied cause. Even then it is quite likely that he would have been gently kicked upstairs if it had not been for the peremptory request of General Foch.

Involved in this idea of *esprit de corps*, or the inner circle, are the ideas of caste and perquisite. Special privileges are claimed, from which outsiders must be rigorously excluded; even the insignia of the class are jealously guarded in order that the elect may not be confused with the commoner. Amusing examples have occurred in our own country during the war. In one western town, for instance, the country club was, by vote of the executive committee, thrown open to the officers of the regular army

stationed at a near-by camp. Shortly afterward, several of the committee enlisted, but when they returned to their club on leave the officers protested indignantly against letting them in. It was true that these same men had opened the club doors to the officers, but they had made themselves *déclassé* by their uniform.

So also, in the early months of the war a certain young lieutenant of the regulars wrote to the newspaper protesting against being confused with the common or garden officers who had merely volunteered for the war. Soon, however, the army was so swamped by the outsiders that the regular here, as in England, became a species of outsider himself.

The same feeling of jealous hostility towards the outsider was apparently at the bottom of the steady opposition of such a large majority of the British officers to any unity of command that meant a French commander-in-chief. Better to blunder along than suffer a French major general to issue commands to a British field marshal!

These ideas of the inner circle, of caste and perquisite, are obviously undemocratic, but they hardly affect the relations of the Services to the body politic. The most significant point is the natural tendency of the military profession to worship militarism. The enthusiasm already remarked among officers of neutral countries for the German cause was not hard to find in the United States before our entry into the war, although it is only fair to add that this feeling did not represent the majority. The writer, however, remembers hearing a major of the regular army holding forth to a sympathetic audience in an officers' mess on the theme that Germany had the right idea of government, that democracies were damnable, particularly because they were never ready to wage war. This man had no German ancestry and had never seen Germany. But the spectacle of a country in which the officer class dominated everything at



come and was able to gain its ends abroad by sheer force of arms filled him with enthusiasm.

The belief in war for its own sake crops out constantly in the soldier's arguments for compulsory military service, and in books and articles written by military men. In our country this conviction often results in creating a chasm between a peace-loving people and their military chiefs. One distinguished American officer, for example, in an otherwise admirable work on strategy, earnestly propounds the pseudo-Darwinian theory of a "survival of the fittest" by means of war, precisely as the world has been accustomed to hearing it from subsidized Herr-professors and generals in Berlin. Further he adjures his countrymen that the United States must overtake Great Britain in the naval armament race—much as Germany set out to do, and with such happy consequences to the world!

Of course, all these undemocratic slants of mind are to be expected. There is no narrowness of the military mind that does not have its counterpart in any other professional mind. Many college professors, for example, would tend to think very highly of a nation whose government lay in the hands of college professors and whose rewards fell chiefly to the Ph.D's. Why shouldn't the military man admire militarism? Yet just so far as military men, as a class, cling to privilege and worship militarism, they are, in relation to the democracy that they serve, a house divided against itself.

Apparently, then, we seem to be faced with a dilemma. The nation must depend on untrained, volunteer officers, as in the shockingly wasteful and inefficient fashion of the past, or on a professional military class, who by habits of thought and life tend to oppose the very principles of government which they are hired to defend. German militarism has just been conquered, but for the present at least a strong military establishment will be needed to play the part re-

quired of this nation for the purpose of proving that hereafter international law has teeth. As to the size of such a force much depends on the successful working of a League of Nations, but for the immediate future it is certain that we shall have far more powerful armament than ever before. Is it impossible to require for this force a body of officers who lose none of their efficiency by being thoroughly in sympathy with the ideals of the republic they serve, in short, a military profession opposed to militarism? If it is impossible, we have conquered Prussianism only to Prussianize ourselves.

The fact that such a large proportion of our army and navy men already have the wider outlook and the sympathetic understanding of our ideals of government and society is in itself assurance for the belief that our dilemma is more apparent than real. Probably there is no professional military class in the world that has been, on the whole, as liberal-minded as our own. We have elected generals to the Presidency, and though they have not been brilliant as Presidents, they never showed the slightest tendency to play the man on horseback or to block the wheels of reform. The terrifying commodores of the "old navy" cherished ideas of personal privilege that would stagger an archangel; but they were satisfied that the Constitution was the greatest political document on earth. And the fact that the Southern officers at the time of the Civil War made their decision for one side or the other according to their individual consciences is a sign of their sense of personal freedom and entirely to their credit as citizens of a free country. This difference from the military establishments of Europe is due to the fact that the American officers have represented no aristocracy or class of society. Thus professional interests have not been bound up with the political interests of a class. Further, the officers themselves have been born and educated in an atmosphere of political democracy with which they had no reason to quarrel, particularly as it was

this very democracy that made it possible for so many of them to gain their commissions.

Nevertheless, as we have seen, tory tendencies develop in army and navy, and the more powerful the Services become the more deeply those tendencies will take root. We have therefore in this country the opportunity of making army and navy wholly safe for democracy as it has never been done in the history of the world, and as it needs to be done in every free nation. The army and navy may be described as the nation's two-edged sword. How may that sword be so wrought and tempered and balanced as to fit the hand of a democratic and peace-loving nation, whether it be the United States, Great Britain, Norway, or the Netherlands?

In the first place commissions should be open to men who can win them irrespective of their birth or wealth. This has long been true in the United States. It is necessary to add, however, that the officers themselves should be discouraged from assuming, as a class, the airs and pretensions of an aristocracy. The democracy of our great "civilian" army and navy in this war has already gone far towards this end.

Secondly, there must be a rigid weeding out process, beginning in the lowest grades; and promotion must come, not by politics or mere length of service, but by selection on the basis of efficiency. There is no greater fallacy than the idea expressed by some military men that the successes of the German machine were due to the fact that the German army officers were in the saddle politically, "without any damned Congress to butt in." The Russian, Austrian, and British officer classes were entrenched and privileged also, but they did not make the same kind of military history as the German. Although the Japanese war had revealed the rottenness of the Russian army, no improvement had taken place before 1914; and though the Boer war had shown the inefficiency of the British army officer, few of its lessons had been learned before the present war. The efficiency of the German officer came from the fact that no one had been per-



mitted to rise above the rank of major who, in the opinion of his superiors, could not be trusted to command an army corps.

In this one respect we may emulate our enemy. Our military organizations should stand on a basis of promotion by merit, in order that the red-tape worm, the swivel-chair warmer, the Senator's nephew, may not only never hope for promotion, but may be certain of selection out of the Service. The navy has gone over to the merit system of promotion for all its corps, and with admirable results. The army has recently followed the example. Nothing will so effectively kill the idea that the professional army and navy are private-clover patches as the selective system, and nothing will do so much to develop professional zeal. Nothing, it may be added, will do so much to discourage the dull conformity to tradition that has always been the delight of the bureaucrat and the chief curse of the army and navy from time immemorial.

Finally, to create a healthy respect for democracy and against militarism, the education of the officer must be liberalized. This can be accomplished without taking a single hour from the necessary professional courses. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was the practice in many universities to appoint as instructor some young alumnus who had just taken his doctor's degree at the same institution. This custom served to "uphold the traditions of dear old Siwash" but it meant an inbreeding process that was fatal to the liberal spirit, and happily it has been largely abandoned. At our military schools the inbreeding process has always gone on for the reason that each school is unique, and officers who return to teach are of necessity alumni of the institution. At both West Point and Annapolis the Plebe is pathetically anxious to think exactly as the upper classman does, and he in turn strives to hold only such opinions as are rubber stamped with the words "Army" or "Navy." The boy who holds an individual opinion is dubbed an

“anarchist.” Now, if there is no counter influence, especially in a life so shut in from the outer world as that in our Service schools, a proper pride in the soldier’s profession may easily become the most bigoted worship of militarism.

The necessary counter influence can be provided primarily by means of professional teachers from civil life in non-professional subjects. These men should be selected with great care in order that they may stand comparison with the officers in the qualities of manliness and force. Teachers of this stamp would serve to impress on the undergraduate’s mind the importance of the world without the barracks, particularly the world of ideas and ideals. In their hands the prescribed course in the Constitution would become, not a dry legal mastery of details and decisions, but a stimulating appreciation of that instrument as a conception of popular government, especially in comparison with European ideas of the state. So also the course in the history of the nineteenth century would become, not a mere memorizing of reigns and revolutions, but an unfolding of the dramatic struggle between autocracy and democracy in Europe.

At Annapolis there have been in recent years an increasing number of civilian teachers, but it is only within the last three months that their status has been so organized as to make sure of attracting or retaining men of the right stamp. At West Point the civilian element is practically nil. Teaching is done by junior officers. In non-professional subjects like history and English, these officers are coached by the head of department before each recitation and then sent in to teach the lesson according to formula—a system that can hardly make for the most liberal influence or the most inspiring teaching.

Further, a government that annually spends enormous sums on the maintenance of buildings and grounds for each institution might also lay aside a comparatively small sum for the purpose of bringing to the Service schools a liberalizing influence in the form of distinguished speakers. A talk

to students on Saturday evening every fortnight would do an amazing amount of good. Explorer, surgeon, soldier, inventor, scientist, diplomat, or what you will, the visitor could open a window in the cadet's mind facing a vista of the world of which he has never dreamed and of which he needs to know.

Thus the young officer at West Point and at Annapolis may be kept from a schooling that, while it makes for technical success in his profession, hermetically seals his mind and separates him as a class from his countrymen. Especially should he be taught to understand and cherish the ideals on which his country is founded and the goal towards which it is striving. He should learn to reverence the high soldierly virtues of his calling, but he should also be taught that the profession does not exist for itself, that the word Service loses none of its meaning by being spelled with a capital. He should take his greatest pride in the fact that this Service is to defend the thing we call Americanism, not only because it is the ideal of his own people, but also because it is the present hope of the world.



## WALT WHITMAN

By WILLIAM B. CAIRNS

IT is traditional that the centenary of an author's birth is an appropriate time to review and evaluate his work, and to assign at least his tentative rank in the literary history of his country. In reality, the occasion is often too early. The discussion of Walt Whitman is particularly difficult at this time because he did not represent his own age, and there are those who believe him to be the prophet of an age on which we are just entering.

In his lifetime he aroused bitter controversies which have not yet died away, and strongly drew or repelled men who are still living. To some he was a mere freak, to some a degenerate, to others a maniac, to others a charlatan and a *poseur*. To another group he was a leader and a prophet, whom it was not sacrilegious to compare with Christ himself. Dr. Bucke, a scientist and a man of affairs, was "almost amazed by the beauty and majesty of his person and the gracious air of purity that surrounded and permeated him." John Burroughs was hardly less extravagant—not to mention wild enthusiasts like W. D. O'Connor, author of "The Good Gray Poet," and Horace Traubel, the indefatigable Boswell of the later years. In Europe the admiration for Whitman was more widespread, as was evidenced by translations and criticisms in almost every tongue. Meanwhile, the great mass of the poet's countrymen knew him only by name if at all. In spite of growing interest, many students in college to-day have read only the three stanzas of "O Captain! My Captain"—a selection which owes its place in high-school anthologies to the fact that it is the least representative poem of its author.

It is wholly unlikely that a fool, a charlatan, or a maniac

could gain and hold the recognition that Whitman has attained; and, *a priori*, it is hardly likely that any man born in the last nineteen hundred years has all the power and the virtue which Dr. Bucke, for example, ascribes to Whitman. Moreover, most students of literature have come to believe that no great writer is sporadic and that all he brings is wholly his own; but rather that each is in a way a debtor to his age. As an interesting centenary exercise, and as a possible slight contribution to the final estimate, it may be worth while to consider what sort of man Walt Whitman was, and how he was affected by his age; and perhaps to speculate a little on his relation to the movements of to-day and of the future.

The environment of this man was that of the Victorian age in literature, with all of good or of bad which that name implies. It was a time of unrest, marked in the world of philosophical and religious thought by the growth of the scientific idea, and in political and social life by revolution and reform. In America it was the period of most rapid material expansion, and of the greatest of all our national disturbances, the Civil War. It was also, during its early part, the time of New England Transcendentalism, which if not one of the greatest of American movements was one of the most important in its influence on Walt Whitman.

What was the relation between the forces of the nineteenth century and the development of a man born and endowed and constituted as Whitman was? The question is the more difficult to answer because knowledge of the poet's temperament and character must be largely learned from his writings, and his writings must be judged in the light of his character. There is every opportunity and every danger of arguing in a circle. Yet something may be established with certainty, and something may be plausibly conjectured.

When "Leaves of Grass" appeared in 1855 the slight attention which it attracted was centred on two things—

the oddity of the form, and the startling nature of the content. Most startling of all in those days were the poems on sex. Almost equally obtrusive were the ideas of manly friendship, the apparent egotism of the writer, his revolutionary attack on the traditions of the past, and his ideas of democracy. All the questions then raised are immanent to-day, but their apparent difficulty and importance have shifted with time, with greater knowledge of the author, and with a change in moral and aesthetic standards.

It may be well—postponing the matters of versification and of sex that so troubled our grandfathers—to consider how far Whitman had a philosophy, and what the nature and the sources of that philosophy were. The word “philosophy” is perhaps unfortunate, for it connotes a system of belief worked out by a trained thinker, or at least by the possessor of a logically moving mind. Whitman was not trained; he was not—if it does not beg the question to say so at this point—especially logical in his methods of thought. He was a man of no inherited culture and little schooling, with a mixture of indolence and intellectual curiosity that led him to gather but not to weigh or test all scraps of theory or information that came in his way.

Many of the difficulties of the Whitman student come from the persistency of commentators in treating him as a philosopher of another sort, and ascribing to him both wisdom and knowledge that he did not possess. As a single example, critics—especially continental critics—have made much of the fact that in “Chanting the Square Deific” he refers to the Holy Spirit as “Sancta Spirita,” and so, they say, recognizes the existence of a feminine element in the Godhead. Scholars of their training are unable to conceive a writer to whom “spirita” is not a Latin feminine. But Whitman’s knowledge of English grammar was such that he noted in memoranda kept after he reached manhood such facts as “Preterite—past—noting the past tense of a verb, as ‘I wrote.’” There is no probability that his



acquaintance with Latin extended even to the first declension; and if it did he was not the man to imply the nature of the Holy Spirit in any such indirect way. Unquestionably he used "spirita" for spirit because he liked the sound of the word, as he wrote "ambulanza" for ambulance, "Mannahatta" for Manhattan, "camerado" for comrade. Yet out of his ignorance and the vagaries of his ear have been created a philosophical and theological theory of great import.

Whitman read in his desultory fashion something of the Greek writers, a little of the Orientals, and some of the Germans—particularly Hegel, of whom at times he proclaimed himself a disciple. The great influence acting on him was, however, that of the New England Transcendentalists.

The New England Transcendentalists held, to state their belief with a brevity and a bluntness that of course does it great violence, that God is immanent in the universe, that in every human soul is an essence, a spark of the divine, and that each individual finds his one sure guide in this inner self, appealed to earnestly and honestly; that no man can assume to dictate to another man, and that all men being in a degree divine are equals, and in a sense equal with God. "I am part and parcel of God," wrote Emerson; and again: "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate." This view is one that came to New England and to much of America with a shock of emancipation and a breath of inspiration, but it was doctrine that was safe only for sane and well-balanced minds.

In New England, Transcendentalism was at its height in the early 'forties, but it spread to the rest of the country somewhat slowly, and it was probably not until the failure of "The Dial" and of Brook Farm scattered the fellowship, and Margaret Fuller, Ripley, Dana, Curtis, and others

came to "The Tribune" at the instance of Horace Greeley that the movement attained its widest influence in New York. Emersonianism was, however, abroad in the land, and those who did not know it from the essays and lectures of Emerson himself knew it at second and third hand. Whitman sent the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" to Emerson, and received a letter of enthusiastic commendation. This letter he used without authorization in the second edition, in which he also included a fulsome address to Emerson, whom he lauded as "Master." "Those shores [of thought] you found. I say you have led the States there—have led me there." At this time neither Whitman nor anyone else questioned the indebtedness; but later, when he became more jealous of his reputation for originality, he retracted what he had said, confessing only to "a touch of Emerson-on-the-brain," and striving to give the impression that before he published "Leaves of Grass" he had read Emerson little or not at all. There seems no reasonable doubt that the earlier statements were the truer, and that the first readers of "Leaves of Grass" were correct in looking to Emerson for the origin, or at least the inspiration, of Whitman's philosophy.

Transcendentalism acting upon the calm, sane, urbane student of Boston and Concord; Transcendentalism acting upon the uncultured, untrained youth of Brooklyn and New York, with his vagrant impulsiveness, his mystic sensuousness, his intellectual strivings unrestrained by any sense of convention or tradition—this is a contrast which it might be worth while to work out in the greatest detail. In only one or two points can the differences here be noted.

Whitman's apparent egotism was one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of the early appreciation of his poetry. Often, no doubt, he was misunderstood. The "Song of Myself" begins:

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you,

and many readers forget to interpret the first statement in the light of the second. When the poet says "I" he often speaks not only for himself, but for every individual. This interpretation does not, however, explain all passages of the poems, or all facts of his life. He took a childish delight in seeing his picture, in finding his name in print even in the cheapest and obscurest journals. He was guilty of amusing subterfuges to attain newspaper notice, not only preparing anonymous reviews of his own books, but sending out personal items regarding himself. Emerson's belief in individualism was based on his belief in the divine element in each individual. Whitman accepted the same view, but he thought more of the fact that each individual is great than of the divine spark which confers the greatness. As he has less reverence and rests less firmly on a basal philosophy of the relation of God and man, his individualism is more aggressive, more blatant than that of Emerson.

Democracy was a favorite word with Whitman, as it has been with his followers. It seems to have meant to him, as with common-sense reservations it meant to Emerson, that since all persons are informed by the divine, and all objects are part of the divine plan, one man is as good as another, and one thing as good as another. "One as good as another," is what the radical democrat always says, but frequently with the mental addition—"and just a little better." There is something of prejudice as well as of philosophy in the feelings of a man of Whitman's origins and opportunities towards classes. He complains even that "Emerson possesses a singularly dandified theory of manners," and continues:

No, no, dear friend; though the States want scholars, undoubtedly, and perhaps want ladies and gentlemen who use the bath frequently, and never laugh loud, or talk wrong, they don't want scholars, or ladies and gentlemen, at the expense of all the rest. They want good farmers, sailors, mechanics, clerks, citizens—perfect business and social relations—perfect fathers and mothers.



If we could only have these, or their approximations, plenty of them, fine and large and sane and generous and patriotic, they might make their verbs disagree from their nominatives, and laugh like volleys of musketeers, if they should please.

Here the words may be fair, but the animus is not concealed. While he boasted that he spoke for all, and felt with all, he was never in full sympathy with the rich or the educated or the cultured.

Professor Wendell finds in this stress on brotherhood the reason why Whitman was more quickly recognized in Europe than in America. Of the three watchwords of the French Revolution the one most valued by the nineteenth-century American, says Professor Wendell, was liberty. The inhabitant of a monarchical country, however, oppressed by long-established systems of caste, was more concerned with fraternity and equality. It was fraternity and equality more than liberty that Whitman emphasized; hence, it is said, he was a better spokesman for the proletariat of Europe than for the working men of America.

It is not always clear when Whitman writes of democracy whether he means the equality of individuals as such or a form of government; and he does not wholly reconcile the incompatibility between the widest freedom of the individual and the greatest power of a state such as he believed the United States was destined to become. His patriotism was almost Chauvinistic at times; and the same temper which led him to distrust wealthy and educated men led him to believe the worst of the older and, as he loved to call them, the feudal states of Europe.

Whitman's conception of the democracy of things was more logical than his conception of the democracy of men. Though he was not much moved by the scientific thought which was all about him, he grasped the scientific conception that in the physical universe the great and the small, the beautiful and the ugly, the clean and the unclean, all exist in accordance with the same natural laws. Emerson

went far in the same direction, and in his poems introduced homely words and matter-of-fact images, but Whitman went much farther. Nothing in the created universe was, he believed, devoid of interest, or unfit for mention at any time or place, and all were suitable material for the poet. The odor of lilacs and that of the compost heap are both produced by processes of organic chemistry, and not many readers of this review, if they had before them the equations expressing the two reactions, could tell from the symbols which was which. Both may be equally interesting scientifically; and Whitman has poems in praise of both.

Whitman's expressions regarding literature are somewhat incoherent, as are, doubtless, those of most of us who write on the subject. The poet, the "literatus," as he likes to call him, is to be a great force in the future. It is the literature of the future, of the democracy which is coming, that interests him. Of the literature of the past he sometimes speaks with respect, rather more often with contempt. At all events, he insists that it has had its day. His worst charge is that the masters of the past have all been moved by the ideals of feudalism. Too many of Shakespeare's characters are kings and queens and nobles. There has been too much formalism, too much prettiness. For himself, he lays down rules—few figures of speech, no references to the rulers or the great men of the past, simplicity, directness, homeliness. Most of these are dicta to which the teacher of composition would in general say "Amen." Yet, like other poets who have propounded theories, he ignores all his proscriptions when he rises to the heights. His distrust of figurative language is quite forgotten in the fine opening of the "Song of the Broad-Axe," and in the wonderful personification of death:

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet.

Whitman made many comments on other authors, some shrewd and incisive, some silly, some petulant, and those

on the same author are often contradictory. A choice of the best characterizations would show him as a critic of insight and feeling; a choice of the worst would be amusing. In this, as in other respects, his inconsistencies are perplexing, and are hardly to be explained by legitimate change of mood. On the whole, he criticises writers more than specific writings, and he does not often give detailed comment on a particular passage. During his sojourn in Canada he read Tennyson's "De Profundis," and recorded some comments in his diary:

It has several exquisite little verses, not simple like rosebuds, but gem-lines like garnets or sapphires, cut by a lapidary artist. These, for instance (someone has had a baby):

‘O young life  
Breaking with laughter from the dark!’

The last sentence brings into juxtaposition phrases which are almost epitomes of the qualities of Tennyson and of Whitman when neither is at his best. It would be fairer to represent both writers by other quotations, where they show to better advantage; Tennyson, say, by this line—

And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro'  
the air;

Whitman by the following—

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,  
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,  
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is.

The origin of the peculiar verse structure adopted in "Leaves of Grass" is not easy to trace. In all his earlier poems Whitman tried to follow conventional models, though he seemed, in both prose and verse, to have little sense of form. But for him the broken lines of the 1855 volume were something new. It has been conjectured that he got them from various sources—from the Bible, from Blake, from Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," from Warren's "The Lily and the Bee." But none of these except the



last, which there is no proof that he ever read, have quite the movement of "Leaves of Grass." Emerson had said of the poet—

He shall not his brain encumber  
With the coil of rhythm and number,

and himself had written verse which mid-century critics pronounced sadly lacking in rhythm; but he is nowhere like Whitman.

Whitman's argument, and the argument of free verse writers since his day, is simple enough. Metre and rhyme, they say, are repressive, Procrustean, and hamper the free and exact expression of thought. In one place Whitman says: "In my opinion the time has arrived to essentially break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry"; but it is doubtful if he would have stood by this, and most later writers of free verse would protest against it. Advocates of the older verse reply that regular rhythm is natural and spontaneous, and that the metrical form stimulates rather than represses thought and feeling. From this clash the battle proceeds interminably.

The form of "Leaves of Grass," though irregular, and often following no law or impulse that the reader can trace, was not a matter of indifference to the author. Few American poets except Poe have reworked their lines so carefully. Most of his changes are clearly for the better. Some of them give better rhythm in the ordinary sense, as when "Out of the rocked cradle" became "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking"; some of them make for happier and more exact phrasing; and some omit or tone down repellent images and expressions. It may be a proof of the author's care that the beginnings and endings of so many poems are especially good. Few volumes have a more promising index of first lines.

Readers of English poetry are apparently coming to enjoy freer and freer rhythms. A little over a hundred years ago critics ridiculed "Christabel" as wholly lacking in cadence

and rhythm; to-day it seems to many readers one of the most melodious poems of its century. Sixty years ago Emerson's poems were pronounced utterly formless. To-day many of us find the best of them filled with a haunting melody. But in 1855 and long afterward the form of "Leaves of Grass" was the greatest obstacle to its success with the beginner. Even a dozen years ago the ordinary undergraduate was bewildered by it. To-day, with the increased vogue of free verse, it gives little trouble. The time is past when the form is a serious bar to the enjoyment of the poems, and such pieces as "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd" have for even conservative readers a strange fascination.

Whitman's poems on sex once stirred up a hubbub which seems strange now when so much of both fiction and poetry is based on the Freudian psychology, and when demure-eyed little girls in classrooms are always eager to discuss any sex problem that may arise. But when "Children of Adam" first appeared the English-speaking world was bound by conventional prudery. Moreover, the English poetry which before this time had dealt with the sex relation had done so licentiously, and the natural inference was that all poems which treated the subject would be licentious. Whitman stated frankly enough his belief that as sex organs and acts are perfectly natural they should be sung just like everything else in life. In practice he found it hard to carry out his theory. For one thing, the prudery of the 'fifties and 'sixties was most intense in the social stratum to which he belonged—a man like Holmes ridiculed it as we do—and in reality Whitman was embarrassingly self-conscious when he approached questionable themes. Again, the vocabulary which he needed did not exist. There were no words for speaking in natural everyday fashion of things that were never spoken of in that way.

As "Leaves of Grass" stands to-day there are not many poems that the reader will find offensive, and there are still

fewer that can by any possibility be called licentious. If any low-minded person, misled by the attacks on "Leaves of Grass," bought it as a *risqué* book he must have felt sadly defrauded. At worst he could gain from it only such satisfaction as the unclean small boy finds in looking out tabooed words in the dictionary, or in a surreptitious perusal of some sections of the revised statutes. Such offense as exists is aesthetic, not moral. In "Children of Adam" facts are recorded with the frankness of a teacher of anatomy. It is not in this much discussed group of poems, where he treats sex directly, but in oblique and figurative references elsewhere that Whitman most shows an obsession with sex.

It is easy to elucidate Whitman's theory of poetic frankness, but it is more difficult to ascertain his real attitude towards the relation of the sexes. The view which he most often expresses is physiological and sociological—eugenic, but with a strange blending of the phallic. Love as a romantic passion in the ordinary sense hardly appears. Domestic affection in other than its physical aspects, whether affection of husband and wife or of parent and child, is not made prominent. Marriage, while favorably referred to, is not stressed. A few poems like "Native Moments" seem when taken by themselves to argue for the following of instinct without restraint of law, yet it cannot be asserted that the poet preached free love.

In a discussion of these questions it is impossible to ignore the facts of Whitman's own life. After allowing the defenders of his poems for years to assure the public of his absolute chastity he wrote in old age to Symonds:

My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried I have had six children—two are dead—one living Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations.



With this much-quoted passage, our knowledge ends. One biographer has built up a fanciful conjecture of a *liaison* with a woman of social position during the visit to New Orleans in 1848, with concealment by her family on account of Whitman's Northern and plebeian origin; but the stay in New Orleans was only three months, and while some indications like the "times South" hint at subsequent visits, there is no record of these, and our knowledge of Whitman's occupations, finances, and whereabouts after 1849 leaves no possibility of many or long-continued excursions. Surely he had no established and recognized connection which might be defended as marriage in all but legal form; and it seems probable that more than one woman must have borne his children. The expression "jolly bodily" is also significant; it is hardly the phrase of a man who places a high sanction upon his acts.

With his usual furtiveness Whitman bore his secrets to the grave; and there they should lie, were it not that the obscurities of his writings need some commentary from his life. If a poet announces himself as the first to sing adequately of the sex relation, and if his songs are not clear, then it is but natural to ask what philosophy he exemplified in his own actions. A poet who celebrates passion may do so with such intensity that he forgets all else. A physiologist need have nothing to say about romantic love on the one hand, or social conventions on the other. But Whitman writes as a sociologist,

Singing the song of procreation,

Singing the need of superb children and therein superb  
grown people,

and it is a fair question whether he thinks children should be brought into the world without wedlock, and if so who should provide for their nurture and support. These questions he ignored in his poems, and it seems as if he might have ignored them in his life.

Whitman belonged to and considered himself representa-

tive of the common people, the laboring classes. Yet no one thinks of comparing him with Burns or Whittier or Franklin or other writers born of similar stock. The philosophy of things which these men expressed was natural to them. It had its origins in the life from which they sprang. Whitman differed in that he took the philosophies of more sophisticated, more intellectual, more cultured thinkers and interpreted them in terms of his own different habits of thought.

This adaptation of other philosophies made Whitman a great force in the movement which may be characterized as the democratization of culture. Democratic America has always insisted that culture should be available to all who wished it, and has recognized that in any social station may be found a man with a soul that can respond to the highest that the world can give. It has always rejoiced with pride in a Franklin or a Lincoln. But it recognized that for every such man there were thousands content to live and die on a different intellectual and aesthetic plane. Now in the day of university extension and what not, these thousands are to be cultivated too; and if they cannot assimilate culture as it has existed in the past, then it must be changed till they can assimilate it. The finest things of the spirit for those who seem born to perceive them; no things of the spirit which cannot be perceived by all: quality, or quantity in culture—this is the antithesis which the new and the old sometimes seem to offer. But doubtless it is a false antithesis, and when the movement is completed all will be for the best.

In this movement Whitman has been a great figure. In the older time men who reached out after different things would probably have been guilty of saying that they wished to rise in the world, that they wanted to be more like others whom they thought superior in attainment or power. But Whitman did not want culture to make him the least bit more like Emerson; he would have resented such a change.

He took his stand firm-footed where he was and as he was. He boasted of his rudeness and his crudity:

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,

Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding.

He insisted that culture—whatever the world had to offer—should be interpreted into his own imagery and his own vocabulary. In these two respects—his grasping after the ideas of men so differently born and trained, and his determination to fit these ideas to himself rather than to be developed by them—Whitman was unique; so nearly unique at least that during his lifetime men of the class which he tried to represent knew little of his existence and never thought of him as their spokesman. His disciples were all of a different sort, men who believed this was the way a laboring man ought to feel. But in recent months many persons, the world over, seem to be accepting the view that Whitman promulgated.

Meanwhile, radicals complain stridently that the men of letters are hesitant in uttering their judgments, and that books on American literature devote relatively too few pages to Whitman. Both the fact and the complaint are natural. The radical is always sure of what is going to happen in society or in art, and sure that that something will be a complete change from what has gone before. Naturally, he has no patience with a critic who hesitates to award Whitman his exact place in the new movement. But, impatient journalists to the contrary notwithstanding, no man recognizes the eternal flux of things better than does he who passes his life with books and the records of the past. He knows that the significance of sudden and radical reforms can be tested only by time. He sees that the world has never been the same, socially or economically, since the French Revolution, and that English poetry has never been the same since the Romantic revival; yet he knows that the change from the old order was immensely less than the enthusiastic workers for these movements, in



the midst of the turmoil, expected that it would be. So after soviet revolutions and whatever else may come, the world will never be the same; but it may not be as different as present signs might lead one to believe. Not until undergraduate examination papers begin to confuse Wilson and Jefferson, Wellington and Foch, will historians be far enough away to judge the events of the last few years, and not until the same time will the critic be sure in his evaluation of Whitman's poetry.

Although Whitman's work was almost finished a generation before the outbreak of the great war, yet he wrote avowedly not for his day but for a future in which he confidently believed. Whether or not that future is this present, he appears to be the one American poet most closely connected with the tendencies that are now developing. Current judgments of Longfellow or of Emerson will not be much changed, no matter what poetry may be like in 1950; but Whitman is in a sense on trial to-day for his claim to immortality. What his great significance is, how great a prophet he was, can be told only after the present movement has rounded to something near completion.

Some things may, however, in this centenary year, be said with reasonable certainty. Whitman's position before the world has altered greatly in the last generation. He has not yet become a favorite with the artisans for whom he assumed to write; and he is still vigorously applauded for a social radicalism and a gross sex naturalism which "advanced" theorists find in his works, though it is doubtful if he put them there. From the days of O'Connor to those of "The New Republic," the greatest hindrance to a fair view of Whitman has been the utterances of foolish friends. Yet in spite of these, and in spite of extreme theories which he surely did hold, Whitman has made his way. There are now not many critics who question his right to a place among the few greater American writers of the nineteenth century. He has given the most conspicuous model

for the freer form of verse which, for good or for bad, is now much in vogue. He has helped to widen the range of subjects that may be treated in poetry and the moods and tempers of poetic expression. Specifically, he has tended to exalt the physical and the acts and experiences of the average man in everyday life. He has helped in the movement to rid poetry of the merely fanciful, the artificial, the conventional.

But a far greater achievement than any of these has been a slow but gradual winning of a place as one of the poets whom the lovers of poetry read. Whether he would have desired it or not, he has gained appreciation from many conservative students of literature. They do not accept his condemnation of the class to which they belong, nor of the literature which men of that class have produced in the past. They do not accept all his theories of life or of art; and they read the great bulk of his poems no more than they read, say, the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets." But they have found that his work at its best touches not only their minds but their hearts, and seems to have the stamp of the indescribable something we call genius.

The canon of Whitman's choicer poems is, of course, not fixed. By almost universal suffrage it would include "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd," and "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking." Many persons would add such mystic but vigorous expressions of the onward trend as "Passage to India," and "Song of the Open Road." There are shorter pieces, too, like some of the descriptive bits in "Drum-Taps," and "Darest Thou Now O Soul"—the last not unworthy to be mentioned with Browning's "Prospice" and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The list seems steadily to increase as the art form which he adopted grows more familiar and better understood.

Extreme devotees find in Whitman their own favorite ideas. His contradictions and his sententiousness make it possible to quote from "Leaves of Grass" texts in support

of almost any vagary. Other readers find an inspiration in his free optimism; and even when they cannot follow him to the end they welcome the tolerance of his recognition of the value of common things and common men. They feel the essential wholesomeness and sanity that underlie his oddities and determine his outlook on life. No man has sung more wisely of death—"sane and sacred death"—which is not to be minimized, or sentimentalized, or dreaded, but taken calmly for what it really is.

So Whitman has come after a hundred years to have two groups of admirers—those who read him as a prophet and the only poet, and who believe that with him a new epoch in poetry begins; and those who read him as one of the high fellowship of poets, and who look to see what of lasting value he may have contributed to the great tradition of poetry. These two factions are mutually scornful of each other, and between them the poet's fame uneasily rests. There are few American writers who seem more certain to be remembered on their second centenary. Yet there is none of whom it is quite so uncertain what the verdict on that occasion will be.



## SLUMBER SONG

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Sleep; and my song shall build about your bed  
A Paradise of dimness. You shall feel  
The folding of tired wings; and peace will dwell  
Throned in your silence: and one hour shall hold  
Summer, and midnight, and immensity  
Lulled to forgetfulness. For, where you dream,  
The stately gloom of foliage shall embower  
Your slumbering thought with tapestries of blue.  
And there shall be no memory of the sky,  
Nor sunlight with its cruelty of swords.  
But, to your soul that sinks from deep to deep  
Through drowned and glimmering color, time shall be  
Only rhythmic swaying; and your breath;  
And roses in the darkness; and my love.

## PRACTICAL EDUCATION

By GORDON HALL GEROULD

MUCH has been said and written of late, both in America and in England, about the necessity of adapting our educational system to meet the requirements of a new time. The feeling is widespread, if not universal, that something is wrong with the way our boys and girls have been trained. That many of us have long been aware of certain egregious faults of the kind is beside the point. We are now of the questioning majority, that is all, whereas we used to be the remnant merely. The vociferations of Mr. H. G. Wells in his much read "Joan and Peter" are symptomatic. Mr. Wells can always be heard above the crowd, and he is sure to be found talking about something that interests the world at large.

There is no doubt that people are interested in education at the moment. Whether they are sufficiently interested to be willing to pay the price for good education in time and money remains to be seen. There has always been a tendency to go to bargain sales when things of the mind are concerned: to take as little thought as possible and to get along at the minimum of expense. Yet the genuineness of the present interest cannot be doubted. There is a general inclination to ask why and how and what about the training of youth.

The prevailing tendency, as I make it out, is to demand better results than we have had hitherto. It has come to be understood that valuable time is being wasted in youth, and not wholly through the fault of our boys and girls. It has been recognized that the graduates of what we have proudly called institutions of learning manage to learn extraordinarily little, while doubts are expressed as to

whether they have had a chance to get profitable training. That is the gist of it. The cry is for practical education.

I, for one, because I am a humanist by inclination and profession, sympathize fully with this attitude. Any humanist is interested primarily in the best possible development of the individual, as well as of the race at large; which means that practical results must be achieved in education or the method employed be regarded as a flat failure. All sensible men believe, I should suppose, in practical education. Any other kind is a travesty. About this, scientists and representatives of the technical arts can have no quarrel with exponents of what are sometimes, a little arrogantly, termed "liberal" studies. No one wishes to make education futile in its processes and results.

The only question worth discussion is what constitutes a practical programme of study and how it should be carried out. For a long time there has been no agreement, no *modus vivendi* even, with regard to either matter. Ever since the natural sciences and the modern languages were given recognition as possible subjects for study and serious research—ever since, that is to say, the universities of Europe and America broke away from the scheme of instruction imposed by the Renaissance, opinions have clashed. The parties to the debate, which have given themselves various names at different times and in different places, have honestly tried to reconcile their divergent interests, but never with entire success. There could not well be agreement, since all concerned have been asking, or demanding as by right, the inclusion of their favorite studies in the curriculum, with the consequent exclusion from it of other matters less attractive to them.

Since they have not been able to agree and have had to make concessions to one another, they have usually compromised by keeping everything. From one point of view, the history of education during the last seventy-five years has been a tale of constant accretion both with reference



to the number of subjects taught and the number studied by the individual boy or girl. It has been the era of the stuffed curriculum. That the student himself has not been gorged has been due solely to a saving lack of appetite, which has made the youth refuse to absorb an amount of assorted knowledge likely to do him harm. Indeed, when compelled to taste too great a variety, he has ingeniously escaped repletion by pretending to eat everything while really swallowing nothing at all. Too often it has been a Barmecide feast.

In such a competition of studies for a place in the sun, it was inevitable that some should prove more popular than others: that some should wax in the interest they excited and others fall away. The general tendency in America at least has been, as we all know, away from the classics and philosophy and towards science, whether termed "pure" or "technical," as well as towards the subjects that may be grouped under the general title of political and economic history. Modern languages have had a considerable, though half-hearted, following because they have acquired the sanction of supposed usefulness—which they would have if they were ever really learned. English has also won its way until every boy and girl is indoctrinated with some part of the queer mixture that bears that label.

It is clear that this tendency to desert old studies for comparatively new ones, when both continue to be offered and not all can be pursued, is the result of something more than a whim. Nor can it be due to sheer perversity. Unless I am greatly mistaken, it has come about because for a long time there has been prevalent a feeling that the older curriculum did not produce practical results: that by it, in other words, real education was not accomplished. Science was admitted not merely because it was considered utilitarian, but in the hope and expectation that by acquiring knowledge in realms just opening to the human mind a boy—youth generally—would get a more satisfactory

training than from mulling over an older wisdom. The modern languages were brought in to give him a chance to widen his horizon and discount somewhat the curse of Babel, while the attendant literatures came to be regarded by a majority of people as satisfactory substitutes for the classics in that they were written under conditions removed yet not wholly different from our own. History, politics, economics, anthropology, sociology, and all the other neologies were given their place because they were so many more windows thrown open on the past and present of the human race. They did not represent, in fact, a new set of studies so much as a novel codification of things less systematically presented in the older curriculum.

The case of English is different. Foolish exponents of the study of our language and literature urged it simply because it dealt with the speech and writings of our own race, as if that were sufficient argument. Wiser apostles recognized the utilitarian value of such studies and even their worth as promoting social solidarity and the right kind of patriotism; but they saw also the interesting possibility that by using English as the vehicle and the material of instruction boys and girls might be trained to feel and to reason more justly. Whether the wiser men have been altogether wise, this is not the place to inquire. The question of English needs special discussion.

The point I am making is that the stuffed curriculum was the not wholly conscious result of the same desire for a practical education that is now moving us to debate and sometimes to diatribe. It was not entirely from the intoxication of new wine that our fathers began to distend the old bottles by filling them under pressure. The fact is that we have been trying for a long time to find the promised land of education, while the pity is that we have been more than forty years in the wilderness, and are still wandering.

To drop metaphor, it is clear that we have not yet learned how to organize an educational system that works, which

means simply a system effective in training the majority of youths, male and female, who are brought under it. This is the only proper test, of course, since a minority will obtain, no matter how ill taught, what every individual should have. The exceptional mind will take care of itself, if given the slightest chance and even if very ill used and neglected: the problem is to make the mediocre intelligence a good instrument for work in the world. This problem we have not solved because we have been attacking it in the wrong way. It is a question not so much of what should be taught as of how any subject ought to be learned.

One of the most interesting and radical experiments of the nineteenth century was the establishment of courses and schools which were called "technical." To find out where we stand with reference to practical education, it is peculiarly important not to neglect their growth. They were, indeed, the first attempt—and have remained the most notable one—to provide vocational training for young men who were not going to enter the older professions and who were in too much haste, or who had not the inclination, to tread the mazes of the expanding college curriculum. Let us consider the case. Engineers were needed, and were needed in great numbers. Their art had been raised to the dignity of a profession, wherefore they must have training that would place them on an equality with other professional men in breadth of outlook and particularity of knowledge. Given the necessity of early practical experience in factory or field, this had to be gained by them before they were twenty-five at the latest. Accordingly, no more than four or five years could be devoted to their training.

It seemed to the founders of technical and engineering schools that the desired result could be accomplished by excluding from the curriculum most of the traditional collegiate studies, by treating the few that were left in their utilitarian aspects merely, and by adding the requisite number of purely professional courses. They saved a few



hours in the earlier years for studies that were regarded by them as "cultural" and by most students as unimportant frills. In other words, they met the difficulty of impractical education by vocational training, but with certain concessions to the hazy old-fashioned notions of the qualities requisite in a professional man. The engineer was to be, quite definitely, an engineer, and by grace of exercises in English composition, a modern language, and perhaps a little history, he was to be a cultivated gentleman according to the older standards.

As everyone is aware, this experiment has been tried on a magnificent scale in America, and it has not been in every respect a failure. That it has not wholly succeeded is, however, more and more apparent. One has only to associate intimately with a representative lot of engineers to discover how far from satisfactory the results have actually been. The trouble is that the graduate of the technical school knows how to begin his work but does not know how to go on. He has learned enough about science and engineering to find employment at a respectable salary on finishing his course, but he has somehow failed to get the sort of training that will enable him to deal freely and masterfully with the problems of his profession. He is only too likely to remain a painstaking subordinate to the end of his days. As a successful engineer and manufacturer recently put the case to me: "The technical schools are training employees and not employers."

If you will examine the courses of study outlined in the prospectuses of the best engineering schools of the country, you will find that the analysis of their content given above is not unfair. Some of them lay greater emphasis than others on required excursions into history or language and literature, but not one of them has a curriculum organized on any other basis than the one described. They try to equip their students by pumping them full of special knowledge, and trust in God or nature—assisted by a few hours of

instruction in the newer sort of college studies—to train their minds as working instruments. Or they pin their faith to mathematics with this end in view, though they go on teaching mathematics too much as if it were a descriptive science and no better than a more important frill. However that may be, experienced engineers shake their heads sadly and tell you about their disappointments with technical graduates. Usually they add that they don't see why it should be so.

An examination of prospectuses, again, added to close and prolonged observation of a group of engineers at work, has left me, at least, with a very definite notion as to the reason. It is this. Most graduate engineers have not learned, any more than most graduates in arts and sciences, to use their minds; and, to my way of thinking, they have had an even poorer chance of doing so than students in the ordinary college courses. They have to get their real education, if so be that they get it at all, after their student days have ended. They have learned many things in their schools, but they have failed to get the one thing needful: generally speaking, they have not been trained to collect and to arrange the essential factors of a problem in such a way as to see it as a whole and to solve it accurately, taking into account the difficulties, human and inanimate, that are sure to arise. Although it is certain that they will have to create in their own minds machines or railroads or factories before they can construct them out of the substance of the earth, their power of visual imagination has not been stimulated and developed. They have not been taught to co-ordinate their knowledge; they have no notion of constructive work in the broader sense—only of its parts.

They may be good draughtsmen, though probably they are no better than boys to whom a less expensive education has been given. They have perhaps done "shop work" that is only a feeble imitation of reality and is said by some discouraged elders to be worse than useless. They may be

thoroughly competent surveyors. They have certainly listened to a vast number of lectures and absorbed the contents of many text-books on engineering subjects. What they have not done—speaking generally, be it said once more, since there are honorable exceptions—is to learn how to conduct the business they are to undertake. They, too, are victims of the stuffed curriculum and have had their minds befogged with descriptive courses rather than clarified by steady work, patiently directed, through which they might have learned how to create out of human labor and steel or stone the vision their inward eye has seen.

Moreover, since they have not been taught to visualize the elements of a problem in relation to the whole, they are frequently quite incapable of accuracy. Their minds do not focus in such a way as to hold them steady to painstaking labor; yet they have failed to get the skilled artisan's habit of exactness, which they might have gained if from the lower schools they had gone into shop or field. Instead, they have a veneer of knowledge that a man could pick up for himself from books and experience if only he were properly trained—and little else.

It may be objected that I am asking too much, that no student can hope to graduate a thorough master of his profession. He cannot, it is true. Experience must have its part in a continuing process of education. The practical men who are dissatisfied with the schools understand this perfectly. Their objection, I make out, is not that boys of two or three and twenty are less competent to deal with large affairs than men of fifty, but that the graduates of technical schools fail to show at thirty and forty the qualities they ought to possess. They are known by their fruits, which do not ripen well.

Like most of our educational experiments, this early and in some respects predominant one has failed to reach its aim not simply because of the human imperfection of teachers and students, but because it has been carried out



on a wrong principle. It was intended to be practical, and it has been nothing of the sort. Instead, it has followed old paths into the labyrinth of error. The false assumption has been made that youth has but to be crammed with information in order to get a trained mind. Feed literature to make poets, and the lore of engineering to make engineers—in the latter case calling the process “vocational education” to differentiate it, since it would otherwise be scarcely distinguishable. This has been the wholly inadequate formula which has been adopted.

I am not decrying the value of information, whether gained by the individual in school or out of school. Most men are not only badly educated, but pitifully ignorant. They know far too little about their own field of work, and next to nothing about other matters. But they are ignorant because they have ill-trained minds rather than uneducated because they have failed to amass a store of facts. If the young engineer, for example, had a brain as healthy and keen and well developed as his body ought to be, he would never be handicapped by lack of specific knowledge. He would absorb the information he needed quite naturally and without effort. He would not know everything about his special branch of engineering, but he would have a temper of brain and an understanding that would make learning an easy part of his professional work.

If this simple fact could be recognized as the basic truth about education, which it is, and could be acted upon, most of the perplexities in regard to practical education would be dissipated. Its acceptance is no less important, and no more so, in dealing with the boy destined to scholarship, medicine, or the law, than with the budding engineer. All of them alike need to be freed from the tyranny of the stuffed curriculum, which imposes on them the easily evaded task of learning a little bit about this and a little bit about that—and nothing worth while about the way to co-ordinate knowledge by the skilful use of the human brain. All of

them alike need to be taught how to work; and, though the trained mind adapts itself surprisingly to novel tasks, they may properly demand instruction in the methods especially useful in the callings they have chosen. With this acquired, they will find the rest of their panoply of learning easy to come by. Without it, they will be little better off for their years in college or technical school; they will merely have lost valuable time.

Advocates of the older curriculum and of the newer studies have both talked a great deal about training the mind and mental discipline; but they have been singularly reticent about explaining what they mean by the phrases. Let me not fall into the same error. The principle involved is simple enough, even though application to the particular case requires the hardest kind of thinking. It is necessary to find some way to get the student to deal with the subject he is studying just as he will have to deal with problems later on if he is to be a successful man. Awaken his enthusiasm, give him time by freeing him from too many distractions outside the curriculum and too scattered a programme within, guide him in his first attempts to feel his way among unco-ordinated facts; and he will soon be able to control his efforts intelligently. The process of education will have begun.

The thing can be accomplished. It is already being done here and there, more or less imperfectly. The "case system" in some of the law schools, the instruction in research given in most of the graduate schools, intelligent use of the laboratory in teaching science, and the preceptorial method as established in Princeton by President Wilson point the way that must be followed. The student of literature, whether ancient or modern, should be set to working up a subject as if he were to write a book or deliver a set of lectures upon it; the aspirant in mathematics as if he were to be called upon to explain the calculus, for example, to some intelligent person without mathematical knowledge; the

embryonic engineer as if he must forthwith plan and organize a system of electric lighting, or the like. The first results will be crude and imperfect, as a matter of course, but they will represent real work and will form the mind as nothing else can.

Practical education is this, and this only, whatever the substance of instruction may be. It is folly to think that by permitting a young man to loaf through the classics and philosophy he will get vision and keenness of mind. It is equal folly to suppose that by confining him to a round of lectures and examinations on ostensibly utilitarian subjects he will become educated. It is perhaps the worst folly of all to believe that by putting him into a make-believe shop or a real laboratory, and making him use his hands as well as his brain, he will necessarily be any more ready for the business of life. Unless he is somehow stimulated to plunge into one line of study or another with such energy and enthusiasm as he readily gives to sport, and unless he is permitted, under skilful guidance, to form a mental habit and method of his own in dealing with literature or law or radio-active substances or internal combustion engines, he will not be prepared to begin a career.

Why should the ancients and moderns quarrel? One man's meat is another man's poison, and the same thing holds true of boys. I am a humanist, as I have said, but I can understand the passion of the mathematician for non-Euclidian geometry and of the engineer for hydraulics. Too much time and energy have been consumed in the struggle among advocates of various courses of study, while all alike have been badly taught from the point of view of practical results. A manufacturer of steel, a consulting engineer, and a colonel trained at West Point have recently complained to me of the years they wasted in studying Latin; but they were unable to assure me, when I questioned them, that they had ever really studied Latin at all. I made out that they had merely "taken" Latin, and I was



forced to admit the probability that their time was ill spent. Similarly I "took" mathematics and a few snippets of science, but I got my education in other ways and picked up my poor knowledge of those subjects later on.

For my own part, I have long been convinced that it does not so much matter what a boy studies, so long as he works hard and learns how to work as his own master. Let his enthusiasm be stirred, his imagination developed, and his judgment—which is neither more nor less than trained common sense—steadied, and he will find himself provided with a practical education. I am afraid of so-called vocational education, and of most of the recent experiments, because they are unsound and often pitifully naïf with reference to this fundamental conception. The case for the classics, and for the older studies in general, is simply that they give a boy, if he is properly instructed and is not hampered by congenital ineptitude, a better chance to gain insight and balance of mind than do most of the newer subjects. He is less liable to be near-sighted and astigmatic in dealing with men and things because of his experience with matters that have been got into perspective by the focussing of generations of eyes. But—for the good of all the future—better real study of the tensile qualities of steel than make-believe converse with Plato and all the philosophers.

Since no man can begin life in a world that is fresh and new, since every man is the scion if not the heir of the ages, some knowledge of the past is essential in all education. Windows must be thrown open on the history of man for the boy who is being trained through science or the technical arts, just as glimpses of the still unexplored realms of knowledge should be provided for the youth who is getting his education through the classics or history. The habit of dividing studies into those that are cultural and those that are professional is, however, most unfortunate in its results. Culture is no mere ornament of the mind, but a state of

being. Let us rid ourselves of the false and confusing notion that it can be gained by a smattering of many things. If a boy's natural curiosity is not deadened in the lower schools and if he is stimulated to move forward towards a reasonable goal of education, he will be quick to learn facts and to absorb ideas that lie outside his chosen field of study. He will become a reading man and a thinking man. The world of the past and the world of the present will be his in so far as there is time within his span of years to grasp their content.

Some instruments of learning, to be sure, every boy and girl must have for purely utilitarian ends if for no other reason. The three R's cover the case, if, that is, they are generously interpreted. Every child of whom much is expected should be taught to read not simply sentences, but books; and not simply English, but at least two other languages. To my way of thinking, one of these had better be Latin. In this narrowed modern world of ours, he ought also to learn to speak at least one language besides his mother tongue. Writing, in the second place, is more than the setting down of words, and the ordered expression of orderly thought is necessary in every business and profession. An understanding of numbers and of spatial relations is furthermore essential, as well as skill in computation. These fundamentals must be acquired by all, but they could easily be disposed of in the years before eighteen if the time of our children were not grievously wasted. They do not really concern the problem of practical education in the higher institutions, and they have to be considered only because they are badly managed in the lower schools. For this, be it said, parents are rather more to blame than teachers.

Another matter of importance in the proper education of every man and woman cannot be disposed of so quickly. Indeed, it requires careful attention to the end of one's working days and is intimately connected with success or failure in any calling. The Greeks had it, and by virtue of

it will remain exemplars to all generations in spite of temporary lapses into barbarism. Their record can never die, no matter how it may be narcotized by pedants and bludgeoned by gentlemen and others who call themselves educators and regard all new error as supreme truth. The Romans had this intellectual quality also in matters of law and government; and the tradition they established, when illumined by Christianity, saved the world from chaos after the inroads of Teuton and Moslem. New manifestations of it glorified the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. We may call it the sense of form, although any single term is inadequate to so various a phenomenon. There is no phase of life that it does not touch, or should not touch, if so be we could attain it. Without it, the creative imagination is helpless, whether the impulse to build is directed towards poetry or architecture, towards business organization or government, towards steam locomotives or synthetic dyes. In the complexity of our modern world it is peculiarly difficult to come by, but at the same time peculiarly necessary.

There is no royal road to its acquirement, no formula of education that will solve the problem it presents. Yet any boy or girl can be put in the way of gaining it by a fair degree of attention. The man who is capable of building bridges can be taught to love the drama and to write intelligent specifications and reports; and the man who can write a good play is capable of learning how a cantilever bridge is constructed and how to do accounts. It is my belief that he will be a better engineer or author if he develops a sense of form applicable to more things than his special occupation. It is my conviction, further, that the methods sketched in this essay will do much to give the trained will, the trained emotion, and the trained intelligence without which no education can be called practical in its results.



## A FAMOUS INDIAN DICTIONARY

By FREDERICK S. DICKSON

**B**EFORE American history began, the Abenaki Indians had a village on the banks of the Kennebec some eighty-five miles above its mouth. They called it Narrantsouak, and this we have altered to Norridgewock. In the seventeenth century it was a collection of some twenty-six birchbark wigwams surrounded by a stockade, the homes of two hundred savages. To this village in the wilderness, in 1694, came Sebastian Rale, a Jesuit priest, then thirty-seven years old. He was born in Franche-Comté, a part of the old Duchy of Burgundy that finally became French territory in 1674, when he was a lad of sixteen studying in Dijon. After becoming a Latin scholar, an instructor in Greek, a quiet student, he left this peaceful life behind him; and on October 13, 1689, he landed at Quebec to become a missionary to the Indians.

Immediately on his arrival he devoted himself to the study of the Indian tongue, and in 1691 he began to compile a dictionary of Abenaki. Two years later he settled in Norridgewock, there to remain the rest of his life. By 1698 he had built a church, the decorations being carved by his own hand. That a Jesuit should minister to the Indians so near to the English settlements was both a disgrace and a menace in the eyes of the Puritan. The Indian had his apologists in many towns removed a bit from the frontier, but in those days the Jesuit was looked upon by all as an unmixed evil. Jesuits and Popish priests were warned to depart from the Colonies, and when Rale ignored the mandate of the Massachusetts Court, an expedition was sent to capture him. But Rale and his Indians had fled, and all that the effort accomplished was the destruc-

tion of the bark village and the burning of the church. The church being rebuilt and two chapels added, another attempt was made to get Rale, in 1722, and again he escaped, but so hurriedly that his strongbox containing his dictionary and correspondence was captured, and this loot was carried back to Boston after the church and village were once more burned.

In 1724 better fortune attended the enemies of Rale. The village was surprised and few of the savages escaped, while Rale himself fell dead at the foot of the cross he had planted in the centre of the settlement. His body was mutilated, and his scalp torn off and carried in triumph to Boston, with similar mementoes from the heads of twenty-six Indians.

The survivors straggled back to their ruined homes and reverently buried the torn body of their priest. Our historians deny to Rale the ascription of martyrdom, insisting that he was killed because he was an active agent of the French government, not as an apostle of his faith. But after all there never yet was a martyr who was not proclaimed an enemy to the state by those who slew him.

Nanrantsovak was abandoned, and the few survivors of the massacre found refuge in other villages of their tribe. Their kinsmen in Maine are the Yankees of their race. Sober and industrious, they still make various trinkets out of birchbark, sedge, and leather, and these they peddle at the summer resorts throughout the North, complacently telling their customers that they are of the Saratoga, Niagara, or Narragansett tribe, depending only upon where they are. This pleases the buyer, increases sales, and does no one any harm.

On the first page of the manuscript dictionary there is written in a contemporary hand, "Taken after the fight at Norridgewalk among father Ralle's Papers and given by the late Col. Heath to Elisha Cooke, Esq.—Dictionary of the Norridgewalk Language." The manuscript is now

in the Library of Harvard University. In 1833 the matter was printed as written in the "Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences" under the editorship of John Pickering.

When Rale was on the banks of the Chaudière in 1691 he began the composition of this dictionary, and as it was intended solely for his own use, he indulged in many abbreviations, and his spellings tend at times to obscure his meaning. He was quite competent to perform the task he had undertaken, for besides being a good Latin and Greek scholar, he had a natural aptitude for language, and he took great pains to render a sound as nearly as possible as it came to him. Thus he uses no less than eight variations of *a*—as *à, á, ā, â, â, ä, ã*. And he is almost as generous with the other vowels. He uses an 8 to indicate what he calls a guttural, as it is sounded wholly from the throat without any motion of the lips. Others use for this sound *u, oo, ou, or w*. For instance, Rale spells the Indian word moose "m8s," and as it is evidently derived from the call of the animal, it is clear that Rale's spelling is better than ours. In his alphabet he does not use *c, f, l, q, w, x, and y* (though *c* and *l* are introduced in a few words constructed by Rale himself), while the 8 and the Greek letters  $\theta$  and  $\chi$  are used frequently. In his manuscript he often changes *kh* into *x*, *g* he alters to *k*, and *b* to *p*, thus showing the keenness of his ear, and the care which he exercised.

Father Rale complains that the Indian tongues are very difficult, their genius and scope being quite different from that of our European languages. Yet on some points the Indians expressed themselves in similar terms. In a letter to his brother written in 1723, he says: "If I should ask you, 'Why has God created you?' you would reply to me that 'it is to know him, to love him, and by this means to merit eternal glory.' But should I put the same question to a savage, he would reply to me thus, in the terms of his language: 'The great spirit has thought of us: Let them



know me, let them love me, let them honor me, and let them obey me; for then I shall make them enter into my glorious felicity.’”

When it comes to spelling the Indian words, we are dependent not only on the accuracy of ear of the listener, but also upon the tongue of the speaker, and the recorder naturally gives the letters the sound of his own language. This we must expect and make allowances for, but we are almost as much hampered by the good priest's French. He may have spelled according to the custom of his age, but, if so, the manners of the day were bad, for his spelling of French was as atrocious as John Milton's reckless efforts at English.

In his dictionary the religious passages are perhaps the most puzzling, and how the priest devised Abenaki equivalents for some of his phrases passes one's comprehension. "Ash Wednesday" he is satisfied to render with the Indian words for "Holy ashes," while "Grace abounding" is really "wait a little." He has given the Indian for "O generation of vipers," and the nearest he can get to vipers is of course "snakes." This must have furnished a novel expletive for the Indians. He conquers hosts of similar difficulties, and translates into Abenaki such phrases as the Circumcision, Twelfth Night, Palm Sunday, Passover, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, Conception, and the like. What a hazy idea of it all the Indians must have had! Then there is "I give him extreme unction," duly produced in Indian. What sort of notion could these words convey to the hearers? Of a surety one respects the nerve of the pastor. He gives good Indian for "du mauvais riche," for even an aborigine would disapprove of the man who had the most fertile part of the corn field. "Thou wilt pay in hell eternally," would be understood by any savage, and be rather comforting, when addressed to another. All of us appreciate the idea of hell and realize that not enough people go there. Many, who are by no means savages, have no expectation of meeting

either father or husband in heaven, though they may respect both profoundly.

One quickly discovers that Rale's dictionary is much more than a mere list of words, as from it one can glean a fair notion of the daily life of the people. Thus, they danced and sang, fought, gambled, played games, and chewed spruce gum. They were amused at feats of jugglery, and they spun tops and played blind man's buff. Their table manners were not above reproach. It was good form with them to polish the dish with the fingers and then lick the fingers with the tongue. If one's food was too hot he chilled it by blowing upon it, by stirring it, or by putting it in another dish. The daintier mode, of fanning it with the hat, seems not to have occurred to them. "Nemetawe," exclaimed an Abenaki at table, and by that he meant, "I am angry when one gives me the smallest part." Rale ever had his medicine-chest handy; but results were as doubtful as they are to-day or he would not have needed the phrase, "That medicine does not make me well." The process of bleeding is described particularly, and the leach seems to have been domesticated amongst the Abenaki. The forms attending marriage are set forth in detail, and the giving of presents was an integral part. A kettle, a skin, and a string of beads seem to have been the most common.

Cleanliness does not appear to have concerned the Abenaki seriously, for "I bathe myself" appears but once, and "clean your face" also stands alone. Under washing we have phrases referring to baptism and the cleaning of vegetables, with but scant reference to the body. Soap was known, but its use was evidently uncommon.

The signs of misery are not wanting, and "I am hungry" is repeated again and again. "We have a horrible malady" and "the disease runs through the village," were phrases doubtless often used. "It rains in the cabin and puts out the fire," is bad enough, but "I have great fear" and "I

dread something evil," are worse. It is well to turn to the other side of the picture and read, "I am happy, I live well, I want nothing, I try to please, I have joyful thoughts, I smile at him and I let him smoke my pipe." We must realize that it was Sebastian Rale, the Jesuit, who brought much of this happiness into camp.

There is scarcely an end to the expressions indicating ferocity, and nearly all seem to be part of the daily life of the Abenaki, not merely for use in war against an enemy. "I tear out his tongue, I put out his eyes, I choke him, I strangle him, I starve him, I bite his ear, I beat him to death, I make him weep beating him, and I cease making him weep, having fear of him"—evidently the victim was growing up. The Indian uses poison as a weapon, and kills secretly. With an outside enemy he says, "We plunder the village, we enter the village to kill all," which shows that the Germans were not the first to make war efficiently. As with the German also, deceit was a favorite weapon of the Indian and he exclaims proudly, "See how I deceive him," but after all he is constrained to add, "I gain nothing by deceiving him."

Had we nothing but this dictionary of Rale's to guide us, we still should be assured that corn was the chief food of the Indian. Much space is devoted to the word, and the process of clearing the land by fire or otherwise, the planting, cultivating, and handling of the crop are all given minutely, showing the drying, grinding, and removing the hull with lye to make hominy. From the corn they made flour, porridge, bread, and pie—which like all good New Englanders they doubtless ate at breakfast. For meat they depended most upon the caribou and moose, for deer were apparently not plentiful. Indeed, they have only become plentiful in Maine since the moose and caribou have been killed or driven out. Moose tongue was a delicacy, and the feet were also esteemed. They ate the beaver; and birds, of course, were used, ducks and the Canada goose, called the bustard; being particularly mentioned. Chickens are



not named at all and eggs do not appear as an article of diet. The *pièce de résistance* at a feast seems to have been the dog, though the Iroquois is also noted, but the latter did not hold a high place on the menu, only those conspicuous for bravery being utilized. Fish were plentiful, and the salmon, trout, eel, and others are named, with some others that cannot be identified. Eels appear to have been the most favored, and at certain seasons they were caught in the river near camp.

Of vegetables, potatoes held first place, and they had also the Jerusalem artichoke, but Rale uses the same Indian word for both, "penak." Pumpkins, beans, peas, and garlic make up the rest of the list. They had apples, plums, cherries, grapes, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and watermelons, but there is no suggestion that any of these were cultivated. They ate the hazelnut, walnut, chestnut, beechnut, and acorn, and more is said of the acorn than of any of the others. They made soups and salted down, dried, or smoked meats and fish. At times they ate the flesh raw, but it was usually roasted at the fire, while the bread was wrapped in leaves and baked in the embers. They had at least names for milk, butter, cheese, lard, salt, and sugar, but as most of these are derived from English words they had but scant use of the articles. Maple syrup and sugar were, of course, ancient articles of Indian diet. They had not much to drink save water—some wine perhaps, and now and then brandy. When they got it they made full use of it as is proved by the phrases, "I am drunk, I am half drunk, I am tipsy, I am given to drink"—one could expect no more from a civilized man. Rale was Maine's first prohibitionist, and more than once he protested to the English against their selling liquor to the Indians, but without effect, for a chief would barter a thousand acres for a bottle of rum.

Their dress consisted of a robe, a skin, or blanket about the shoulders or waist, a French cloak, a close coat, shirt,

underclothes, breeches, socks, and moccasins. Among the smaller items were the cap, hood, garter, girdle, scarf, mittens, muff, and handkerchief. But beyond the robe or blanket and the moccasins the Indians had only the names for these comforts. Their ornaments were feathers, beads, shells, or porcupine quills, with metal rings, bracelets, or earrings. Their garments were made of cotton or wool from the Europeans, or from the skins of fur-bearing animals. An important item was the snowshoes, and Rale gives minute descriptions of their manufacture and the names of their parts.

Amongst the furnishings was the cradle, a section of board with a pocket of fur, to be carried on the back of the squaw. Mats were made of rushes or skins to cover the floor, or hung at the doorway. A bench, a basket, a broom, and a box were within their powers, and other items were obtained rarely by barter with the Europeans. For the kitchen they made plates, pitchers, and funnels of bark. From the outer world came metal kettles, frying-pans, bake-ovens, gridirons, and spoons, but these must have been very uncommon. Amongst their personal belongings were a pipe, tobacco-bag, comb, tooth-pick, and ear-pick, and to both of these latter words the author adds, "I use it." Lint they had and needed. A flute also was theirs, and they needed it not at all. The supply department contained candles, and these Rale made from the fruit of the bayberry or wax myrtle with a mixture of moose lard. For cooking they used charcoal, but more commonly wood. They had what they called matches, but these were but slivers of wood with the ends dipped in sulphur.

They lived in wigwams, conical in shape, or rounded at the top, or long and narrow, "like an asses back," says Rale. These shelters were covered with bark or skins, and at the entrance a plank or stone was placed at which one desiring to enter might knock. About the cabin a trench was sometimes dug to prevent an inflow of water. There is a sug-

gestion of a door and of a key, but no hint of a lock. After this shelter was provided, or even before, the Indian's most pressing need was a canoe, and Rale gives full accounts of the making, loading, and navigating of this street-car of the wilderness, together with the disasters that befell them. The repairs seem to have been very much the same as those incident to the management of a motor car to-day.

In carpenter's tools they were able to get now and then an axe, hammer, adz, saw, file, or gimlet. A mallet and a whetstone they could provide themselves, and also make the snowshovel essential in winter. One word served for a hoe or spade, and possibly they did not have both. The bow, arrows, and quiver were their ancient weapons of the chase, and they also trained their dogs to aid, while traps were skilfully made and laid. In fishing they used hook and line, spear, net, and weir. In war they had the gun with its powderhorn and bullets, and also the sword, the drum, and the trumpet.

The Indians were acquainted with the domestic animals of the Europeans, but apparently made little if any use of them in Maine. Rale gives long lists of the wild animals, birds, fishes, trees, and fruits, but in many cases identification is difficult or impossible from his meagre descriptions. Either the Indians had but one word for spruce and fir, or Rale failed to give both. A curious addition to his list is the monkey, though how the Indians could have seen the animal often enough to give it a name is hard to conjecture, as the organ-grinder was not a feature of aboriginal life. The common deer, or cerf, and the moose are easily identified in the dictionary. There being but one other member of the family in Maine, the caribou, it must be what Rale calls the "chevreuil," and the Indians name "norka." One might easily be puzzled by the phrase, "Le gîte de l'original," for which the Indian equivalent was "m8s aka8di." In the dictionary "gîte" means home, lodging, seat, or form of hares, nether millstone, deposit, or bed. Here's a



choice of evils that do not help, and it is only when one realizes that Rale always calls the moose "the original" that one is able to guess that the phrase means a moose yard in Yankeedom. Though they had a word for money, taken from the English, their standard of value was the beaver-skin. This was the usual stake in gambling, and one offered a beaver-skin for the hire of a gun.

The Indians divided the year into moons, and January was "when it is very cold"; April, "when one takes a great quantity of herring"; May, "when one plants the Indian corn," while August is "the long days." The Indians were superstitious, and it is noted that "the fox prognosticates some evil." When one kills nothing, but yet wounds the beast, it is a sign that someone is going to die, while the sight of a horrible bear has the same significance. The Indians had a word that meant the left hind foot of the moose. It may have had the same virtue that is supposed to be possessed by the rabbit in African myth.

As might be expected Rale is not strong in natural history, but he does fairly well when he acknowledges that "the sun is as large as the earth." Doubtless he records popular belief when he notes, "The red mark which appears on the body of the child, the mother having eaten some fruits and being *enceinte*." Was he anticipating bacteriology when he wrote, "I have bad teeth because of the worms which gnaw them." "The bone which is in the middle of the heart of the moose," he could not have invented, but got from the Indians. They also must have supplied the notion that "the fish leaps above to take the air, coming out of the water." But can it be possible that "ekedaw" means all that?

As might be supposed, Father Rale is at times charmingly familiar. Thus he says, "Wipe the child's nose which is *norveux*." You see, when a passage becomes too familiar we have to drop into French, or another less known tongue. If I were able to translate other lines into passable Greek, I could record some things still more confidential.

Some passages suggest the sameness of mankind through the centuries, in the cities, or in the back-woods. The Indians of Maine inhaled their smoke, had a toast-master at their feasts, and Rale says, "I do not know what taste that is. I have a cold." "I go to war to have land, house, and money," said the Indian then, and the Fatherland says the same thing now. "The girl adorns herself to please," and, "I try to please a girl who adorns herself." And this, mind you, is up the Kennebec, not on Broadway. "I make a catechism for children. Why do you not come there?" Cannot one sympathize with both? "I go to bed having the thought that I shall get up soon to pray, and I sleep all the same," will sound familiar to some. "Believing to kill a moose I kill a man"; the humor of this will be appreciated by the guides of to-day. "I have many debts, I owe much," said the young buck, and the creditor replied, "It is in vain that thou hast said to me, 'I will pay thee,' since thou dost not do it"—the conversation could not be carried on more aptly to-day. "I look for a quarrel without cause," and it is instructive to learn that this was known as "*une querelle d' Allemand*." "I bring up a child with much difficulty," sighs the Indian, and "I put that in one place thinking to put it in another," and these things happen yet.

By this time the reader will begin to suspect that Father Rale is a bit of a philosopher, writing for all time. Here are some nuggets well worth while. "Of two knives; give him one, that which remains breaks, that is why I regret the gift." Can we not all enjoy so common a grief? "I rush towards him to beat him, but I beat him not"—many of us change our minds on occasion. "I move him to anger by telling him not to get angry," and this also never fails us. "One values that which is rare, and scorns that which is common." "I anger him by speech," and this is followed by, "I speak all the same." "I make him go out by the fear I cause him; that is why he goes." "I was willing to cry, to be sorry, but I stop as my tears serve not." "He

is wise, visits not at all, jests not at all, works always." Surely this is an entrancing tongue if all that wisdom is concentrated in "wannesou." Even more delightful is, "I became all of a sudden wise, having been a fool for a long time." Most of us will subscribe to the first part of this sentiment, and our wives will remind us of the other.

"I make the fingers crooked at him, or the horns, that is mockery," is an odd phrase to come from an American Indian. "It is dangerous, takes courage, to say mass because the particles of the host are carried away by the least wind," shows that the father had troubles of his own. In referring pathetically to the louse he says, "I have some, I touch it," and then triumphantly, "I crush it." Unfortunately it will be noted that the possession is plural and the accomplishment only singular. "I fan myself," he gives, and then adds, "item, I drive away the mosquitoes." In another place he tells us that "the mosquitoes pass through the crêpe," which proves that their cleverness is of long standing. It is curious to note that nowhere does he refer to the ravages of the black-fly or the midge.

The European brought to the Indians numerous objects for which they had no name. Usually they adopted the English or the French word, giving it an Abenaki terminal, and these words Father Rale spelled as best he could. "Those are cows," an Englishman might say, and the beef on the table was the same; so the aborigine adopted that name for beef, and Rale spelled it "kaws." For cabbage they had "kabbits," for cat, or pussy, "pesouis," for wheat, or English corn, "igris karnar," for Englishman, "igris-mann," for hammer, "amare," for iron, "aren." Kettle, from cook, was "koukou," money was "manni," pin was "pinss," while pigs, pork, or ham were all alike "pikess," and sugar was "sougar." From the French they borrowed "ange," angel, making it "angeri," likewise "commune" was the same, "confesse" also was "confesse," "hostie," the host, was "hostiouin," "messe," mass, was "messi," and



saint was "sannte." From all of this it is clear that the Indians got food and tools from the English and religion from the French.

Many Indian words have been adopted into the English language, and among them we find, sagamite, samp, hominy, moccasin, moose, mushquash, skunk, wigwam, and tomahawk. Rale also uses certain Indian words as if they were French, as "babiche," a strap, "penak," potatoes, "ouragan," a dish made of bark, and "petun," as tobacco was called in the North.

When the Indians gave names to places, they described the physical characteristics, and never called them after their chiefs or early settlers, avoiding an atrocity so common with civilized peoples. The Abenaki for long is "kenne," "conne," "quenne," "quinne," or "quonne," and we have an equal variety of spelling in other roots. Sometimes the Indian would drop a letter or a syllable, for the sake of euphony, and frequently the recorder helped confusion by misspelling. This is clear when a place name in New England is given an *l*, for there is no such sound in the tongue of our northern Indians, *r* being usually substituted. Androscoggin has been spelled in fifty different ways, and the only thing we are now sure of is that the accepted way is wrong, as the first syllables were changed in compliment to Governor Andros. He might better have taken his sullied name with him when he left. The river may have got its name from Skowhegan, fish-spearing place. Rale spells it Anmesoukkantti, and if this is correct it would mean "where fish are plenty." Chenebesic, great water place, was the Indian name of Moosehead Lake. Cohasset means pine place. Connecticut, "conne-attuck-ut," is long deer place. Housatonic is from "hussan-otanic," stony village. Kennebec, which Rale spells "Kinibeki," Kennebago, Kennebunk, Kennebacook, and Quinnipiac, the Indian name for New Haven, all mean the same thing, long waters, for it is to be remembered that the terminals, or

locatives, vary much. *Rale* spells Massachusetts, "Mes-satsousek"; it is from "massa-wadchu-s-et," or much mountains. *Merrimac* is from "merru-m-ac," swift place. *Mississippi* is "missi-sipi" (sipou), or much river. *Narragansett* is smooth expanse. *Oquossoc*, the ancient name of *Rangeley Lake*, is from "qwesous-oc," a place where there are bears, and tradition asserts that the region was once noted for the number of its bears. *Penobscot* is from "pen-opscot," rocky place. *Sunapee* is from "sehonk-nepe," or goose place, while *Suncook* has the same derivation and meaning. *Tamaqua*, the Pennsylvania town, means beaver, and *Rale* spells it "temack8e." *Umbagog* is probably "wampi-gog," or clear place. *Welokennebacook* is from "winne-kenne-nebi-cook," beautiful long waters. "Sis" means little, and "sissis" would be very little. "Gom" is lake and "Gomsis" would be little lake, while "Gomsissis" is very little lake. "Sisgomsis" would be a lake small at both ends. "K'tche," "che," or "pis" means great, so we have "K'tchegomic," great lake; and this was the Indian name of *Superior*.

What a life *Father Rale* led for half his years! Feeding only upon pounded corn which he made into a gruel himself. Far from home, from friends, from kindred, alone in a wilderness, amongst savages, with the *Iroquois* dreaded, dreamed of, and the *Puritan* ever threatening. And at the last, when sixty-seven years of age, he falls bleeding, dead, before the ruins of his church. Well might his epitaph be: "Nesi8kandam i8darikik"—I am disgusted with being on the earth.

## SUPPLICATION

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

Take away your soft hair and your softer lips,  
Loose me from your twining fingers; turn away your  
eyes.  
For I loved this earth, and now a greater passion slips  
All its earthly ties.

I can wait for heaven, if that is to be;  
Let me have these common days and know their simple  
worth.  
Do not make the quiet-colored moments dull to me—  
Let me keep the earth.

There is much I long to look at, much I long to taste.  
You have mocked a thousand raptures with con-  
temptuous power.  
Do not let your beauty lay all other beauty waste;  
Spare a casual hour.

Let old music thrill me to my finger tips;  
Bring me back the glamour of the things I used to  
prize;  
Lift this cloudy radiance where I only see your lips—  
Turn away your eyes!



## FOES OF THE SPIRIT

By LEE WILSON DODD

TO a father whose young children are just approaching those fateful years when their education in some form must be begun, this modern world, if he in any real sense belongs to it, presents a disturbing, because a worried and ambiguous face. Such a father must often find himself wishing that he and his little family were snugly moored in some rural backwater of the early eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries, rather than exposed to the turbid cross-currents and dangerous rapids of the twentieth. Perhaps there is some illusion here, for I presume the immediate moment in any century, to a thoughtful man, has always seemed fraught with perplexity and danger. Yet surely there have been happy periods, in favored spots, when the flux of life could hardly have been noted by those fortunate ones borne so gently onward that they deemed themselves fixed in a changeless tradition, physically and spiritually becalmed. I have lately been re-reading Jane Austen's "Emma," and I cannot feel that either Emma or Mr. Knightley, honorable and serious gentleman that he was, found—if the years brought them offspring—any grave difficulties involved in the problem of their education. I am supposing, however, the sly Time Spirit forbore to drop a young Shelley or a young Darwin into their comfortable nest. Given an average brood, their minds must have been pretty serene. Their world may have been narrow, but it was congenial, and so thoroughly organized as to seem permanent. Church and State and the County Families: it was all sound and simple and secure—a peace that passeth understanding. No wonder a modern father is now and

then tempted to wish that he, with his family, might have shared it!

They, reckless young American chicks, have entered so changed a world that they could hardly have found things more otherwise on Mars! "Our whole life and mind," says a philosophically detached observer, "is saturated with the slow upward filtration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy." That was written before the war, but need be altered now in one respect only: the upward filtration of this new spirit is no longer slow.

For better or worse we are struggling through years of accelerated change, and our brains grow fatigued and easily addled by the insistent confusion. Many of us, perhaps most of us, who now have young children are living ourselves in a state of intellectual muddle without previous parallel in the history of civilization. From one hour to the next we know not what we think or do, nor whither our uncertainties are driving us. We are radical; we would go to the root of the matter—but having gone there we find no roots. Worshippers of reason, a sort of insanity has seized us. And now, in the midst of this humming madness, it becomes our first plain duty to act as guides for the impressionable young. There would be high comedy here—if the issues were either less personal or less vast. But the modern parent is in no mood for laughter. Shuddering is not unknown to him, as he feels on his cheek a cold breath caught from tragedy's hovering wing.

In quieter moods of reflection, I think it is pity he chiefly feels for his youngsters. So much is to be required of them; so much forced upon them. The fields of knowledge are so boundless, yet so intensively cultivated; and these poor babies are to be dragged wearily through them all—and given appropriate and meaningless diplomas after the exhausting survey. What they are to do with these diplomas,

except frame them, boggles the kindest imagination. They are no charters to happiness or peace of mind; nor are they in any sense legal tender for daily bread. They are not even decorative as spots on a study wall.

In short, the modern father who would like to give his children something better to live by than he himself has received or wrung from life, too often finds he is bankrupt and has little that is substantial to offer. And he usually, from sheer despair of bettering what he knows to be bad, throws back to outworn ideals and methods—has Susan or John baptized, sends them to kindergarten and Sunday School, and so onward, and says to himself: “God help them! I have done nothing, but I can do no more.” He does not abdicate thus from indifference, but from felt impotence—or fright.

It is coward’s work, though, this abdication! It will not do. High time is it for us—timid ostriches with our eager broods about us—to present to the world some more inspiring spectacle than our feathered rumps! High time is it for us to withdraw our heads from the infertile sands!

For there are enemies abroad—foes of the spirit. Foes of the spirit, too, who are masking as its friends. They are everywhere; their name is legion. Indeed, the future is perhaps already theirs, and we who would fight them are perhaps already defeated. Yet, in a higher and final sense, they have no future, these foes of the indestructible spirituality of man. They may prosper for their hour or their era, and our hapless children may be of them and go down among them; but their hour will pass. The vaster drift is against them; they cannot ultimately prevail.

That, no doubt, is cheering—in the long run; but I confess it is not particularly cheering to me as a modern father. I am more interested in what is going to happen to little Susan or little John, than in what is going to happen to their remote descendants. It is for them I lay my archaic lance in rest and charge. Clouds of terribly effective mus-



tard gas may overwhelm me; but I care not. The temper of Cyrano is strong upon me: "Il me faut des géants!"

But lest you leap to the too hasty conclusion that the writer is a blind reactionary, let me state my simple creed in the words of genius, the words of a true friend of the spirit:

"The whole drift of my education," said William James, "goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist, and that those other worlds must contain experiences which have a meaning for our life also; and that although in the main their experiences and those of this world keep discrete, yet the two become continuous at certain points, and higher energies filter in. By being faithful in my poor measure to this over-belief, I seem to myself to keep more sane and true. I *can*, of course, put myself into the sectarian scientist's attitude, and imagine vividly that the world of sensations and of scientific laws and objects may be all. But whenever I do this, I hear that inward monitor of which W. K. Clifford once wrote, whispering the word 'bosh!' Humbug is humbug, even though it bear the scientific name, and *the total expression of human experience*, as I view it objectively, invincibly urges me beyond the narrow 'scientific' bounds." "The total expression of human experience"—I have ventured to italicize that golden phrase.

Permit me now to focus attention for a moment on Mr. Santayana's statement, already once quoted: "Our whole life and mind is saturated with the slow upward filtration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy."

This world has never been a satisfactory place to live in for any great number of its teeming children. The Golden Age is a myth; Utopia remains a dream. Some good moments, but few and fleeting, many dull, indifferent days, and some desperately bad ones, are about all the average human being can reasonably hope for from life—

if we take life at its face value. Wise men, therefore, true friends of the human spirit, have never so taken it. To take life, honestly, at its mere face value need not necessarily be ignoble, but it is always to despair. Honestly so taken, it can lead to but one conclusion:

The sense that every struggle brings defeat  
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;  
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat  
Because they have no secret to express;  
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain  
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;  
That all is vanity and nothingness.

There, at least, is honesty; even, if you will, a noble rigor of mind; clearness; a stark refusal to speak out one iota less than the "bitter old and wrinkled truth." I honor James Thomson for speaking out, but I can never regard him as a friend of the human spirit. I honor him, because one must always honor a sincere and courageous opponent. It is the foe who is neither open, courageous, nor sincere—the stabber in the dark—who is really dangerous, and whom one must despise but never foolishly underrate. They are legion about us, I repeat, these lurking foes; clever, too—often learned, witty, and superficially stimulating companions. For one grimly honest Leopardi, or Schopenhauer, or James Thomson, or Thomas Hardy, who, finding no comfort, refuses to cloak his despair or sophisticate his thought, there are thousands of a different stamp, who take life at no more than its poor face value, yet who ask us to believe that its value can—by some mechanical trick or material jugglery—be raised to—well, there is no limit they will boggle at! Simply to follow their suggestions will bring mankind at once and permanently to its first authentic Golden Age. Utopia, mark you, is at hand.

These are the vessels of that new spirit now saturating our lives, leaders or henchmen of that emancipated, atheistic, international democracy, which Mr. Santayana mentions

in his detached, slightly disdainful way. And these are the foes of our human household; flushed now with a rapidly growing sense of power and eager for young disciples! They are waiting for our children. Susan and Arthur and Richard and little Alice will not escape them if they go out among them unprepared. For at least let us do our foes this justice, their heads are not buried in the sand. How to meet them, then, openly, face to face?

It is thus, worried mothers and heavy fathers, we shall have to meet them—face to face, and not otherwise. The day has gone by for “Let’s pretend”! Our children, let us hope, are not going to be weaklings or fools. What is about them they will hear and see, as they should, and will try to understand. We shall accomplish nothing but disaster if we try to stop their ears or bandage their eyes. We must begin, then, certainly, by giving them a true account of the poor face value of life; though we must not expect them wholly to believe us, for they are young—and youth while it lasts is an enormous asset; only (but this, thank God, youth can never be persuaded!) it does not last. Nevertheless, youth itself—at its mere face value—can be over-praised, and generally is by us who have lost it. Youth is no perfect synonym for buoyancy, or joy, or hope. It is also the season of strain, of skepticism, of self-distrust; if youth’s roses are redder than ours, its devils are bluer too; and it knows nothing of patience. Some portion, thus, of our true account, if we give it sincerely, will get unwillingly believed: though, if we must stop there, shooting would be too good for us for having given it at all! Better any false promises—ours or the enemies’—than that!

No: together with that true account, concurrently with it, we must introduce the children to their friends—to those who rightly approached will prove their unfailing friends, for they are the tested friends of the holy spirit of man. And these—often difficult—introductions we must make, winningly, naturally too, ourselves. The official



introductions of the schools will not do. They come too coldly, too formally, and generally too late; they are barriers not aids to affection, and affection is what we must forward, is what we must absolutely kindle. Of Emerson, Matthew Arnold said, "He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." I am not ashamed of that well-worn quotation, though I have tried to avoid it; it still seems to me both beautiful and just—a supreme word of gratitude. But how many such friends wait for our children, if we can but bring them naturally and winningly together! And Virgil guided Dante safely, remember, through the eight circles of Hell.

Only—and this I feel is important—we must not attempt too much. We must not seek to run our children's minds as if they were molten metal, into pre-arranged moulds; for, in the first place, if we succeed (which is improbable) we shall leave them rigid and inert, dead shapes that were meant to be quicksilver currents; and in the second, if we do not, we shall rightly lose their confidence, their respect, their love. No: having brought them, winningly, naturally, into the presence of their friends—those true friends and aiders of all who would live in the spirit—we must bid them Godspeed, and be willing to stand aside. For the life of the spirit takes many forms, works through many temporal combinations, and we must trust our children to find or create the forms most congruous to their individual hearts, the forms that best satisfy them, please them best. Too anxious a shepherding will but weary out these lambs, till they sicken of our superfluous care. This pasture or that—what does it matter? this hill or that valley?—if only we have persuaded them to enter (and that merely by showing them its beauty) a green, wide country where there are neither deserts nor wolves!

As for these deserts and wolves—foes of the spirit—they are not imaginary; they exist. But let me now rid your minds of these conventional symbols, and present you,

since brevity is always desirable, with a single concrete example—what I take to be a sinister fact. Here, then, is Rosa Luxemburg, a woman whose cruel death, during the recent disorders at Berlin, does not alter the speciousness of her recorded message. I quote from her article, “My Idea of Bolshevism,” lately reprinted in English by “The Living Age.” In this remarkable, firmly expressed message, Rosa Luxemburg, it seems to me, says all that can be said, and as well as it can be said, for her vision of this world (“the world of sensations and of scientific laws and objects”) made suddenly perfect by proletarian control. Its poor face value is to be changed—raised indefinitely, and, as it were, overnight. And first she paints the present conditions of social inequality and injustice under which, miserably enough for the most part, we live; and there is much wholesome truth in her indictment, together with some obvious exaggeration. Let that pass. It is more important to observe, first, the merely mechanical or material sleight-of-hand by which “all this must be changed” and, second, Rosa Luxemburg’s frank admission—an admission setting this paper apart from all proletarian propaganda of a lower grade—that, after all, merely mechanical sleight-of-hand will not work unaided: “It implies a complete internal regeneration of the proletariat.”

The mechanical sleight-of-hand consists, of course, in the workers taking possession, once for all, of “all the wealth of society.” “The private owner vanishes.” This is familiar enough. What is less familiar, coming from a leader of the revolution, is the following admission: . . . “if the real purpose of production is to provide a respectable standard of life for everyone . . . then in that case the productivity of labor must be much greater than it is to-day.” But how is this greater productivity to be obtained? The answer has already been given: by “a complete internal regeneration of the proletariat.” (That is, of all men, for only the proletariat is to survive.)

Agreed, Rosa Luxemburg! Only—here our minds, if you will grant me one, cease even superficially to meet. You believe (or believed) this “complete internal regeneration” a simple mundane matter; I do not. My trusted friends—the friends of the spirit of man—have never so believed it. Little Arthur and little Prudence, if they have made these friends, will never, I feel certain, believe it to be either simple or mundane. They will not suppose, as you have sought to persuade us, and as countless others are seeking to persuade us to-day, that mankind can lift itself rapidly to perfection by its own boot-straps. Was not that your naïve conviction? I can interpret these words in no other way:

“Socialism will never succeed in a nation of lazy, light-minded, egoistic, thoughtless, and indifferent people. . . . But we do not need to waste several centuries or decades until a new race of men has been born. The proletariat is acquiring the necessary idealism and mental maturity”—not by education of mind or heart, mark you, but—“by the very struggles of the revolution.” (That is, by hatred, wrath, violence, and shed blood!) “When we make good revolutionists, we make the socialist workers of the future, upon whom must rest the foundations of a new order. . . . Our youthful workers are called first and foremost to this great task.”

Yes: there is idealism here—a starved, gasping idealism, cut off from all that our true friends of the spirit have taught us, have pragmatically proved for us, to be nourishment, strength, and consolation to the soul.

But it is not with radicalism itself that I quarrel, if by radicalism is meant the drastic criticism of all human institutions coupled with an unselfish desire to reform them or replace them—if need be—in the interests of a more general well-being. Constructive radicalism of this high type—the radicalism of such men as Plato, or Jesus, or (to leap towards a modern instance) of Bertrand Russell, is



born of the spirit and can never be its foe. The higher radicalism let us justly call it, and let us always recognize it by an unfailing sign: its genuineness is certified to by a conspicuous omission, by the absence of hate. Brains it may sometimes lack, its conclusions may sometimes seem fantastic; but love it can never lack, nor pity, nor patience. Patience; a willingness to persevere in the long labor of mind on mind, to labor so without rest, perhaps without visible result, without reward almost certainly, without discouragement certainly. Like Rosa Luxemburg, Mr. Russell too would abolish private property in capital and land; but he would first abolish hatred from the human heart, knowing well that the seed-plot for his Utopian harvest can lie only there. Is it not the spirit, the fettered, warped, but indestructible spirit of man, he addresses in these words: "The ultimate goal of any reformer who aims at liberty can only be reached through persuasion"?

And now let me clear up one or two corners of my meaning, so far left passably obscure.

First: I am not advocating any special formula, belief, dogma, or ethical system. I *am* trying to say, with William James, that, on the whole, taking into view "the total expression of human experience," man must be dealt with as something more than a regrettable accident in a fortuitous universe; and if our children are to keep sane and true they must, ultimately, so deal with others and with themselves.

Second: I am not preaching—above all I am not preaching—an ascetic withdrawal from the daily life of this world! Life becomes worth living, a thrilling adventure, the very moment we cease merely to take it at its poor face value! Nor do I regard as foes of the spirit those men who are unable to take it otherwise, and so—not ignobly—despair. There is often a true tonic quality in such men, who at least see life steadily, if they do not—in my humble opinion—see it whole. No: our foes, I repeat, are they who having missed "the total expression of human experience," see life

neither whole nor steadily—see it, rather, wildly, a little madly, as a sort of jig-saw puzzle to be shuffled and re-shuffled until the pieces fall somehow together and their preconceived Perfect (and perfectly lifeless) Pattern is revealed.

And, finally: God knows I am not apologizing or pleading for things as they are! I am not saying that they cannot be bettered; that a far closer approach to social justice cannot be made; that there can never be more of liberty, fraternity, leisure, and beauty, and joy in human life. But these inestimable things will not be borne to us overnight on the iron wings of a class revolution. Through what national or international forms the evolution of society may lead us I cannot guess; but if they are to be nobler, juster, and happier forms than we have known, it will only be because nobility and justice and happiness have become the natural fruits of the tree of life—and its next fruiting, remember, will be the hearts of our children. It is little enough we can do for them, when all's said. They must live their own lives. But we can at least help them betimes to get in touch with their true friends, who will companion them simply and wisely and hopefully, but never flatter false hopes which can lead only to real despair. Such friends will speak to them of many things, and among many beautiful words such old-fashioned and lovingly-fashioned words as these:

Who is the happy Warrior? . . .  
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light. . . .

## NEW POETS IN A NEW AGE

By FREDERICK E. PIERCE

**T**OM HOOD, that playful wit, once imagined himself as riding in fancy's aerial car over London and surveying the literary movements in progress under him. Could a modern critic thus join the aerial scouting fleet of literature and hover over America, what would he see? We are not sure that his report would be in all respects accurate; no contemporary's ever was. Hood paid a grudging tribute to the passing vogue of "sweet L. E. L.," a once popular magazine poetess, for whom, as for the Sadducee, there shall now be no resurrection. He ignored altogether Keats and Shelley, whose souls had reached heaven some years before, but whose poems had not yet reached a second edition among mortals. In the same way a modern literary aeronaut must expect to be deceived, partly by defects in his own eyesight and by intervening clouds of contemporary prejudice, partly through the camouflage of bumptious reformers and bellicose reviewers. Yet better an imperfect report than none. So let us, like Hood, mount fancy's aerial car and see if report speak truth, if the old gods indeed be departing from Boston and new ones be working miracles in Chicago.

The present is the child of the past, and our survey must begin with a retrospect. About ninety years ago an eminent publisher told John Clare that the popular demand for verse ran in waves, and history since his day has not belied his assertion. From 1800 to 1820 in England, poetry sold better than prose; from 1825 to 1840, it was a drug on the market; after 1840, another wave of enthusiasm rolled up, bearing Tennyson and several popular minors *ad astra et ad aurum*. The first decade of the twentieth century was everywhere one of general indifference towards poetry. With a few



brave exceptions, college faculties believed that we lived in an Alexandrian age, that it was better to encourage accurate texts of the dead than erratic enthusiasms of the living. Leading magazines wanted a limited number of pretty rhymed trifles for "fillers"; and the rapt visions of young America rounded out an incomplete page like the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole. Books of verse by our most prominent men of letters were published at their own expense; and the bread thus cast upon the waters did not always come back even after many days. Connoisseurs and blue-stockings dismissed their contemporaries with one contemptuous phrase, to talk of Browning, Keats, and the Elizabethans. The man in the street seemed hardly aware that there was a thing called poetry; and the rich undergraduate saw in it only another item for his semi-annual tutoring bill.

With the second decade of the century came a reactionary wave of enthusiasm for verse. Noyes became popular around 1910; Masfield blazed up suddenly on the literary horizon in 1911; Gibson, Frost, and Masters in 1914 and 1915; and others in their wake. How far the poets have created their public, how far the public has encouraged and stimulated the poet, no one can say precisely. In all such periods there has been a vast amount of reciprocal influence between readers and writers. Neither can anyone say—yet—how far the new enthusiasm was influenced by that great international upheaval which was synchronous with it, and began with the Balkan war of 1912. Such popular movements are by no means always entirely wise, are far from being safe guides for the Wordsworths whom they abuse or the Byrons whom they pamper; but the history of literature shows that great creative periods have usually coincided with these eras of national enthusiasm, that even the noblest genius can seldom make the bough of poetry blossom in the winter of an indifferent age. The hearts of eager thousands generate the electric current. It is for the leading writers and critics to direct this power, to decide whether it shall

become the amusing fire-works of a literary fad, the destructive lightning of a pernicious theory, or a power that shall illuminate and redeem the race.

During the dead period following 1900 the two chief forces influencing American literature were the large universities and the standard magazines. They were the only oases in the literary Sahara, and even they were too much dominated by tradition. The magazines were ruled mainly by the beauty cult of Keats and the lyric tradition of Swinburne. Poetry must voice a mood of aesthetic retirement, in spite of the fact that what was noblest in American thought was associated with action and struggle. Poetry must have the "lyric cry" in spite of the fact that Americans are at once the most idealistic and the least musical people in the world. Poetry must be written in a style largely feminine, though the history of six thousand years shows that Corinnas have always been great for their contemporaries, and Pindars for posterity. In the academic atmosphere of that period there was something at once inspiring and barren. The literary recluse found his scholarly vision strengthened but his creative imagination chilled and dwarfed in the constant presence of dead colossi, vast as those of Abou Simbel. Slender-limbed Pegasus may also have been reined in rather strictly to the academic furrow, yoked to the administrative war-horse on one side and the untiring, un pitying steam-tractor of science on the other. Yet the academic world of the decade after 1900 produced America's chief poet in that epoch, Professor Moody, besides many another dignified and lovable figure in verse among both faculties and alumni; and among those who wrote nothing it generated more poetic enthusiasm than any other force of that time. Mainly for good, yet partly for evil, the universities exerted a powerful influence in continuing old literary traditions, stanza forms, and mental attitudes from the days of Spenser and Shakespeare, Keats and Tennyson. Like Lamb when the magazines rejected his offerings, the college world

until recently has cried, "Damn the age—I will write for antiquity."

What is called the "new poetry" seems to be, and in some ways is, a reaction against the recent past. Up to 1914 none of its leading figures had been frequent contributors to our standard magazines; and most of them had either ignored the usual periodicals or battered at such doors in vain. Their works were repeatedly parodied in the "good old stand-bys"; and they answered with their own heavy artillery of contempt. According to one wing of their army, no epithet could be too severe for the academic world. It was, they believed, a modern Boeotia, stupefying the nascent poet with a malarial intellectual fog exhaled from old books and parchment-hunting pedagogues. Its theories were anathema in their essays and its poets "back numbers" in their reviews. It is true that the critical protagonists of the new movement proclaim their broad-minded sympathy with all genuine poetry in old or new channels; but the tolerance of literary reformers, like the clemency of the emperor of Lilliput, is usually inversely as the statements about it.

When one looks beyond superficial ripples, however, to the deep main streams of modern tendencies, the real struggle is not that of a new poetic school against old ones or even against an old Philistia. It is the struggle between a new era and an old, the steady inpouring of a new sea of thought, which has flooded certain districts earlier and more deeply than others but has splashed its foam over all. One can see many a white-cap of the new deluge breaking across the pages of our standard monthlies. The undergraduates of our large universities are one hundred per cent more literary than they were ten years ago; and their ideas about poetry are a mass of undigested ingredients simmering in the caldron of reform. We members of the faculty seem to ourselves fairly interested in contemporary verse; and even our friendly enemies of the "Poetry" magazine would probably opine that "the mummies are turning restlessly in their



sarcophagi." Among intellectual circles everywhere, the conservatism which the literary reformers attack so acidly is becoming a thing of the past while they attack it, and they are discourteously speaking evil of the dead.

The new, all-pervading wave of reform did not rise without occasion. It was needed in the first place for the sake of variety. Man shall not live by pentameters alone, and the rhymes which were newly wedded lovers in Chaucer's day are such very, very old married couples now. More than that, the industry of the Teutonic philologist has reduced the old metres to statistical tables and the old rhymes to concordances and rhyming dictionaries; and on the ground which he has sown with salt what flowers of poetry can blossom?

Beyond this, there is a much deeper reason. Every emotion has certain forms of expression through which it can utter itself adequately, and others through which it cannot. The everyday feelings and everyday expressions of any age mould each other reciprocally, and fail to harmonize with emotions or rhythms of ages utterly dissimilar. Many ancient epics, it is believed, were neither talked nor sung, but chanted before ears accustomed to a chanting cadence; and traces of that chanting rhythm are obvious in the blank verse of Milton and Tennyson. Unfortunately, modern Americans hear the beat of the chant only in churches, and very few of us even there. For those few it is a foreign exotic, a treasure from some Hebraic museum, no growth of our western soil. Also the chant seems traditionally to have been associated with a spirit of reverence, religious feeling, or epic hero worship; and no less an authority than the Honorable James Bryce has pronounced us an irreverent people. In all ages there has been a certain amount of true lyric poetry, thought leaping spontaneously into song. It has been common among the singing races, the Slavs, the Italians, the Irish, whose laborers sing at their work, and whose lovers in real life go serenading. In America, we pay well

for music from European prima donnas, but we are not a singing race.

Moreover, pure song is the expression of a poetry largely emotional, and such poetry can only be great in an age which encourages emotion. We live in a scientific era when the intellect is forced so fast and driven so hard that feeling becomes subsidiary. The first requisite for a martial patriot is a knowledge of mathematics plus sanitation. Even the lover, before proposing to Highland Mary, is expected to read a scientific treatise on eugenics. As a result, all deep things in the life of the average American—pathos, humor, irony, hope, admiration, pity—have become associated in his ear, not with chant or with song, but with the conversational voice. The funeral chant for him is merely part of a shop-worn routine, but the spoken sympathy of a friend part of the poetry of life. The love songs of Burns and Shelley are exotics from Europe, but the soft-spoken confidences of his *fiancée* part of the glory of the universe.

The thought and feeling of twentieth-century America flow naturally in a conversational rhythm and often seem to demand it. Rightly or wrongly, certain poets are leading a return to "the sweet music of speech," as Wordsworth led the return to nature, and with the same ideal, namely, that they may write about a living cosmos instead of a dead convention. Whether they use a modified blank verse, as does Mr. Frost, the Chaucerian stanza-forms of Mr. Masefield, or unrhyming varied cadences like those of Mr. Masters, they are trying to make the sound "an echo to the sense" as they have heard the sound echo the sense on New England hills, on old England's forecastles, and in homes of Illinois.

When we turn from new poetry in general to the particular department of it known as free verse, we find this by no means merely a reaction. The history of literature is full of sweeping changes, but those changes do not mean wholesale alterations in the literary faith of individuals, rather the passing of literary power from one party to another. Every

locality or class or type has to some extent an individuality of its own; and this class or type or region grows vocal as that grows dumb. All men have not abandoned Toryism at heart; but in the places of power the Tories are out and the Whigs are in. In America, Mr. Fletcher is, I believe, the only prominent free verse poet who has graduated from one of our large universities. The others either hold degrees from small western colleges or hold no degrees whatever. They are by no means uneducated or peasant poets, quite the reverse often; but they have been trained in an atmosphere of modern experiment rather than of classic tradition.

Moreover, nearly all of the most successful writers of free verse come from the Middle West. Miss Lowell is an exception; but her unrhyming cadences are not "autochthonous" like those of Masters and Sandburg, are a foreign graft from the French poets whom she interprets so sympathetically. Most of the free verse masters, like the conversational Field and Riley before them, are the fellow countrymen of Lincoln, part of "the unexhausted West,"

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind.

The French *vers libre*—which is rhyming poetry in varying metres and generally very unlike English free verse in effect—was less of a model than of a suggestive hint.

The great rôle played just now by the new rhythms resulted originally from the spirit of a certain locality reacting to the general spirit of the age. Masters and Sandburg, who have lived consistently in the Middle West, excel in conversational humanism. Fletcher and Pound, who grew up in the same region and have since lived in England, have grafted on to the vitality of the Western stock new shoots from Keats and the Queen Anne wits respectively. Free verse by our Eastern poets, except the best of Miss Lowell's, has generally rung clumsy and unconvincing. Untermeyer and Robinson in New York, and Frost in New England, have very wisely abided by modifications of the old standards.



There remains another important consideration. How many of the "new poets" have definitely accepted in theory the propaganda supposed to represent their movement; and of these how many in practice live up to their belief? According to the introduction of Miss Monroe's recent Anthology the new poetry "would discard the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness" of by-gone verse. Yet many people, myself included, believe that one of the best poems of one of the best poets in that Anthology is Mr. Robinson's "Man against the Sky"; and this is no detailed picture of John Jones or William Brown, but a most abstract picture of abstract humanity. Miss Monroe also says that the new poetry "looks out more eagerly than in; it becomes objective"; and we turn to the works of Ezra Pound and find them from beginning to end little else than the "Book of Ezra." A poem which does not contain the first personal pronoun is as rare as an oasis in Sahara.

Miss Lowell says that at least the Imagist wing of the new poetry should "produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite." We pick out at random the first lines we meet in an Imagist of her own choosing, Mr. Fletcher; and we read the following:

Old friends who will forget me soon,  
I must go on  
Toward those blue death mountains  
I have forgot so long.

The adjective "blue" is the one above all others which in landscape suggests outlines blurred and indefinite. The description is as vague as Milton's picture of Death, and, like that, good because of its vagueness. The effect produced here is simply a revival of effects found in Keats and Spenser and mediaeval allegory. Even Mr. Masters, just now the high pontiff of the new religion, seems none too orthodox in the shadow of his own cathedral. His recent volumes contain much poetry in traditional vein, which, whether written after the "Spoon River Anthology" or not, was considered

worthy of publication after it. A connoisseur of old tombstones, Greek or American, may find on them a likeness both rhythmical and typographical to the epitaphs on Mr. Masters's pages; and we suspect that the free verse of his Anthology owes as much to old cemeteries as to new systems. Yet at bottom what seems like a criticism of the new movement is really its chief justification. It is not a body of people shut off in a thought-tight compartment and mechanically standardized. It is a measure of leaven hid in many measures of humanity, leavening them all in different proportions; and this is as it should be.

On what is worst in the new poetry judgment is easy. The sun of public notice has bred the poetical maggot in many a dead dog. Most of this pseudo-verse collapses under Carlyle's old test—it is bad because it has no sincerity—is the imitative product of a fad. Because Masefield and Sandburg have seen beauty and brutality interwoven and described them so, therefore primitive savagery must be the mark of true inspiration, even in the case of mild-eyed aesthetes who do not know how to be brutal gracefully. A recent book of free verse is recommended to the public by the following publisher's note: "You, gentle reader, will probably not like it, because it is brutally powerful and scornfully crude. Fortunately, neither the author nor the publishers care much whether you like it or not. The author has done his work, and if you *do* read the book you will agree that he doesn't give a damn for your opinion." Because certain keen minds have revolted against excesses of public prudishness, therefore weaker imitators must serve up the garbage of human thought as mental nourishment.

We deplore frankly the reign in poetry of a canting secretiveness; but there is one thing in literature which is worse than conventional morality, and that is conventional immorality. Thanks to the greatness of Whitman and the littleness of Mr. Dreiser, that is precisely what we are getting to-day.

Placid echoes about lubricity from thin-blooded bachelors and spinsters are not profound oracles regarding life. As for all the spineless prose that has been turned into poetry by one wave of typography's magic wand, the vastness of its quantity is known only to angels and reviewers. Yet this huge mass of abortive work is by no means an ominous sign. Similar vast masses of rubbish have marked the greatest literary periods of our history, the Elizabethan drama, the early nineteenth century.

The more noble and genuine products of the new poetry are naturally harder to evaluate. In the field of free verse we, like others, have read with enthusiasm. Yet at the same time, in regard to many of the most radical innovations we have been more charmed than convinced. We have had an uncomfortable remembrance of the fate of "Ossian," how the literary and discerning men of the eighteenth century went wild about it from the Scotch Highlands to the boundaries of Russia, and how completely its magic has departed with the passing years. That also had about it the charm of novelty, of new moods and rhythms; and now its own desolate halls of Balclutha are not more deserted than its pages. There are times when the new muse seems more like a brilliant actress than a permanently enjoyable wife—a fascinating and freakish Cleopatra; and we wonder with some misgivings if it indeed be true that

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.

Certain things, obviously, the new metres have not yet succeeded in doing. To date they have not proved a suitable medium for intense passion. The tragedies of "Spoon River Anthology" are burnt-out craters, not volcanoes in eruption. Even Carl Sandburg's championship of the poor seems coolly observant compared with Hood's "Song of the Shirt" or Elliott's "Corn-Law Rhymes." Nor has such verse proved suitable for the most exciting type of narrative. Scott's description of Flodden or Browning's of the ride from



Ghent to Aix—could we imagine these in free verse? Nor does that medium lend itself well to outbursts of choric grandeur. Unless the new instrument develops greatly, we must pronounce it one of limited range, well fitted to play a single part in the vast orchestra of national literature, and that only.

In some ways the greatness of what is best in free verse is the greatness of negation. Its most beautiful onomatopoeic effects are studies of very subdued sounds or even of silence itself. For instance, compare the “clang and clash and roar” of Poe’s “Bells,” or Milton’s

Clamor such as heard in Heaven till now  
Was never

with Harold Monro’s “Great City,” in which

Like falling waters, falling, hissing, falling,  
Silence seemed an everlasting sound.

One of Mr. Masters’s best poems is entitled “Silence.” Vachel Lindsay has found rhyme necessary when he wishes to make his “banjos bang.” Much of the *vers libre* descriptive poetry deals with gray, neutral tints of mist and shadow. The absence of rhymes and of prearranged places for ending the lines makes the medium of expression like a single large pane of glass, unobtrusive in itself, showing the object beyond it, where rhyme or blank verse crosses the object with a host of little subdivisions, like those of an old-fashioned diamond-paned window. Whether it be the effect of the metre or the age, much also of the thought in free verse has a negative turn. It has usually little of Blake’s or Shelley’s eagerness for reform, little of Pope’s or Byron’s ferocity in satire. Observant of life, like Browning, the authors have not his restless curiosity to trace each thread of emotion through its labyrinth.

Everyone realizes that much bad “free verse” is merely prose arbitrarily printed. In one sense, however, this is also true of much *vers libre* that is good. In some cases the typog-

raphy of poetry seems justified—and well justified—mainly by the tendency of contemporary America to gulp down its books as it gulps down its food. “The Atlantic Monthly” recently printed an article entitled “The Fletcherizing of Literature,” the teaching of which can be guessed from its title. Much exceedingly good free verse of a certain type is really condensed, highly artistic prose printed in little morsels that the reader may pass each leisurely over his intellectual palate. This type of reform belongs more to the field of educational devices than to that of prosody.

Future ages, I think, will find one of the noblest services of *vers libre* in the reaction which it is now producing in more traditional rhythms. Byron tells us that his association with *ottava rima* while in Italy influenced the Spenserian stanzas of “Childe Harold,” producing new pauses and run-on effects. In the same way we find the cadence of free verse crossing the rhythm of Keats and other dead masters in the work of many promising young poets, Conrad Aiken, the Benéts, and others. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the old models are generally discarded. Rather they have suddenly become young again where they were wrinkled and wizened. Service is an interpreter of our own day, even if he writes in Kipling’s manner. Untermeyer is just as full of Keats as is the most washed-out imitator, only he is full of something else besides.

This movement towards a conversational rhythm and diction, once launched, cannot stop with a mere acceptance of the spoken word. In this problem we Americans, at least, face a peculiar difficulty owing to our national temperament. We have been as a race idealistic yet ashamed of our idealism. We have veiled emotion and visionary moods under matter-of-fact expressions, and read each other’s more poetical feelings not through what was expressed but through what was implied. Our vernacular has been less poetical than our inner life, and a disguise for it fully as often as a medium for expressing it. When it was a question of revealing our deep-

est and holiest feelings, American English has often proved an inadequate medium; and as thought and language influence each other, the current phrase has been a drag on the aesthetic part of our life. If verse and the vernacular are to come together, we must have, not only something new in verse, but also something new in the vernacular. The thoughts of Dante, Chaucer, and Goethe made a home in humble speech; and the simple language grew transformed around them like the cottage of Philemon. From 1900 to 1910 the language of life and the language of poetry had drifted too far apart, with bad results for both. From 1910 to 1918 poetry bent down to meet the language of life, and at times bent too far. Now after the solemnity and emotional stress of a great war, it is time that the language of life should rise half way to meet the poets, that it should be moulded in turn by the literature which it moulds, and that the spirit which lies behind all language, the nautilus that builds the ever expanding shell, should

Stretch in its last found home and know the old no more.

Much that is most beautiful in the latest free verse, much that is most vital in the latest traditional verse, is already pointing in this direction.

Furthermore, although the defenders of free verse have put us in their debt, it is false to say, as some of them do, that all great literature has been written in the language of even a noble contemporary speech. Spenser and Milton did not follow, in rhythm or diction, the conversations of merchants and club men in their day. In certain languages, such as Armenian and ancient Anglo-Saxon, poetry has differed so much from the vocabulary of everyday life that it has become almost another tongue. In our own country, too, when the first effervescence of democracy is over, there will be room for a poetical medium of expression, not conventional merely like that of Pope, but kept like a priestly vestment apart from the touch of everyday. It may not have a wide appeal, it may not form a large part of even our



best literature; yet when it does occur, instead of condemning it hastily, we must recognize it as a part of

That large utterance of the early gods.

“Free verse” and the “new poetry” are not synonymous terms. Some of the supposed *vers libre* is old-school, is really Addisonian or Dobsonian prose spoon-fed to children by the compositor, or else echoes from unrhyming choruses of ancient Greece. Much in Swinburnian and Chaucerian rhythms belongs to the rising day. What, then, is the fundamental characteristic of the “new poetry” at its best? It is a matter, not of scansion or vocabulary, but of inner spirit. All details of diction and metre, where genuine, grow out of this spirit and its attempts to adapt itself to some given environment.

The characteristic of the good new poetry is to accept, interpret, and ennoble the contemporary thought of our nation and make great literature out of that. The characteristic of the old poetry—a tendency often noble but always dangerous to vitality—was to turn one’s back on American thought as hopelessly prosaic; to cling to some past crucifix or Parthenon; to cry out to its children amid the vulgarity of office-seekers and dollar-hunters, “Come ye out from among them and be separate.” The new poetry says to the American people: “We have dug deep into the mines of your souls and found what is there. The rubies and diamonds out of which Dante and Milton built their shrines are not in you. But we do find scattered, hidden, unnoticed in the midst of seeming materialism, a vast amount of gold and silver that the old continents and dead ages never produced. We mean to mine and purify and forge this, and to show you in artistic form the beautiful side of your own natures, what you yourselves hardly realized, what no foreigner dreamed of.” That is the fundamental distinction between the new poets and the old. The new are miners of the national mind, the old importers and artificers of past or foreign thought. As has always been the case, many of our best poets will belong to both types when

their friends think that they belong only to one. And, as usual, many a hopeless poetaster will think himself an interpreter of modern America because he has called his poem "Fifth Avenue" instead of "The Appian Way."

We cannot form a clear conception regarding the present and future of American poetry without bearing in mind certain social and historical facts. If literature be a reflection of life, as we so often and so carelessly say, then an exceedingly variegated life might be expected to produce an exceedingly variegated literature. In the time of the Elizabethan drama the whole population of the English-speaking world did not equal that of New York State to-day; the percentage of illiteracy was exceedingly high; and practically the only intellectual centre in Great Britain was London. Even in the days of Keats and Shelley the entire Anglo-Saxon world hardly outnumbered modern Spain; and nearly all its great poetry came from three districts, around the Lake region, London, and Edinburgh. To-day the English language is spoken by over two hundred million souls. It serves authors of almost every known race. Tagore of Hindustan is writing in it. Among our American poets are those of Scandinavian, French, Spanish, German, Irish, Hebrew, and Mongolian blood. They have fed their artistic spirit from almost every kind of environment, prairie and mountain, Atlantic metropolis and arctic glacier. Means of communication between widely different regions were never so thorough. More than that, never before has there been such a spirit of international exchange in literary thought; the Muses have gathered together unto the Parliament of Man, though the Kaisers and cannon-makers have not.

In other great countries the tendency to multiformity in literature has been checked by the iron hand of political power. Russia has suppressed the national literatures of Finland and Ukrainia. The mailed fist of Germany has been at the throat of local song in Alsace and Lorraine. But in the United States we have a vast variety of foreign influences superimposed on a vast variety of local conditions and

racial traits, all left free by state and national governments to express themselves to the full. Many of these, of course, may not develop an adequate expression; but if they do so, then we may look forward to such a complicated symphony of many voices as the world has never seen. Already the tides are turning in that direction. Narrow-minded disciples of *vers libre* may declare the old traditions dead, but the old traditions are going to be rejuvenated and live. Despite all hostile hyperboles, many a good thing will yet come out of Nazareth and "Academia." Reactionary "classicists" may declare free verse a blend of vulgarity and anarchy; but its best is not, and it is going to co-exist beside its older brethren. A conversational movement has produced a conversational poetry, which has shown its right to endure. It was a similar movement working in the old Elizabethan drama which broke down the end-stopped, rhetorical blank verse system of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," and in the later plays of Shakespeare and Ford modulated the pentameter to the beat of the spoken word. With every year new keys are added to our poetic instrument, and the old retained.

Even if some of to-day's "best poems" prove passing favorites, their influences will not be passing. "Ossian" was the over-praised idol of an hour; but the influence of "Ossian" leavened some of the greatest literature of the world. The laws of poetry are not those of politics. In future, American literature not only can, but must, live half traditional and half free; and we must learn to welcome all genuine types as additions to our national heritage. Tolerance is part of the American spirit; and whether we wish it or not, we are doomed to have it—in verse as in religion. The result will probably be a large number of rather good poets instead of a few supreme masters; but perhaps that is the natural result of a democracy. Such conditions would have at least one advantage; they would enable the future historian of American poets to develop a series of portraits as numerous and as picturesquely diverse as those of Chaucer's famous Prologue.



## WOONSOCKET, CITY OF MILLS

By JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

City of scarlet nights,  
    Into whose evening sky splendors of mad flame leap,  
        crimson of blast-fire lights,  
Orange reflections spilled up and down waters black, blood-  
    red of cinder sparks  
Blown over blurring heights:

Down on your canyoned streets,  
    Crowded with laughing girls, jostled by boys, alien with  
        alien meets,  
Sloughs off the ancient speech, breaks through the gruff  
    new talk;  
Slowly each stunted soul into a new man beats.

Maddest of music hums out of your days.  
    Millions of shuttles snort, spearing your looms; drum of  
        unnumbered feet, rumblings of drays,  
Roar out your wealth and power; banners of gritty smoke  
    Dim the sun's rays.

Ever your river grim,  
    Amber as honey-clots, fouled by far towns, screams forth  
        its labor hymn.  
Factories silver-gray, rosy as clouds of dawn, bronze as  
    October leaves,  
Crowd to its brim.

He who has eyes to see  
    Sees you are beautiful. He who has ears to hear hears  
        holy melody.

All the high aims of you, all the gross sins of you, all the  
fierce rush of you,  
Brawl into poetry.

Fables of fairer towns into your gaunt squares flow.  
Venice is rusty-white. Snaky brown seaweeds sprawl,  
barnacles grow,  
Over her marble wharfs. Florence is tawny-brown. Brown  
is the hue of death.  
Shadows they are and ghosts. You—swarm and glow.

Womb of a nation's birth, hulk with hot struggle rife,  
All the diviner things, work, faith, and brotherhood,  
bloom from your bitter strife.  
Laugh, Mother-of-a-race! Shout all your rowdy songs!  
Shout—you are Life!

## THE MARSH DWELLERS

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

THE sweet, hot, wild scent of the marsh came up to us. It was compounded of sun and wind and the clean dry smell of miles and miles of bleaching sedges, all mingled with the seethe and steam of a green blaze of growth that had leaped from the ooze to meet the summer. Through it all drifted tiny elusive puffs of fragrance from flowers hidden under thickets of willow and elderberry. The smooth petals of wild roses showed among the rushes like coral set in jade. On the sides of burnt tussocks, where the new grass grew sparse as hair on a scarred skull, rue anemones trembled above their trefoil leaves. When the world was young they sprang from the tears which Aphrodite shed over the body of slain Adonis. Still the pale wind-driven flowers sway as if shaken by her sobs, and have the cold whiteness of him dead.

The leaves of the meadow rue like some rare fern showed here and there, but the clustered white flowers had not yet bloomed nor the flat yellow blossoms of the shrubby cinquefoil. There were thickets of aronia or chokeberry, whose flat white blossoms and reddish bark showed its kinship to the apple tree. Among the pools gleamed marsh marigolds fresh from the mint of May, while deep down in the grass at the foot of the tussocks were white violets, short-stemmed and with the finest of umber-brown traceries at the centre of their petals. The blues and purples may or may not be sweet but one can count on the faint fragrance of the white.

We lay on the turf covering a ledge of smoky quartz thrust like a wedge into the marsh. Across a country of round green hills and fertile farms its squat bulk stretched unafraid, an untamed monster of another age. Beyond the long levels



we could see Wolf Island where a hunted wolf pack, protected by quagmires and trembling bogs, made its last stand two centuries ago. Where a fringe of trees showed the beginning of solid ground, a pair of hawks with long black-barred tails wheeled and screamed through the sky. "Geck, geck, geck, geck," they called, almost like a flicker, except that the tone was flatter. As they circled, both of them showed a snowy patch over the rump, the field mark of the marsh hawk. The male was a magnificent blue-gray bird, whose white under wings were tipped with black like those of a herring gull. We watched them delightedly, for the rare nest of the marsh hawk, the only one of our hawks which nests on the ground, was one of the possibilities of the marsh.

Suddenly we heard from behind us a sound that sent us crawling carefully up to the crest of the ridge. It was like the pouring of water out of some gigantic bottle or the gurgling suck of an old-fashioned pump—"bloop—bloop, bloop, bloop, bloop"—it came to us with a strange subterranean timbre. The last time I had heard that note was in the pine barrens three years before. Then it sounded like the thudding of a mallet on a stake, for its quality always depends on the nature of the country across which it travels. From the top of our knoll we saw a rare sight. In the open pasture by the edge of the marsh stood a bird between two and three feet high of a streaked brown color with a black stripe down each side of its neck. Even as we watched the bird began a series of extraordinary actions. Hunching its long neck far down between its shoulders, it suddenly thrust it up. As each section straightened there came to us across the pasture the thudding, bubbling, watery note which we had first heard. It seemed impossible that a bird could make such a volume of sound. At times, after each "bloop," would come the sharp click of the bill as it rapidly opened and shut. Finally the singer convulsively straightened the last kink out of its neck and with a final retching note thrust

its long yellow beak straight skyward. We had seen an American bittern boom—a rarer sight even than the drumming of a ruffed grouse or the strange flight-song of the woodcock at twilight. Suddenly the bittern stopped and hunching its neck stepped stealthily like a little old bent man into the sedges. With its long beak pointing directly upward it stood motionless and seemed to melt into the color of the withered rushes. One look away and it was almost impossible for the eye to pick the bird out from its cover.

I turned to look at the marsh hawks just in time to see the female alight on the ground by a stunted willow bush far across the marsh. I waited, one, two, three minutes but no bird rose. Evidently she was on the nest. Keeping my eye fixed on that special bush, which looked like a score of others, I plunged into the marsh, intending to bound like a chamois from crag to crag. On the second bound I slipped off a tussock and went up to my knees in mud and water. The rest of the way I ploughed along, making a noise at each step like the bittern's note. Half way to the bush the mother hawk rose and circled around us screaming monotonously. For half an hour we searched back and forth without finding any nest. At last we hid in a willow thicket, thinking that perhaps the hawk might go back to her nest. Instead, both birds disappeared in some distant woods. The sun was getting low and we were miles from our inn, yet as this was the nearest either of us had ever been to finding a marsh hawk's nest, we decided to hunt on until dark.

I laid out a route from my bush to another about thirty yards away and between those two as bounds planned to quarter back and forth over every square foot of ground, moving towards the woods where the hawks had gone. It seemed an almost hopeless hunt, for the marsh at this point was dry, with patches of bushes, masses of sedge, and piled heaps here and there of dry rushes. As I reached my

farther boundary and was about to beat back, I straightened my aching back and looked beyond the bush. There directly ahead in a space fringed by spirea bushes but in plain sight, lay a round nest on the ground—about eight inches across and three inches deep, made of coarse grasses ringed around with rushes. Beneath the nest was a well-packed platform of rushes several inches thick. I think that this was a natural pile of rushes pressed down by the bird. There, under the open sky, were five large eggs of a dirty bluish-white, nearly ready to hatch. They were the size of a small hen's egg. The very second I caught sight of the nest the mother hawk came dashing through the air from some unseen perch where she had been watching me with her telescopic eyes. Fifty feet away she folded her wings and dived at my head, falling through the air like a stone. With her fierce unflinching eyes, half open beak, and outspread claws, she looked dangerous. Ten feet away, however, she swooped up and circled off in ever-widening rings, screaming mournfully. Beside the nest was one barred tail feather.

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own  
And a certain use in the world no doubt,  
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather  
And there I put inside my breast  
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!  
Well, I forget the rest.

Something of this we felt as we lingered over this long sought nest, making notes and photographs—our way of collecting. Once take the eggs and the principal of your treasure has been spent. There can be no further income of information from the ruined nest, no watching the growth of the young birds, no visits to the nest with other bird lovers. Moreover, our method is not marred by any regrets for the



destruction of potential bird life or by any memories of fluttering, mourning mother birds.

Just at sunset we waded back and stopped at the little arm of the swamp where we had first heard the bittern. Suddenly from the sedges came a scolding little song that sounded like "chop, chip-chop, chp'p'p'p'," and we caught the merest glimpse of a tiny bird with a tip-tilted tail and brown back whose under sides seemed yellowish. It was none other than the rare short-billed marsh wren, next to the smallest of our Eastern birds, only the humming bird being tinier. Neither of us had ever seen this marsh wren before, and we tramped back three long miles to town with a new bird, a new nest, and a new note to our credit in our out-of-doors account.

That night over a good dinner we were joined by the other two of our Four who for many happy years have hunted together. Just at dawn the next day we all stole out of the sleeping inn and along the silent village streets, sweet with the scent of lilacs. Right in front of the town hall we found the first nest of the day. Cunningly hidden in the crotch of a sugar maple just over the heads of hundreds of unseeing passers-by, a robin had brooded day by day over four eggs whose heavenly blue made a jewel-casket of her mud nest. I hope that the brave silent bird raised her babies and sent them out to add to the world's store of music and beauty. Beyond the village we dragged a meadow. A long cord was tied to the ankles of two of us, and each walked away from the other until it was taut and then marched slowly through the fields. The moving line just swished the top of the long grass and flushed any ground birds that might be nesting within the area covered by the fifty-foot cord. Our first haul was a vesper sparrow's nest with one egg—the bird breaking cover near my end. Later in the day another of our party found a better nest of the same bird in the middle of a field, made and lined with grass and set in a little hollow in the ground. It held three eggs of a bluish white, blotched

and clouded with umber and lavender at the larger ends. Two of the eggs were marked with black hieroglyphics like those seen on the eggs of an oriole or red-winged blackbird. The vesper is that gray sparrow which shows two white tail-feathers when it flies and sings an alto song whose first two notes are always in a different key from the rest of the strain.

In another field we flushed a bobolink. Unfortunately the Artist, whose duty it was to watch the rope, was at the moment gazing skywards at cloud effects, and although we burrowed and peered for a full hour in the fragrant dripping grass we never found that nest. The home of a bobolink is one of the best hidden of all of our common ground builders. I remember one Decoration Day when I highly resolved to find a bobolink's nest in a field where several pairs were nesting. Early in my hunt I decided that the gay black-and-white males which seemed to be flying and singing aimlessly were really signalling my approach to the females on the nest. At any rate, the mother birds would rise far ahead as I came near, evidently after having run for long distances through the grass; they gave me no clue as to the whereabouts of their nests. I decided, however, that my only chance was to watch these females, knowing that an incubating bird will not leave her eggs for any great length of time. Accordingly, when the next streaked brown bird flew up far ahead of me, I settled down in the long grass with a field-glass and carefully watched her flight. She crossed the meadow and alighted some three hundred yards away. In about fifteen minutes she came back and settled in the grass on a slope some distance from where she had flown out. Almost immediately she flew out again, probably warned by the male on guard. Once more she crossed the meadow and this time stayed away so long that I nearly fell asleep in the drowsy, scented grass. In the meantime, one by one the songs of the males like the tinkling, gurgling notes of a trout-brook ceased, and my part of the meadow seemed deserted. Finally through my half-shut eyes I saw Mrs.

Bobolink come flying low over the tops of the waving grass. As I lay perfectly still she made a half-circle around the slope and suddenly disappeared in the ripple of a green wave that rose to meet the wind. I marked the place by a tall weed stalk and waited a minute to see whether this was another feint. As she did not appear I ran up as rapidly and silently as possible before the father bird could spy me from the other side of the pasture and cry the alarm. Perhaps he had become careless while rollicking with his friends. At any rate when I reached the place there was no sign of any bobolink near me.

When I was a couple of yards away from the weed stalk up sprang the female bobolink, apparently from almost the very spot I had noted. This was encouraging; it showed that she had not run through the grass any distance this time, either when flushed or when alighting. Almost immediately the truant father bird appeared and sang gayly near me, occasionally diving mysteriously and impressively into the grass in different places as if visiting a nest. I was not to be distracted by any such tactics but threw my hat to the exact spot from which, as I judged, the female had started. With this as a centre I pushed back the long grass and began to search the area of a five-foot circle, first looking hurriedly under the hat to make sure that it had not covered the nest. My search was all in vain although it seemed to me that I examined every square inch of that circle. At last I decided that the sly birds had again deceived me. Taking up my hat, I was about to begin another watch when in the very spot where the hat had lain I noticed that the long leaves of a narrow-leafed plantain at one place had been parted, showing a hole underneath. I carefully separated the leaves, and before me lay the long desired nest. It was only a shallow hollow under the leaves, lined with fine dry grass and containing four dark eggs heavily blotched and marbled with red-brown.

Probably ordinarily when the mother bird left the nest



she would arrange the leaves so as entirely to cover the hole beneath. If this were done, it would seem impossible that they concealed anything for they would be apparently flat on the surface of the ground. My unexpected approach had flushed her before she had time to put back the leaves. The pleasure of finding such a skilfully concealed nest is indescribable. The hunt is a contest between intelligence and instinct where victory by no means always inclines to the human. As I looked down at the nest I knew just how the talented recluse in "The Gold Bug" felt when, after solving the cryptogram and disposing of every difficulty, he at last gazed into the open treasure-chest.

To-day there was to be no such glorious experience, and we finally gave up the hunt and started back across the meadow. As we moved through the swishing grass suddenly we heard a curious clicking bird note. "See-lick, see-lick, see-lick," it sounded, and we recognized the unfamiliar notes of that rare little black-striped sparrow, the Henslow. The last time we four had heard that note together was on a trip into the heart of the pine barrens when we not only identified this bird for the first time but also found its nest, a treasure-trove indeed. To-day we did not even get a glimpse of the bird.

Beyond the meadows we came face to face with the marsh itself and plunged in to show the Banker and the Architect our marsh hawk's nest. On the way back the Artist made a discovery. Waist deep among the sedges, with the tiny marsh wrens chipping and bubbling all around him, he suddenly espied a round ball made of green grass fastened to the rushes, with a little hole in one side.

"The nest of the short-billed marsh wren!" he declared loudly. We hurried to him. The nest was empty, but, as it was early for the wrens to be laying, this fact had no effect on his triumph. We admired the nest, the bird, and the discoverer freely—all except the Architect, who lingered behind the rest of us regarding the nest with much suspicion.

Suddenly he noted a movement in the grass, and, as he watched, a tawny little meadow mouse climbed up the grass stems and popped into the hole in the side to find out what this inquisitive race of giants had been doing to his house. It was pitiful to see the Artist. At first he denied the mouse. Then when it dashed out in front of us he claimed that its presence had nothing to do with the question of the ownership of the nest.

"Isn't it possible," he demanded bitterly, "that a well-behaved meadow mouse may make a neighborly call on a marsh wren?"

"No," replied the Architect decisively, and we started away from the discredited nest.

Later on the Artist had his revenge. We were hunting everywhere for the bittern's nest. Suddenly as the Artist stepped on a tussock a large squawking bird flew out from under his foot. No wonder she squawked. He had stepped so nearly on top of her that as she escaped she left behind a handful of long, beautifully mottled tail feathers, unmistakably those of an English pheasant. The nest was at the side of the tussock, entirely covered over with the arched reeds and containing fifteen eggs, three of which the clumsy foot of the Artist had broken. They were of a chocolate color and curiously enough almost identical in color and size with those of the American bittern, except that the inside of the shell of the broken eggs was a light blue. The nest itself was nearly eight inches across and about three inches deep, made entirely of grass. Hurriedly clearing away the broken eggs we called the Architect from the far side of the marsh. He hastened up, took one look at the nest, and then told us solemnly that this was one of the most unusual occurrences known in ornithology. Three pairs of bitterns had joined housekeeping and laid eggs in the same nest. It was hard on the Architect that we should have flushed probably the only bird in the world whose eggs are almost identical in color and size with those of the American bittern, and it was

not until the Artist produced the pheasant's tail feathers that our friend would admit that there was anything wrong with his theory.

As we started to leave the place, I saw on the other side of the tussock the largest wood-turtle I have ever met. Its legs and tail were of a bright brick-red while the shell was beautifully carved in deep intaglios of dingy black and yellow. This turtle ranks next to the terrapin in taste, a fact which I proved the next day. As Mr. Wood-Turtle is fond of birds' eggs I strongly suspect that my capture of him was all that saved the lives of a round dozen of prospective pheasants. We had a leisurely lunch near one of the coldest bubbling springs in the world, seated on a high, dry ridge under the shade of a vast black walnut tree. After lunch we crossed quaking, treacherous bogs that lapped at our feet as we passed, and reached Wolf Island. It was made up of a series of rocky ridges shaded with trees and masked by a dense undergrowth. Beneath the great boulders and at the base of tiny cliffs we could trace dark holes and burrows where two centuries ago the celebrated pack made their home.

Beyond the Island a tawny bird slipped out of a tussock ahead of me like a shadow. Hurrying to the place I found the perfectly rounded nest of a veery thrush lined with leaves and entirely arched over by the long marsh grass. From the brown leaf bed the four vivid blue eggs gleamed out of the green grass like turquoises set in malachite. The eggs of a catbird are of a deeper blue and those of a hermit thrush of a purer tone, but of all the blue eggs, of robin, wood thrush, hermit thrush, bluebird, cuckoo, or catbird, there is none that is as vivid in its coloring as that of the veery. That nest with its beautiful setting stands out in my mind as a notable addition to my collection of out-of-door memories.

More searchings followed without results until the sun was westering well down the sky. Five miles lay between us and clean clothes and a bath. Reluctantly we left the



marsh with our bittern's nest still unfound. As we approached the village we saw showing over the meadows the edge of a continuation of the marsh and decided that we had time for just one more exploring trip. Here we found the worst going of the day. In front of us were innumerable dry cat-tail stalks and hollow reed-stems while the mud was deeper and the mosquitoes were fiercer than in the main swamp. At last the Banker and the Architect sat down exhausted under a tree while the Artist and myself planned to cross to a fringe of woods on the farther side before giving up. In the middle of the marsh we separated and before long I found myself on the trail of another marsh hawk's nest. It was evidently close at hand for both the birds swooped down and circled around my head, calling frantically all the time. Look as I would, however, I could find no trace of the nest. We reached the woods without finding anything and came back together. When we were within two hundred yards of where the other two were luxuriously waiting for us in the shade, from under my very feet flapped a monstrous bird nearly three feet high. It was the bittern. I was so close that I could see the yellow bill and the glossy black on the sides of the neck and tips of the wings and the different shades of brown on back, head, and wings. As it sprang up it gave a hoarse cry and flapped off with labored strokes of its broad wings. Right before me was a flat platform of reeds about a foot in diameter well packed down and raised about five inches from the water. On this platform were a shred or so of down and four eggs of a dull coffee color. In a moment the Banker and the Architect were splashing and crackling through the mud and reeds, and we spent the last quarter hour of our trip in admiring and photographing the much-desired nest.

So ended a memorable two days in Wolf Island Marsh; with a list of fifty-one birds seen and heard, and seven nests found, photographed, enjoyed—and *not* robbed.

## WHIP-POOR-WILL

By LOUIS V. LEDOUX

A moonlit mist the valley fills,  
    Though rides unseen herself the moon;  
Behind me sleep majestic hills,  
    Before me fragrant fields of June.

Such breathless silence fills the place  
    I seem to hear the night moths pass;  
Soft wings have touched my hands and face,  
    And firefly lamps above the grass

Have lit a moment, clustered white,  
    The mountain laurel buds that gleam  
Against the velvet depth of night  
    Like blooms of childhood seen in dream.

So lone am I, so far from men,  
    My kinship with the earth I feel;  
And mystic things beyond my ken  
    Does sybil darkness slow reveal.

I enter through a moonlit door,  
    Before me fragrant silence lies;  
And out beyond our human shore,  
    Where moaning billows fall and rise,

I pass toward headlands dim and far  
    That girdle with white walls of foam  
A land where things eternal are  
    That seems the soul's remembered home.

Behind me fades the earth I knew,  
    Beyond the world of sense am I;

From mountains of the soul I view  
The things I worshipped passing by:

Before me do they come and go  
Through rhythmic changes manifold,  
With reflux and resurgence slow  
By laws established from of old.

But swift upon the silence falling  
There comes a strange, familiar cry;  
Persistent, iterant the calling,  
And evermore without reply.

In it are life's unquenched desire  
And age-old requiems of pain;  
Upheavals of volcanic fire,  
The loneliness of midnight rain.

The silence breaks in waves of sound;  
The throbbing heart of life I feel.  
O ye who wingless walk the ground!  
Two worlds there are: But which is real?



## INSECTS OF A DAY

By MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

"The most of these insects were born to-day and will die before to-morrow."—*Bates*.

Quail call with dropping note, but through their plaintive  
cry

Rings sweet the expectation of to-morrow;  
Doves have the very voice of days gone by,  
Yet their low murmurs hold no hopeless sorrow.  
For these, for these, the light will yet return,  
And springs grow green again, and summer sunsets  
burn.

But when the birds are silent on the darkened hill  
And night seems waiting for some wind to pass,  
Then is the time the very heart grows still,  
Hearing the chant of insects from the grass.  
There is a meaning in that single cry  
That pierces deeper than the wildest sorrow:  
Despair of those the yesterdays deny,  
Whose expectation may not touch to-morrow.

## THE MECHANICAL PLAYER

By ARTHUR WHITING

“THE horseless pianoforte” is now such an everyday sight in the world of music that only the most spirited artist describes a contemptuous outward curve of protest, while, among his steadier associates, familiarity has bred tolerance or amiable indifference. But all pianoforte artists, “handplayers,” as they are quaintly known in the trade, should be grateful to their mechanical rival for having released them from much unworthy drudgery, taken over the old load of cheap, standardized effects, and emancipated them from the hopeless treadmill of that kind of technique which, for years, has broken the spirit and benumbed the sensibility of many a young ambition.

As human fingers cannot compete with a machine in mere accuracy and speed, they must be employed in something else. That something else happens to be the better part of music, by virtue of which it is not only an art, but in the feeling of many, the greatest of all arts. The pianist of the past had, often, something of the charlatan about him; he could astonish the groundlings by technical display which, when it became an end in itself, demoralized both the performer and the public. This benevolent machine has done more than make him an honest man; it has, indirectly, raised his station in the world of music; the modern pianist, like the modern horse, has become perforce an aristocrat. Benevolence, in another form, has reached the plain people. They are able, by means of the ingenious device, to know hitherto inaccessible parts of the enchanted world of rhythm and tone, for, while like tourists they get mostly distant and superficial views, no family need stay at home to-day that has the price of a musical Ford.

Our undergraduate, of the football sex, has found great satisfaction in the combination of mechanics and aesthetics, typifying, as it does, a certain duality in his own nature, which, even in his Junior year, will not allow him to decide between electrical engineering and landscape gardening. Maternal testimony is to the effect that he has unusual talent in music and that if only—but son's specification of the reasons for his retarded artistic development is so convincing and exonerating that it should be set down here in full: (a) uncontrollable antipathy to the personality of Miss Boggs, his first, and last, music-teacher; (b) dislocated forefinger from foul tip; (c) fatal facility in playing by ear; (d) congenital inability to play anything in sharps. Almost any prosperous, comfort-loving American household can show one such talent, which might have come to fruition had the requirements and training for pianoforte playing been less unreasonable.

In contrast to this demanding and discouraging muse, the mechanical art meets one not only half way but all the way, for there are no preliminaries to its mastery and the soul becomes at once articulate. Such practice as is recommended by the salesman is guaranteed to be free from anything irksome; indeed, the intelligent running of an automobile in and out of town is a natural preparation for the auto of the drawing-room, which further insures against all lapses and contingencies by being fool-proof. Provided that our young musical chauffeur has the use of his feet and has passed the right and left test he is ready for a spin directly the machine is assembled. Mounted on a high, commanding bench and being relieved of all digital detail, ever his stumbling-block, he is at last free; freer even than on the avenue where he often chafes under traffic regulation, for here there are no laws and no penalties. It is true that the composer may, after his kind, erect signs bearing Italian equivalents for "speed limit, 8 miles," "school-house ahead," and the like, or set up a wail when he sees his pet concep-



tions fluttering under the mud-guard of the flying player; but all such preferences and warnings seem small and capacious, for son has found himself, his natural gifts are now realized. His mother was right.

The early model of the player had the exuberant spirits of a machine-gun. The notes of Mendelssohn's Spring Song were shot out like bullets so that the musically-timid hastened to take cover. In this overwhelming salvo there was no recognition of the principles which underlie phrasing; no important and unimportant sounds; no increase and decrease of volume. Such crudeness, however, soon gave place to machine-like imitations of light and shade, to some emphasis of the melodic line and variations of speed. In the pneumatic player more or less energy in the blowing produces a surge and ebb of sound which is emotional. These refinements have caused world-renowned names to be affixed to letters of endorsement to which the public, when in doubt, may refer. If there are still misgivings, one has only to note the beatified faces in the home of a happy purchaser, the listeners grouped about the player as it responds to the exertions of a young lady in full evening dress, the several generations in characteristic attitudes, and the spirits of Wagner, Liszt and, in some cases, Meyerbeer, floating over all, such as can be seen on the hoardings of any popular magazine. Of course this is an advertiser's dream, but it is one which has come true in thousands of families.

It is an interesting fact, however, that, while felicity is common to all faces in the advertiser's world, so that without the print below one is unable to say whether they glow from the use of a certain kind of safety razor or from the taste of a certain kind of breakfast bacon, in the real world when the honeymoon of novelty has waned, these doting countenances often change and become work-a-day, sometimes dissatisfied and severe. But it is one of the positive merits of the mechanical player that, under its artistic

ministrations, the features of some of its admirers grow to a greater intelligence and discrimination and finally, among the truly musical, to a "noble discontent" so that this entertaining machine has an educative quality which, tragically, and unnoted by the advertiser, leads to its own extinction.

Well-to-do Americans crave music in some form, and even where they gather uncritically about a blazing gas log there is sure to be one—perhaps father himself—who secretly prefers Beethoven to Chaminade. This germ of taste will develop under favorable conditions, and everything is to the good that will fertilize and enrich it. The national sense of beauty has been pitifully unnourished since the forbidding Pilgrims landed on these shores, bringing with them the conviction that religion and art are incompatible—a conviction still held by those of their descendants whose lives have a northern exposure. Pioneers of a more liberal spirit in other parts of the country could bequeath little of the humanities to their successors of two dreary centuries so that the years of the Civil War were for at least the pure arts—architecture and music—the dark ages of America.

However, there has been a notable change in the last thirty years: a reaching out for things of the spirit, an increasing distrust of utilitarianism, a desire to leave to children something more valuable than money. We are still without any organizing traditions of arts, and it will be many generations before general cultivation can be taken for granted. But in the meantime it is interesting to see the germ develop, to follow the fortunes of the protoplasm which, in this case, is father's furtive love of Beethoven.

Its first sign of life is his vague consciousness that there are different ways of playing this wonderful music; that some ways please him more than others. While his eldest daughter's pianoforte gifts and accomplishments are very limited, they serve, although her faltering fingers are not to be depended on for climaxes or sonorities. When the

performance breaks down altogether he must make good her shortcomings by humming or whistling, for in his innocence he hardly expects any piece, even the least venturesome, to come to a successful issue. But sister has a sweet touch, and he shares, sympathetically, her struggle to round out a phrase, for although he does not know it their combined effort is a part of the emotional experience. He will learn, later, that the dramatic effect of a musical situation depends largely on the gamble in human fallibility, in the excitement of uncertainty as to whether the thing really can be pulled off.

How different it is the first evening they all stand before the just-arrived mechanical player, which, being entirely self-possessed, has even more platform imperturbability than the applauded virtuoso, even a larger number of decorations on its chest from the hands of grateful sovereigns, as well set up and as shiny, exhaling a delicate odor of the varnish of its native warerooms. After a few introductory sounds which have nothing to do with the music and without relaxing the lines of its inscrutable face, the insensate artist proceeds to show its power. Its security puts all handplaying to shame; it never hesitates, it surmounts the highest difficulties without changing a clutch. Always masterful and headlong, it can, if required, utter notes faster than the human ear can follow. Bouquets of adjectives, thrown by the excited audience towards the unspiring, unexhausted performer, fall unnoticed at its feet. Since that memorable first appearance, poor sister has hardly touched the keys.

The youngest member of the family can, and does, at any hour of day or night insert a roll and flood the house with Chopin and the "Rag" until, after some months of this copiousness, the elders show signs of satiety and wish that sister had not given up her music entirely. The protoplasm is now developing, for father discovers, after many trials, that the brazen readiness of the mechanical genius



does not attract him; that while all the notes that sister missed are sounded with authority, yet when he anxiously pushes the button marked "expression" something is lacking which before gave him satisfaction. Those hard, brilliant scales and tempestuous trills do not, after all, make music; they make only a glittering, repelling noise. He longs to hear again the bashful, hesitating sounds which once charmed him, that human touch which said something to him although imperfectly. In short, he recognizes through this experience the demonstration of that eternal truth of which, as a boy in the early stages of penmanship, he had made some fifty laborious copies, to wit, "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life."

His unfavorable, albeit untutored, judgment on the claims of persuasive advertisers has long been reached by more knowing critics who look for a decline in the popularity of this jig-saw art, although the sound of the unmitigated mechanical player is still a feature of life in many apartment houses. However, the resourceful inventor has been alive to it as well, and after much experiment has constructed a player which sets forth the phonographic records of the performances of celebrated pianists amidst the astonished applause of the performers themselves. While the reproduction lacks some of the vigor of the original, as if the artist had left a sick bed rather than disappoint a fond public, the celebrated characteristics and mannerisms are unmistakably there. It is even proposed to add a "movie" of the eminent original so that his gesture and mobile features may accompany the sound, presumably with care that the phonograph and photograph coincide exactly.

It would seem now that all objections to mechanical music have been met and that father, who has been quick to avail himself of these improvements, may be permanently and completely gratified. But art is a jealous and revengeful mistress, who will not tolerate mechanics in any form on her domain. She has a special bitterness for the phono-

graph because it violates the principle, suggested above, that the presentation of music depends for its effect on the gamble in human fallibility. It is the boast of an artist that he never plays a given composition twice in the same way; indeed, being human he cannot, and his conditioned versatility is the delight of his listeners. They prize the thought that what they have just heard is unique and exclusively their own. It is true, a recorded rendering may be a fine one, having the graces and surprises of the pianist's genius; but when these evanescent subtleties are reproduced exactly, are heard many times in absolute repetition, they become nothing less than a mockery of art. Who can guess the itinerary of a butterfly? But everybody knows the flight of a railway train to the fraction of an inch. Phonographic music is like a butterfly on rails, something to be frowned on by both engineers and entomologists.

At a recent exhibition the master record of a pianoforte concerto was given with orchestra. In one long *tutti*, an interval usually spent by a human pianist in mopping his brow or in readjusting his chair, the conductor, unwittingly, hurried the pace so that, as the eager band arrived too early, there was an awkward silence on the part of the solo instrument, which refused to play until the exact recorded time had expired. The hiatus delighted all titterers, but the sober-minded, as well as those who hang breathless on the lips of the music-actor, who love him more than they love the music, felt in that silence a horror more exquisite than any invention of Edgar Allan Poe; for they found that they were kissing a mask, lying beside a dead man in a world turned to stone.

The perfected phonograph is, to delicate minds, at once horrible, comical, and instructive; more instructive than the homilies of a thousand music-theologians. A devout preacher of art may thunder at his nodding congregation and beat seven days' dust out of the pulpit cushion in his earnest desire to answer that Pilatian question, "what is

music? ". But let him be advised. Let him sit passively in one of the comfortable arm-chairs which flank the oratorical throne, supporting his weary head on a delicate left hand, while a mechanical player of the most highly organized and consecrated type discourses in his place, the sermon having these familiar divisions: firstly, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue (Bach); secondly, Wallenstein Sonata (Beethoven); thirdly, Twenty-five Preludes (Chopin); finally, brethren, Rhapsody No. 12 (Liszt). Let him then rise, thank his eloquent colleague, and dismiss his flock with the assurance that some have seen light that day; for no one, having the inward grace of music, can fail to find a mechanical and fixed version the very negation of art. Still, negations have their uses and one can half answer the question by showing, by means of this miracle of imitation, what music is not.

That which is truth to the few will, later, be truth to the crowd, which for guidance should remember the maxim, "art and mechanics are enemies." In this slowly comprehending crowd we shall, no doubt, see father; and, as he returns for comfort to sister's human ways after a second disappointment, we shall know that his education in the higher branches is coming on.

Those almost-persuading verisimilitudes of the phonograph will in time be wafted to that limbo where good masks go when they die. Peace to them! Our waxworks of music have not lived in vain.



## THE PLEASANT LAND OF SCRIBIA

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

AS we look down the long history of dramatic literature we cannot help seeing that the successful playwrights may be assorted into different groups. They are all of them, of course, first and foremost playwrights—that is to say, they all possess the innate and instinctive gift of arousing and of retaining the interest of the playgoers of their own time and of their own country. They are all story-tellers on the stage, because a play needs a plot above all else, if it is to please long and to please many. But the kind of story they will select and the degree of importance they will give to the story itself will depend on their own differing attitudes towards life.

Some successful playwrights are poets, essentially dramatic, like Sophocles and Shakespeare, or essentially lyric like Rostand and d'Annunzio. Some are social satirists, like Molière and Beaumarchais. Some are wits like Sheridan, or humorists like Labiche. Some, like Ibsen, are primarily psychologists creating characters to be revealed in successive situations; and some, like Brieux, are sociologists dealing with the problems of the day. Some are journalists, as Aristophanes was on occasion and as Sardou in his earlier comedies of contemporary Paris. Some are preachers, like Mr. Shaw. And some of them are simply story-tellers, pure and simple, not poets or psychologists or philosophers, not humorists or journalists, but merely concoctors of plots, so adroitly put together that the acted narratives amuse us in the playhouse and give us the special pleasure to be found only in the theatre, without providing us with the added delight which we derive from the veracious and significant portrayal of men and women.

Of these story-tellers of the stage, content to be story-tellers only and satisfied to rely on the attraction of a sequence of ingenious situations artfully articulated, Scribe is the chief. He is not a poet; he is not even a man of letters; he does not make us think; he does not deposit in our memories anything worthy of remembrance. All he can do is to amuse us, while we are in the playhouse, with the mechanical dexterity of the story he is setting before us by the aid of all the devices of the theatre. He is a story-teller on the stage and nothing else; but he is one of the indisputable masters of stage story-telling. His stories may be empty, arbitrary, artificial; but they are sufficient unto themselves. He is successful in achieving all that he is ambitious of attaining—the entertainment of the spectators by the exhibition of his surpassing skill.

It may be admitted that merely as a craftsman he is not more dexterous than certain of the greater dramatists. As sheer machinery nothing of his is better in its kind than the exposition of “Othello” or of “Tartuffe”; and he never put together a plot more artistically wrought out than those of “Oedipus the King” or of “Ghosts.” But Shakespeare and Molière, Sophocles and Ibsen, while they reveal themselves as the most accomplished of technicians, are not content to be technicians only; and the larger, loftier, and nobler qualities of their dramas are so abundantly evident that few of us ever pay attention to their marvellous mastery of technique. But Scribe was nothing but a technician; and it is solely by his mastery of technique that he maintained himself in the theatre for two score years.

He was astonishingly fertile; and his productivity was exhibited in almost every department of the drama—in farce, in the comedy of anecdote, in *opéra-comique*, in grand opera, and even in librettos for the ballet. He did not lay his scenes always in his native land, whose manners and customs he could not help knowing; and at one time or another he ventured to manufacture plots supposed to take

place in almost every habitable country of the globe. The "Bataille de Dames" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" were stories of France; but the action of the "Dame Blanche" took place in Scotland, that of "Fra Diavolo" in Italy, that of "La Juive" in Spain, that of "Le Prophète" in Germany, and that of "L'Africaine" partly in Africa. In one piece, suggested by Fenimore Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln," he even ventured to cross the western ocean and to take Boston for his background.

Sometimes, as in the case of the Cooper adaptation and of the "Dumb Girl of Portici," he had to go abroad because the original of the story he was setting on the stage was foreign and could not well be made French. And sometimes, on the other hand, he transported his tale to a far country, to a land other than his own, so that he could attribute to it the manners and the customs and the laws which he needed to enable him to immesh the puppets of his plot in the thrilling situations he had invented. He did not set out on these travels to capture the local color of the countries he might visit, as Hugo had essayed to do in "Hernani" and in "Ruy Blas." Scribe's local color was always sporadic and superficial. He went far afield in order to profit by conditions different from those familiar to French playgoers; and these conditions were not necessarily those which really obtained in the foreign parts to which he exiled the personages of his plays; they were those which he needed to bring about the events he was devising. Therefore the manners and the customs and the laws which we find in many of the stories of Scribe set before us on the stage are not really those of Spain or Italy, of England or Germany, of Africa or America; they were in fact almost as much Scribe's own invention as the stories themselves.

His frequent departure from the facts of history and of geography were promptly noted by contemporary critics more familiar with foreign lands than he was; and they accused him of having imagined a country of his own, to



which they gave his name—*La Scribie*—Scribia—a very useful country for a playwright because its social conventions existed solely for the playwright's convenience, and because they might be modified unceasingly as the exigencies of plot-making demanded. When Andrew Lang first heard of this fabled domain, he was moved to the composition of a lyric, which he called "*Partant pour la Scribie.*"

A pleasant land is Scribie, where  
 The light comes mostly from below,  
 And seems a sort of symbol rare  
 Of things at large, and how they go,  
 In rooms where doors are everywhere  
 And cupboards shelter friend and foe. . . .

A land of lovers false and gay;  
 A land where people dread a "curse";  
 A land of letters gone astray,  
 Or intercepted, which is worse;  
 Where weddings false fond maids betray,  
 And all the babes are changed at nurse. . . .

Oh, happy land, where things come right,  
 We, of the world where things go ill;  
 Where lovers love, but don't unite;  
 Where no one finds the Missing Will—  
 Dominion of the heart's delight,  
 Scribie, we've loved, and love thee still!

Unfortunately the lyrist who rhymed this delectable description had allowed himself to be deceived by a traveller's tale rarely to be relied upon. The land for which he has here expressed his longing is not the true Scribia as this is accurately mapped on the atlas of imaginary geography. It is an adjoining territory first explored by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and explained in his authoritative book of travels, entitled "*Stage-Land, Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants.*" Among the many citizens of this peculiar

place whom Mr. Jerome was enterprising enough to interview, were the Stage-Hero and his fit mate, the Stage-Heroine, the Stage-Villain and the Stage-Adventuress, the Stage-Detective and the Stage-Lawyer.

Mr. Jerome was able to accompany his analysis of these peculiar personalities by an account of the legislation which governs their conduct and which had hitherto been unfamiliar to students of comparative jurisprudence. It appears that in Stage-Land, when a man dies, without leaving a will, then all his property goes to the nearest villain. But, if the deceased has left a will, then and in that case, all his property goes to the person who can get possession of this document. As Mr. Jerome fails to cite any decisions in support of these laws, we are left to infer that they are statutory and not judge-made. Yet he is frank to inform us that he has not been able to ascertain the fundamental principles of the jurisprudence of Stage-Land, since "fresh acts and clauses and modifications appear to be introduced for each new play"; and here we discover a condition of things closely resembling that which obtains in Scribia.

Yet Stage-Land is not Scribia, although their several populations are apparently descended from the same stock. It is in Stage-Land, rather than in Scribia, that the Missing Will always turns up in the nick of time and that all the babes are changed at nurse. Nor is Scribia identical, as some geographers seem to have believed, with the No-Man's-Land in which dwelt the pale personages of M. Maeterlinck's earlier plays, a shadowy and mysterious realm where the unsubstantial "Intruder" finds his way invisibly into the household of death and where the "sightless" wander aimlessly and hopelessly. Still less is Scribia to be confounded with two other countries, Utopia and Altruria, about which the gazetteers are able to supply us only with pitifully insufficient information. There is, however, a certain plausibility in the suggestions that Scribia had for

its capital the city of Weiss-nicht-wo and that it has recently rectified its frontiers by annexing the contiguous principality of Zenda.

When Brunetière was bringing to its logical conclusion his illuminating series of lectures on the evolution of French dramatic literature, he took as the topics for his final talk Scribe and Alfred de Musset, contemporary and unlike—Scribe the craftsman who was only a craftsman, thinking solely of the theatre and living in it contentedly, and Musset the lyrist, careless of formal structure and regardless of the narrowing limitations of the playhouse. Different as they were in equipment and in aim, both of them were wont to take for the scene of their dissimilar dramas, emptily prosaic in the one case and in the other abundantly poetic, the non-existent country which had been named after the elder of them, and which was a land of fantasy with manners and laws easy to manipulate according to the necessities of the fables they had taken as the foundations of their pieces. Brunetière did not call Scribia by its name; but he did draw the attention of his hearers to the ideal Bavaria of Musset's "Fantasio," the Italy of his "Bettine," the Sicily of his "Carmosine," and the Hungary of his "Barberine"—"all Shakespearian lands, if I may so call them, in which characters from fairy tales undergo their adventures in gardens always in bloom and under skies that are eternally blue."

When Brunetière ventured to suggest that the indeterminate backgrounds of Musset's ironic imaginations might be called Shakespearian, he was only recognizing the obvious fact that the French lyrist, alone among modern dramatists, had chosen to follow in the footsteps of the author of "As You Like It" and of "Twelfth Night." From Shakespeare Musset borrowed the commingling of realistic and prosaic characters with characters poetic and romanticized. He arbitrarily banished the persons who people his airy fantasies to a far and foreign land chiefly that he might let them live in an atmosphere of remoteness and enable them



to escape from the limitations and the rigors of commonplace existence in contemporary Paris. So Shakespeare, in order that an unknown distance from London might lend enchantment to the view, had chosen to domicile the grave and the gay characters of his romantic comedies in a Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea and in a Forest of Arden where glide gilded snakes and where roam lions with udders all drawn dry.

No doubt, Musset scorned Scribe as bitterly as did his fellow lyrist, Heine; and he was almost the only French dramatist of his day who was not tempted to emulate the tricky dexterity of Scribe; but none the less do we find many of his creatures living in the pleasant land of Scribia—just as many of Shakespeare's lighter characters had resided in the same strange country more than two centuries earlier. And while Musset knew about Scribe even if he might detest him and all his works, Shakespeare could have had no foreknowledge of the prolific French playmaker whose productivity was to manifest itself more than two centuries after that of the English dramatist had ceased. Still it is difficult to deny that Shakespeare, who may never have set foot outside of his precious isle set in the silver sea, had let his fancy transport him to a territory which we can now recognize as the Scribia known to all students of the French dramatists of the nineteenth century.

It is not from any actual Verona in any actual Italy, but from a town of the same name in the heart of Scribia, that two gentlemen departed one after another, destined to show once more that the course of false love does not always run smooth. It is in a Scribian and not in an Italian Venice, where dwelt a Jewish usurer who was tricked out of the deadly forfeit set down in his merry bond by the sharp practice of a quick-witted woman triumphantly passing herself off as a lawyer. In fact, the administration of justice in this fabled Venice is so frankly fantastic and so completely contrary to all the precedents which would govern the

courts of any actual Venice, that we find ourselves wondering whether this imagined city in the sea is situated in Scribia or in the adjacent realm of Stage-Land explored and described by Mr. Jerome.

Again it is in Scribia and not in Greece that the Athens stood whose Duke wooed and won the Queen of the Amazons, while the British-born Bottom, after marvellous misadventures due to the malice of a fairy king, made ready with his mates to perform a lamentable tragedy at the ducal bridal ceremony. Where except upon the coast of Scribia could we find the Ephesus, the laws of which put the obtruding stranger immediately on trial for his life, and the magic atmosphere of which made it possible for twins separated in infancy and brought up in widely parted places to be in manhood indistinguishable one from the other in speech and even in costume? And where, except off the coast of Scribia, could that enchanted isle lie which was full of disheartening noises and which was suddenly invaded by a ship's company cast up by the sea as the result of an artificial tempest raised by the cunning of a royal magician?

Students of imaginary geography, aware that Utopia was discovered and described by More in 1516 and that the earliest tidings from Altruria were brought by a traveller interviewed by Mr. Howells in 1894, have never had occasion to question the discovery of Scribia in the first half of the nineteenth century, during the lifetime of the man from whom it took its name. Yet we can now perceive that this pleasant land was not unknown to Shakespeare in the first half of the seventeenth century, and that he profited hugely by his information as to its manners, its customs, and its laws, finding them modifiable to suit his convenience. How is this to be explained?

After long meditation over all the peculiarities of this problem I am emboldened to proffer a solution, suggested by the notorious fact that history is prone to repeat itself. This solution I venture to submit herewith to the charitable

judgment of experts in historical geography. Although Scribia has been a densely populated realm since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and although it had been visited and traversed and dwelt in by many of the characters of Shakespeare and a little later by not a few of the characters of Beaumont and Fletcher, for some inexplicable reason it had failed to be described in any gazetteer of literature; and at some unknown date it seems to have secluded itself and forbidden the entry of all foreigners, just as Japan chose to shut itself off from the rest of the world.

After long scores of years it was rediscovered by Scribe, colonized by his characters, re-introduced into the community of nations, and named anew. It is to be regretted that there is never any hope of rectifying an error in geographic nomenclature; and as this western continent will continue to bear the name, not of Columbus, but of Americus Vesputius, so to the end of time will Scribia commemorate the ingenious industry of Eugène Scribe, falsely believed to be its original discoverer. And here, to companion the lilting lyric of Andrew Lang, is a copy of verses by Charles Godfrey Leland:

Through years of toil, Columbus  
Unto our New World came;  
But a charlatan skipped after,  
And gave that world his name.

All day in street and market  
The liar's name we see;  
Columbia!—sweet and seldom—  
Is left to Poetry.

And the names bring back a lesson  
Taught to the world in youth—  
That the realm of Song and Beauty  
Is the only home of Truth.



## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE JUTLAND CONTROVERSY

*The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916, by Admiral Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa, \$6.00, George H. Doran Co., New York, 1919.*

In view of the clash of opinion over the work of the British navy in the war and particularly over the battle of Jutland, it is fortunate that we have this book from the pen of Admiral Jellicoe himself. As he observes in his introduction, a century after Trafalgar Parliament appointed a commission to find out just what happened in that memorable action. But the historian who writes of Jutland in the future will know from this work precisely what happened on the British side in that, the most tremendous battle in naval history, and he will know precisely why the Commander in Chief manoeuvred as he did; there remains only to criticise or approve.

The book is a faithful record of Admiral Jellicoe's command. Much of it, indeed, runs like a ship's log, and from the fourth to the tenth chapter, as the author suggests, it needs only to be glanced at by the general reader because it chronicles the history of the fleet almost day by day. And yet this log is invaluable ■ a picture of the grinding, inglorious labor, under the utmost difficulties and hardships, which was so essential to the salvation of the British Empire.

The chief interest centres, of course, in the story of Jutland, and it would be hard to find so vivid a picture of what a modern fleet action means as in this matter of fact narrative. One begins to appreciate the problem of handling a huge fleet of battleships, battle cruisers, light cruisers, and destroyers, which is strung out over many miles of sea and moving at great speed, hidden from each other by smoke, mist, and approaching darkness, yet which must be concentrated upon an almost invisible enemy as ■ unit of force. Two new, or newly developed, weapons of naval warfare dominate the tactics of the day—mines and torpedoes, especially the latter. In the earlier chapters we see how these weapons, together with the submarine that used them, had heavily influenced

the material, the movements, and the strategy of the Grand Fleet; but in the battle of Jutland the new torpedo, with its range of seven miles and more, affected tactics and the outcome far more than gunfire.

Of course, the original German claim to a victory is silly. Captain Persius recently put the matter thus: "Thanks to von Tirpitz's faulty constructional methods, German materials were inferior to the English. The German fleet was saved from a disastrous fate by Admiral von Scheer's skilful orders and the clumsy manoeuvring of Admiral Jellicoe, and the foggy weather which helped. If the weather had been clear and if both sides had had skilful commanders, the result would have meant our annihilation." A German naval officer quoted in "The Army and Navy Gazette" corroborates this opinion by saying that another hour of daylight would have finished the German fleet. "Our final escape," he continues, "was partly due to skilful handling, but more to the good luck which had been with us from the first. We passed the stern of the English fleet in the darkness."

It must be admitted, however, that the Germans had good reason for pride. Von Scheer certainly handled his ships well. Caught in action against a force much greater than his in numbers and weight of metal, he kicked himself free by a heavy torpedo attack combined with a smoke screen and escaped in the mist. And, battered as the Germans were, they could claim that they had met a much superior force and escaped after inflicting nearly twice as much damage as they had sustained. Their ships also proved stauncher and their shooting was beyond praise.

We come now to the moot points of the Jutland controversy. First, why did not Jellicoe form his battle line on the starboard division, which was nearest the head of the enemy's line when it appeared, rather than on the port division which was farthest away? This latter manoeuvre left Beatty unsupported and made his gallant dash across the German column fruitless. Jellicoe takes up this point in detail and by diagram, explaining, first, that he could not tell beforehand just where the German fleet was, and, secondly, that forming on the starboard division at the moment of sighting the enemy would have thrown the British ships into confusion, blanketed their fire, and created a dangerous

opening for torpedo attack from the destroyers at the head of the German column.

Again, why did Jellicoe turn away from the enemy at the critical moment of the torpedo attack and thus permit him to escape? The author replies that if he had swung his squadrons to starboard—towards the enemy—he would have headed into approaching streams of torpedoes under conditions of smoke and mist that were ideal for torpedo attack, and would thus have courted heavy destruction. On the other hand, to have sent his own destroyers to starboard in a counter-attack would have been, under existing conditions, to expose them to the fire of their own comrades. The only alternative, therefore, was to turn away from the enemy. When, some minutes later, the British swung back again in the direction of the Germans, the latter had disappeared, and occasional encounters between individual ships during the night failed to re-establish contact.

Assuming then that von Scheer would move towards Heligoland, Jellicoe shifted course to the south. At this point arises another question, why he did not keep touch with the enemy during the few hours of darkness by means of his light cruisers and destroyers. The answer is not clear. He placed his destroyers in the rear of the fleet and some got in touch with German ships during the night, but nothing came of it, although it was here in the rear of the British fleet that the Germans doubled back to the east and, skirting the coast of Jutland, reached home behind the shelter of their mine fields.

The final question, why he did not prevent the enemy's getting back by pushing between him and Heligoland, is answered by the statement that at dawn Jellicoe discovered by directional wireless that the Germans had reached a safe position between the mine fields of Horn Reef and the coast, and he implies that he could not possibly have cut them off if he had tried. Hence there was nothing left but to collect his scattered units and return to his base.

No one can read Admiral Jellicoe's discussion of the manoeuvres without realizing the complexity of his problems and respecting the reasoning and the motives that led to his decisions. As he points out, Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar represented only about a fourth of Britain's sea force, but the British fleet at



Jutland represented practically the entire naval strength of the Empire. His point of view was this: "If I gamble on the torpedo attack I do so against heavy odds; and if I lose, the cause of the Allies goes at a single throw." Many readers therefore will feel that his policy of caution was abundantly justified. Others, however, will not feel satisfied. They will insist that with his preponderance of ships he should have risked more, that he was unnecessarily "torpedo shy," and that he missed the most glorious opportunity since Trafalgar. Certainly a decisive victory would have been invaluable: May, 1916, was one of the ebb points in the war. Verdun was in peril, and the Somme offensive had not begun. As Jervis remarked on the eve of the battle of St. Vincent, "England has great need of a victory at this time." Moreover the entire submarine campaign was based on the High Seas Fleet, and the war without U-boats, after Jutland, would have been a tremendously different thing for England and her Allies.

This opposing view is best represented by Mr. Arthur Pollen, the naval critic of "Land and Water." He holds, in part, that Jellicoe should have formed battle line on the information he already possessed without waiting for the German column to appear, and thus would have been in position to strike hard at the opening; that he could have taken some chances rather than turn away and permit the enemy to escape; and that the next morning he should have made it his first business to intercept the crippled enemy as it limped home. But Mr. Pollen's condemnation goes farther than the battle itself. He declares that the defects in gunnery and construction as well as in the tactics of Jutland are due to the wrong policy that has paralyzed the Admiralty in recent years. He adds:

From 1905 onwards, . . . the Admiralty was dominated by a group who thought of naval war as a state of things in which Great Britain would somehow, and inevitably, command the sea. They never thought of it in terms of victorious fighting by which alone command of the sea can be assured. . . . They did not concern themselves with finding a strategy that should force their enemy to battle, nor with tactics by which the unthought-of battle should be fought, nor with methods by which their battle weapons should be used. Not only did they not prepare to fight: they did not expect that the enemy would do so. . . .

Accordingly they did not protect the fleet bases nor prepare for thwarting the under-water war which, had their plan been right, was the only form of war in which the enemy could engage.

This sweeping condemnation seems emphatically borne out by the revelations of Admiral Jellicoe himself. What must have chagrined the English public and what certainly surprised the American is his painstaking statement of the superiority of the German material over the British—despite Captain Persius's opinion to the contrary. Somehow we had imagined that the last word in naval preparation would be found in the Grand Fleet because of its predominance and its vital importance to the British Empire. But there seems no escaping the truth of these revelations because the author gives specific details.

For example, at the outbreak of war the British had only seventeen submarines capable of operating in enemy waters while the Germans had twenty-eight, and the British lacked the wireless apparatus with which the U-boats were equipped. Moreover, the German submarines "possessed a radius of action and sea-keeping qualities considerably greater than those of our own submarines." There was a similar disparity in destroyers. In 1914 "the High Seas Fleet possessed eighty-eight destroyers and the Grand Fleet only forty-two," and each German destroyer carried six torpedoes to the British four. The British mines also were inferior to the German and there were very few mine-sweepers for the Grand Fleet. In addition the Germans had dirigibles for scouting while the British had none.

Although it had been clear for several years that the next enemy would be Germany, nothing had been done to prepare bases on the east coast. After war began, a base had to be improvised at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys, where there was not a gun, a mine, or a coal shed. More than once a German submarine entered Scapa Flow, chasing the whole fleet out to sea in a panic because no submarine defenses had been prepared. Sometimes the Grand Fleet had to seek refuge in the less exposed waters of the west coast, and even here the "Audacious" was lost.

The battle of Jutland, according to Jellicoe, showed that the Germans had a better type of armor-piercing shell, better armored ships, better system of director firing, better range-finding methods and devices, better search-lights, better smoke-

screening devices, and a "star shell"—unknown to the British—but invaluable for fighting at night.

Apparently the author's purpose in making these astonishing admissions is to justify the fact that the Grand Fleet did not accomplish more. For some of these defects he charges the reluctance of Parliament to appropriate more money, and Admiral Fiske, in a recent review, accordingly transfers the entire blame to the "pacifists" of Parliament. But one can imagine an M. P. calling this explanation "a bit thick." When was the nation informed of all these amazing deficiencies in its navy? Who was responsible for the defective armor that sent the "Indefatigable," "Queen Mary," and "Invincible" to the bottom with such tragic suddenness? Who had accepted the inferior type of shell, the inferior fire control, the inferior methods of deployment—and all the rest—giving England to understand that there were no better? The navy of 1914, according to Pollen, was largely the work of Jellicoe himself. It looks indeed as if England had trusted her Admiralty "experts" to give in return for the enormous sum spent on the navy the best that brains could devise, and those experts were caught napping. It is not the first time. In the eighteenth century, for instance, the English allowed the French to go far beyond them in the art of naval signalling, and it was chiefly due to the clumsy signal methods of the English that they lost the battle of the Virginia Capes, in 1781, and with it America.

The moral of these revelations is two-fold: first, that Britain should contrive to get a more progressive type of officers into the Admiralty, and second, that it should create a better liaison between the navy and the nation that is paying for it and depending on it for the maintenance of its liberties.

It is only just to Admiral Jellicoe, however, to note that he felt the need of a more aggressive strategy on the part of the navy. He repeatedly urged on the Admiralty the need of countermining in the Heligoland Bight, and as early as 1914 the need of destroying the German base at Zeebrugge—but in vain. After his return to the Admiralty he called Sir Roger Keyes to the task of planning the attack on Zeebrugge, which resulted in what is likely to be regarded as the most splendid offensive exploit in naval history. Nor can one leave this book without feeling



that the author's personality embodies, even to those who are inclined to criticise him most, some of the finest traditions of the British naval officer—straightforward sincerity, modesty, devotion to his subordinates, and, above all, his sense of responsibility and duty to his country and his king.

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### THE MAKING OF ENGLAND

*An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History*, by George Burton Adams, \$1.75, Yale University Press, New Haven. *Norman Institutions*, by Charles Homer Haskins, \$2.75, Harvard University Press, Cambridge. 1918.

The theme of the "Outline Sketch" is liberty—the Anglo-Saxon gift of liberty to the world. It is written with the deep restrained enthusiasm of one who knows his theme and its bigness, whose maturity of scholarship justifies broad-scale syntheses, who is ready to formulate what he has to say on one of the great subjects of history—to many the very greatest—"how modern liberty came to be what it is and what foundations our institutions have in the past history of the race."

And yet this little book of two hundred short pages must surely be looked upon as but the avant-courier of a more comprehensive book that should follow. Its limitations are drastic, but clearly stated and rigidly kept. Of the "constitution," one whole side, the local government, is left out; the national government only is treated. And in this field, there is little of description or explanation except what is incidental to the working out of the root principle of English government, how there came to be perfected a "method of holding the government responsible to the will of the nation without the constant danger of civil war." The narrative and institutional knowledge presupposed puts the general reader to a severe test; but with the proper equipment the reading is a great pleasure, whether or not one accepts all the steps and conclusions.

About half the book is on the Middle Ages, and relatively large space is allotted to the all-important twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Here, of course, is set forth Professor Adams's own theory of the origin of the English constitution, now long familiar to

specialists in this field. This undoubtedly is his greatest specific contribution; and it is interesting to notice, as the years pass, how, after considerable opposition and more misunderstanding, the essential features are gaining recognition both in this country and in England. For it is a thesis which demolishes what little was left of the old, shire-moot, "mark" community, German-forest notions of the origin of democracy. To him, essential facts are the presence in England, after 1066, of the strong Norman, centralized government and the continental, political feudal institutions which the Normans brought with them, and which contained the principle of free contract between the king and his barons, indeed between all lords and vassals. When the barons, on the basis of this principle, had enforced their rights against King John in the great crisis of 1215 and the contract idea had been enshrined in Magna Carta, the foundations of constitutional monarchy had been laid. There is no better illustration of how "freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent" than the spreading out of this contract idea from its feudal source until it finally formed the basis of all the relations between the king and his subjects.

But to the many who knew in advance most that Professor Adams would say about the mediaeval constitution the most welcome part of this book is the modern end, where few but his own students have heard him; and that part especially from the accession of the Stuarts. How the popular sovereignty principle was brought to formulation in the Strafford prosecution, the Militia Ordinance, and the trial of a king for treason; the tracking-down of the written constitution idea clear to 1911, with a bit of prophecy at the end; getting the nub of a vast amount of history into his "compromise" notion of the Restoration; the short, enlightening contrasts between England and the American colonies in all this; and, more than all, his treatment of the Cabinet, which has little to say of outward forms and personnel, but sticks to the trail of the essential quality until one sees its inception and is made to sense that here was something new and great under the sun—these things stir the impulse to applaud as the end of the book is reached.

A most common word throughout is the word "unconscious." It is like a text upon which the whole thing hangs. It recurs like

a refrain of which probably the writer himself was unconscious. It is found not only in what relates to the Middle Ages, the time which we habitually call politically unconscious, but clear to the end; and it tells its own story of how the English constitution has grown. Other countries have imitated and speculated and looked into the future. England has been shaping a new thing whose "future could not be foreseen nor planned in detail." Here lies the lure of the thing for this author, the distinction of English history. He is writing of a "road," to him the most glorious in the political history of the world, that had "never been travelled before."

In sharp contrast to this book of broad generalization, built upon the mature work of generations of scholars, the "Norman Institutions" is a collection of special studies in a comparatively narrow field, and to a large extent breaks new soil. Not many years ago the most that one could read consecutively about Norman constitutional history was in the slender chapter on Norman law in Pollock and Maitland's famous book. Then, in 1903, Professor Haskins began to publish in the *American and English Historical Reviews* a series of articles which served notice that he had staked out for himself the distant and rather dangerous claim of early Norman institutions. Some eight or nine of these appeared in the decade following, never long, but incisive, fully documented, and authoritative. It had long been expected that a book would follow, and now two have come: his "Normans in European History" (1915), largely the publication of a course of public lectures, non-constitutional and intended for general reading; and the subject of the present notice, a technical work which embodies his previous articles "carefully revised from the sources and considerably expanded," with the addition of much that is wholly new.

It should not be thought that Professor Haskins alone has been working in this field. A great deal, more or less closely connected, has been brought out by the continental scholars, Delisle, Valin, Brunner, Böhmer, and in England by Round, Powicke, Poole, and some ten or twelve others in lesser degree. Indeed, at many points there has been nothing for it but to reap after these men. Yet all of them have treated Normandy either from the point of view of French history or else have been con-



cerned only with some very limited phase of the subject. Professor Haskins undertook his studies "for the purpose of seeking light on the constitutional development of England," and "their original purpose has determined their scope and character." With only the limitation which this purpose has set, he has sought to know all that is knowable of Normandy before its separation from England in 1204. As it turns out, this means the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and parts of these in very slender fashion. It is hard to give up the satisfaction of beginning at the beginning, and 911 does not seem such an early beginning as to bear impenetrable obscurity with it. Yet the "earliest trustworthy information respecting the government of Normandy" falls in the lifetime of the Conqueror himself, and much of it is gleaned from that latter part after the battle of Hastings.

The first five chapters are chronological and deal from reign to reign with such matters as the documents make possible, sometimes full, sometimes scanty, always with a perfectly clear recognition of just the limits which the documents set. One feels the rock-bottom of document all the time, with no mitigating upholstery of gratuitous comment. Of the first chapter, the author may justly claim that "there is here given for the first time a comprehensive description of the government of Normandy under William the Conqueror, with special reference to conditions on the eve of the Conquest of England." Throughout, there is much about fiscal administration and exchequer beginnings, the ducal chancery, very much about the Duke's official household and all officials, and about his *curia*, its make-up and its activities, especially along judicial lines. For the sixth and last chapter is set apart a commanding theme of the whole period, the early Norman jury.

There is nothing in all this that is going to startle anyone or even immediately interest anyone outside a small group of specialists. It has not been the author's fortune, like Maitland and Vinogradoff, to deal with problems of note—like the manor—which have excited scholars and even seeped over into popular writing. No more people are likely to read this book than read Liebermann or Round; indeed, Professor Haskins's work is somewhat like theirs in so far as it plays along the borderland between the discovery and editing of documents and a setting forth of

what these documents contain—the eleven appendices, nearly a third of the whole book, are almost wholly a learned discussion of the sources and contain a large number of documents not printed before. Still, there is no claim to finality even on the basis of documents now known; over and over again there is mention of work yet to be done after further study and sifting.

There is notable lack of the polemical spirit and no trace of satisfaction in catching another in error. Throughout there appears no bias, no initial purpose other than to extend human knowledge. The author found here a region but scantily explored and yet obviously related to the constitutional history of England; and therein appears to be his sole purpose in devoting to it his best years. If he has not met with many adventures in his explorations, he nevertheless seems wholly and philosophically contented to have done sound work. The documents he has discovered and edited will be used by others, and his many detailed points of fact and conclusion will pass into the mass of accepted data, often without credit—indeed many have already done so. One important generalization will surely now never be questioned: Normandy, in all that related to central administration, early outstripped its neighbors, such as Anjou, Flanders, and the domains of the King of France; and Normandy along with England came to lead all Northern Europe. The give and take between England and Normandy and how each strengthened the other, are made clear here as not before.

Professor Haskins hints that his book may have been “over-long in the making.” The time was not long, but short, when it is considered that the structure has had to be built from the ground up, from the very discovery of the documents in many cases; and there are few books which contain between their two covers so many brilliant illustrations of the various steps and processes of the historian’s craft. Like all works of real scholarship, it has been one over which the author has gladly lingered and which bears pleasant memories—“summers of study and research in some of the pleasant places of the earth, . . . quiet days of study in provincial collections, long evenings of reflection by the Orne or Vire or in the garden of some cathedral city, and rare afternoons at Chantilly with Leopold Delisle. . . .” And there are the added sentiment and bonds which the war has brought. To the “his-

torians of an elder day must now be added friends and students whose end has come recently and all too soon, French and English scholars of promise and already of fulfilment, American scholars in the making, martyrs to a common cause which is higher than scholarship and dearer than life itself."

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### THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOSTON

*The Early Years of the Saturday Club, 1855-1870, by Edward Waldo Emerson, \$7.50, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1918.*

The Saturday Club, the early history of which is told in the volume before us, is a dining club established in Boston in the middle of last century by several men of exceptional brilliancy who happened to be living in or near Boston at that time. The club still exists and has warranted the preparation and publication of this volume. It is a handsome book, well printed, but distressingly heavy, weighing more than three pounds. This is a burden for the hands; there is no other heaviness, however, in this most readable volume.

The work has been prepared under the editorship of Dr. E. W. Emerson who has done his work very well. The story of the founding of the club is fully and clearly told although there had gathered round those early days some of the obscurity that surrounds the foundation of Rome. Some of the details had been forgotten by those whom the editor had consulted for information, but they are of no great importance, at least to the outer world. It is enough that a dozen or so distinguished men found themselves gathered round a table once a month with all the conditions for good talk. It was this talk which made the Club what it was. That most of the men were brilliant cannot be denied. It was an exceptional table company that used to meet at Parker's, and it is well to try to record their prowess.

The book gives a good picture of the time not so very remote when Boston, or at least an important part of Boston, interested itself in letters, and the town was famous as a literary centre. All that is gone now, and of its former glory there remains only a fantastic reputation for priggishness. The swift disappearance of its literary importance can be compared only with the crum-



bling of the German Empire. Its periodicals practically make no pretensions to interest themselves in literature; Boston is now a manufacturing town with some taste for music.

The Golden Age of Boston is well portrayed in this bulky volume. There are bits of description of the Saturday Club in different years, interspersed with brief biographies of the different members, all told in a most agreeable and chatty manner. The men are described in a way that would have satisfied even them, for there can be no more sensitive reader of a biography than the man who is its subject. In a word, the tone of the book is the very opposite of that to be found in the "Spoon River Anthology." For the accomplishment of this genial task, biographies, letters, and diaries have been consulted, with the desire of putting before us especially their clubbishness. Yet while the general impression is most agreeable, it is curious to see how few and generally how trivial are the bits of talk that have survived. If talk is not at once recorded it is gone forever, and never is the memory more treacherous than when it is trying to recall a conversation. It is the unexpected that gives talk its charm, and it is the inconsequent that is hard to remember. The talker shares the brief fame of the singer. Dr. Johnson and Socrates are the two men whom we know, we may say, only by the record of their talk made by admiring friends. Others we know about from the raptures of their contemporaries or from a few *mots* which have come down to us, but the give and take of their talk is lost. Dr. Holmes chatted busily for eighty years to everyone he met; how much is preserved? Practically nothing; taken all together, what would hardly fill two pages. Yet nothing is better than informal talk and nothing more volatile. It represents the real thought of man before it is trimmed and clipped to be put into print, and it is, or should be, unliterary. There are no traces of conversational pomp in these pages; the things remembered are very light. There are many amusing touches and memories of those remote days, which it would be pilfering to reprint here, and they are so many and so ingeniously interwoven that the volume is really a valuable contribution to the literary history of the time. The geniality with which the different writers have made their sketches is most agreeable. Even Charles Sumner, who has left behind him a statuesque impression, is put before

us ■■ an attractive personality, and there are other sitters who lend themselves more readily to the artist's command to look pleasant. Especially good is the representation of Mr. Henry James's (the father's) profuse domestic eloquence, and that of Mr. J. S. Dwight's modest merit. The book is really interesting with a charm quite its own.

THOMAS S. PERRY.

Boston.

### PEGASUS REDIVIVUS!

*Counter-Attack*, by Siegfried Sassoon, \$1.25; *Lanterns in Gethsemane*, by Willard Wattles, \$1.50; E. P. Dutton & Co. *The Madman*, by Kahlil Gibran, \$1.25; *Fairies and Fusiliers*, by Robert Graves, \$1.00; Alfred A. Knopf. *The Ghetto*, by Lola Ridge, \$1.25; *A Family Album*, by Alter Brody, \$1.25; B. W. Huebsch. New York. *Japanese Prints*, by John Gould Fletcher, \$1.75, Four Seas Co., Boston. *Young Adventure*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, \$1.25, Yale University Press, New Haven. 1918.

Demobilization, with its promise of a return to normal vision, is proceeding rapidly—especially among the poets. Even Pegasus, patient in harness, is being divested of his army accoutrements and blinders. His head is lifted; he paws the ground. The old sky-ranger, cramped by the routine repressions of martial exigencies, is once more finding his way—and his wings. He lifts them tentatively, with a deliberation unusual to the ancient sweeper of stars—a doubt and hesitation that communicates itself to his riders. It was a strange crew he carried, these last eighteen months: violent versifiers, hate-breeders, false prophets, poorly disguised imperialists, punitive poets, patrioteers, and two or three genuinely inspired riders who were worthy of their mount. Many have remained on his back as long as he cantered on solid earth. But it needs something more than a skilled literary equestrianism to keep in the saddle when Pegasus takes the bit between his teeth and bolts—upward.

Sassoon is one of the few who were not carried away by the rush of red emotions when many of England's "best" poets were trying to write variations on the Hymn of Hate. His "The Old Huntsman" revealed a nature that had met the war but had not been conquered by it; Sassoon showed that, brutalizing as was this most brutal of conflicts, it could not debase the essentially clean and

shining manhood of man. In the new volume, the tone is less affirmative, more incisive; it is at times a broken utterance, bitter to the point of madness. Before Sassoon had finished "Counter-Attack," he had fought three times in France, once in Palestine, had been made a captain, and had won the Military Cross for an act of valor on the field. Yet the outrage and loathing of all war leaps from this volume like a sharp and agonizing outcry. It is a protest to which Captain Robert Nichols (whom Masefield has coupled with Sassoon and Graves as "England's rising stars") adds his own hot approval in an illuminating introduction. "Let no one ever," Sassoon told Nichols, "from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war. It is dangerous even to speak of how here and there the individual may gain some hardship of soul by it. For war is hell and those who institute it are criminals. Were there anything to say for it, it should not be said; for its spiritual disasters far outweigh any of its advantages."

"For myself," adds Nichols, "this is the truth. War doesn't ennoble; it degrades. The words of Barbusse placed at the beginning of this book should be engraved over the doors of every war office of every state in the world."

Turning to the poetry, it is difficult to choose among these stern and eloquent pages, even though, as might be expected, many of them are choked with passion. A suave utterance, a neatly joined structure would be incongruous and even inexcusable in lines like these—verses that are compounded of love, fever, and indignation. These poems do not merely spring from the poet's convictions; they are wrenched from the bleeding core of his suffering. Read the graphic title poem; the quaintly horrible "The Effect"; the terribly ironic "How To Die," "Lamentations," "Editorial Impressions"; the sweeping indictment in "To Any Dead Officer"; the shattering poignance of "Banishment." These things vibrate with the force of an overpowering emotion; they synthesize in poetry what "Le Feu" spread out in panoramic prose. Here is a characteristic, brief picture, "Glory of Women":

You love us when we're heroes, home on leave,  
Or wounded in a mentionable place.  
You worship decorations; you believe  
That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.  
You make us shells. You listen with delight,



By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled.  
 You crown our distant ardors while we fight,  
 And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.

You can't believe that British troops "retire"  
 When hell's last horror breaks them, and they run,  
 Trampling the terrible corpses—blind with blood.  
     O German mother dreaming by the fire,  
     While you are knitting socks to send your son,  
     His face is trodden deeper in the mud.

"You civilized persons who read this book," Nichols concludes, "not only as a poet but as a soldier I beg of you not to turn from it. Read it again and again till its words become part of your consciousness. It was written by a man for mankind's sake, that might once more become 'that which is humane' not an empty phrase; that the words of Blake might blossom to a new meaning—

Thou art a man, God is no more;  
 Thine own humanity learn to adore.

Graves's "Fairies and Fusiliers" needs no such appeal. It is as little given to jingoistic verse as Sassoon's volumes, but, as the title suggests, it is full of a lighter spirit, a naïve whimsicality. Graves also reacts against the wave of fury and bloody lust (*vide* his poem "A Dead Boche"), but where Sassoon is violent, Graves is volatile; where Sassoon is bitter, Graves is almost blithe. An unconquerable gaiety of spirit rises even out of the shock and welter of war. Notice the raillery in the "Grantchester"-like "Letter to S. S. from Mametz Wood," the colorful nonsense of "An Idyll" (also written to his chum Sassoon), the lively humor in the autobiographic "Escape." In the same mood but in an even lighter key, Graves refreshes one with "A Boy in Church," "I Wonder What It Feels Like to be Drowned," "The Caterpillar," "A Pinch of Salt." It is a queer blend, this mingling of Masfield, Stevenson, Brooke, and Hodgson—but Graves combines them extraordinarily, and adds a good dash of something that is unquestionably his own. It is no weak gift, this tuneful, lesser magic of Graves's; its grace springs from sturdy roots; even its careless whimsies are backed by a firm feeling. This strength is evidenced in a dozen places, most strikingly perhaps when Graves turns, in a wholly serious mood, to such fine things as his couplets

"To Robert Nichols," the pathos of "Goliath and David" and this mordant scrap called "Dead Cow Farm":

An ancient saga tells us how  
 In the beginning the First Cow  
 (For nothing living yet had birth  
 But Elemental Cow on earth)  
 Began to lick cold stones and mud.  
 Under her warm tongue flesh and blood  
 Blossomed, a miracle to believe:  
 And so was Adam born and Eve. . . .  
 Here now is chaos once again,  
 Primeval mud, cold stones, and rain.  
 Here flesh decays and blood drips red,  
 And the Cow's dead, the old Cow's dead.

Something of Graves's buoyancy impels the verse of Stephen Vincent Benét, the extremely talented brother of the gifted William Rose Benét. His "Young Adventure" is a vivid, colorful volume—and an astonishing one for an undergraduate. Still uncertain himself of which direction his work will take, this young poet tries all directions; many of these frankly youthful adventures are along paths which have been blazed by earlier pioneers. "The White Peacock" owes much of its *diablerie* to Amy Lowell; "The Hemp" carries an obvious indebtedness to Alfred Noyes; the consonantal brusqueness of Robert Browning *via* W. R. Benét sharpens the speech in "Alexander VI Dines with the Cardinal of Capua"; I even detect echoes of a more familiar idiom in the spirited "Rain after a Vaudeville Show." But these sometime unconscious imitations are the records of growth; Benét does not sink beneath his influences, he rises with them. Nor is he without a quality that spells originality. His own voice rings clearly through the excellent "Portrait of a Boy," "The General Public," "Going Back to School," and this imaginative sonnet entitled "Return—1917":

"*The College will reopen Sept.*"—*Catalogue.*

I was just aiming at the jagged hole  
 Torn in the yellow sandbags of their trench,  
 When something threw me sideways with a wrench  
 And the skies seemed to shrivel like a scroll  
 And disappear . . . and propped against the bole

Of a big elm I lay, and watched the clouds  
 Float through the blue, deep sky in speckless crowds,  
 And I was clean again, and young, and whole.

Lord, what a dream that was! And what a doze  
 Waiting for Bill to come along to class!  
 I've cut it now—and he—Oh, hello, Fred!  
 Sit down and tell me!—What do you suppose!  
 I dreamed I . . . am I . . . wounded? "*You are dead.*"

No greater contrast to this work could be found than the poems in "A Family Album." Benét and Brody are about the same age; both volumes are the first serious presentation of their authors; both books are amazingly free from technical immaturities. But where Benét's work is almost all in rhyme, Brody's is entirely in an a-metrical *vers libre*; where Benét is facile and adaptive, Brody is *gauche* and individual. Many of Brody's lines are uncouth and distorted; what music they have is often fortuitous. And yet these pages are crammed with a picturesque honesty and an uncompromising beauty. It is a romantic realism that uplifts such poems as "Kartúshkiya-Beróza," "A Row of Poplars; Central Park," "Ghetto Twilight," "A Funeral: Italian Quarter." It is, to be more accurate, a romanticism that springs from reality and, after a fantastic flight of the imagination, settles back with a new vision. Ugliness is here accepted as part of the design; a rude theme that is not so much a cacophony as a necessary counterpoint. Page after page glows with earnest if somewhat stammering (or stale) discoveries; a mixture of dream, disillusion, frank egotism, and fresh revelations. Brody's city pictures are something more than brilliant exercises; they are true documents, strange, provocative, human. His interpretation of the most casual crossings and corners takes on the appearance of authority beyond that of a striving poet; one is given a glimpse of young America through the eyes of young Russia. Observe "Ma," "In the Circulating Library," "Times Square," "Grotesque." These things, in spite of a few brash passages, persist. I quote, as an instance of how sharply Brody evokes his interiors, this clean-cut fragment, "Lamentations":

In a dingy kitchen  
 Facing a Ghetto backyard



An old woman is chanting Jeremiah's Lamentations,  
 Quaveringly,  
 Out of ■ Hebrew Bible . . .

The gaslight flares and falls . . .

This night,  
 Two thousand years ago,  
 Jerusalem fell and the Temple was burned.

To-night  
 This white-haired Jewess  
 Sits in her kitchen and chants—by the banks of the Hudson—  
 The Lament of the Prophet.

The gaslight flares and falls . . .

Nearby,  
 Locked in her room,  
 Her daughter lies on a bed convulsively sobbing.  
 Her face is dug in the pillows;  
 Her shoulders heave with her sobs—  
 The bits of a photograph lie on the dresser.

Miss Ridge's volume contains one poem that is masterful, several that are brilliant, and none that is mediocre. Sometimes, instead of the leashed power which one feels in the title poem, the note is forced and becomes noticeably strident. But these moments of over-emphasis are rare. Miss Ridge usually controls her instrument; her lines sparkle, her images glitter with a rich fecundity. "The Ghetto," dulled as it is by an intrusive and rhetorical envoy, contains enough strength and vision for an average volume. Quotation would break the beauty of these lines. But several of the shorter poems, though neither as finished nor as fused as this astonishing record of Hester Street, contain some of her most vivid figures. In "Promenade," the spires

. . . rise like litanies—  
 Magnificats of stone  
 Over the white silence of the arcs  
 Burning in perpetual adoration.

She watches the women on Broadway drift in limousines

That shut like silken caskets  
 On gems half-weary of their glittering . . .

"Faces," another view of the modern ghetto, begins

A late snow beats  
 With cold white fists upon the tenements—  
 Hurriedly drawing blinds and shutters,  
 Like tall old slatterns  
 Pulling aprons about their heads.

Everywhere this picture-making gift is striking. It attains a swift muscularity in the section "Labor," and achieves new scintillance in "Manhattan Nights." But in the title poem it touches the heights. Here pictures, passion, and personality are blended. Fortunately, the rest of the volume does not belittle the opening. As a book, "The Ghetto" is memorable; as a "first book," it is incredible.

Willard Wattles, after languishing in the pages of various social and "smart" magazines, has, in this year of first books, finally attained the dignity of cloth covers. And "Lanterns in Gethsemane," made up almost entirely of mystical and religious poems, will serve both as an introduction and a surprise. For there is little ministerial unction and none of the sermonizing cant or pomposity in these fresh pages. The theme is solemn, yet the notes are light and fanciful. Many of Wattles's verses have the peculiar grace of a parable joined to a nursery rhyme; a scrap of the Scriptures rendered by Mother Goose. There is an unusual vibrancy here; a quality of buoyance that glows warmly against its theological background. In this book, the personality of Jesus is dominant. But Wattles, stripping him of the mummified vesture and ecclesiastic formalism, makes him intimate without vulgarizing him in the Billy Sunday manner or sentimentalizing him in the tone of the hymn books. Witness such a haunting snatch as "Return" with its glorified jingle opening:

Wise man, wise man,  
 Fingers and thumbs,  
 Which is the way  
 That Jesus comes?

Turn to "Nonchalance," "An Epitaph for the Devil," "Jericho," for the other examples of this warm naïveté. Or to such a poem as "The Money Changers" where it mounts into hot anger. Or,

without over-stressing its simplicity, observe how delicately it declares itself in "The Builder":

Smoothing a cypress beam  
With a scarred hand  
I saw a carpenter  
In a far land.

Down past the flat roofs  
Poured the white sun;  
But still he bent his back,  
The patient one.

And I paused surprised  
In that queer place  
To find an old man  
With a haunting face.

"Who art thou, carpenter,  
Of the bowed head;  
And what buildest thou?"  
"Heaven," he said.

John Gould Fletcher's new volume is both provocative and disappointing. Provocative in its programme, which is to render the spirit of the Japanese printers and poets; disappointing, since it often falls below its own promise and Mr. Fletcher's power. Even the title is misleading, for these pictures (with their reminder of Fenolossa-Pound's "Cathay"), are far more suggestive of Chinese than of Japanese originals. While many of these short pictures reflect a borrowed sentimentality, equally many are infused with a terse and subtle loveliness; they show how skilfully the mechanics of the Imagists can be used. In their clipped beauty and condensed color (a far cry from Fletcher's thickly splashed "Symphonies") they take on a quiet authenticity; they point scornfully and with double emphasis at the gaudy, pseudo-Oriental illustrations that presume to "interpret" the poems. It is surprising that such crass occidental drawings were used instead of reproductions from Hiroshige and Utamaro—things that should naturally accompany poems like "Court Lady Standing Under Plum Tree," "Woman in Winter Costume," "The Beautiful Geisha," or "An Oiran and Her Kamuso"—



Gilded hummingbirds are whizzing  
 Through the palace garden,  
 Deceived by the jade petals  
 Of the Emperor's jewel-trees.

In the work of Kahlil Gibran we encounter a peculiar blend of East and West. His native Arabian mysticism speaks through a sophistication that owes as little to the Orient as the studies of Dr. Sigmund Freud. In fact, the researches of the latter rather than the songs of the Near East furnish the impulse for many of these penetrating parables. Observe "The New Pleasure," "The Sleep-Walkers," "Night and the Madman," "The Greater Sea." They are the sort of prose pictures an Eastern pundit might have written after he had been psycho-analyzed—Rabindranath Tagore paraphrased by James Oppenheim. But it is a genuine and personal warmth that quickens the loveliness of "Said a Blade of Grass," that kindles the irony of "The Wise King," that fuses passion and purpose in "Defeat." Here is Gibran in one of his sharper moments, "On Giving and Taking":

Once there lived a man who had a valleyful of needles. And one day the mother of Jesus came to him and said: "Friend, my son's garment is torn and I must needs mend it before he goeth to the temple. Wouldst thou not give me a needle?"

And he gave her not a needle, but he gave her a learned discourse on Giving and Taking to carry to her son before he should go to the temple.

And here, in a softer but more expansive mood, is an almost biblical solemnity in "The Astronomer":

In the shadow of the temple my friend and I saw a blind man sitting alone. And my friend said, "Behold the wisest man of our land."

Then I left my friend and approached the blind man and greeted him. And we conversed.

After a while I said, "Forgive my question; but since when hast thou been blind?"

"From my birth," he answered.

Said I, "And what path of wisdom followest thou?"

Said he, "I am an astronomer."

Then he placed his hand upon his breast saying, "I watch all these suns and moons and stars."

Sassoon to Gibran—a far cry. But poetry and the League of Nations are making hash of Kipling's most quoted couplet.

Daily it is becoming more and more of an anachronism. Soon . . . But prophecy should be reserved for the Future and H. G. Wells. Meanwhile, Pegasus is again champing at the bit.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

New York City.

### UNDERSTANDING JAPAN

*The Development of Japan*, by K. S. Latourette, \$1.50, Macmillan Co. *Japan at the Cross Roads*, by A. M. Pooley, \$3.50; *Japan at First Hand*, by Joseph I. C. Clarke, \$2.50; Dodd, Mead & Co. *The Japanese Crisis*, by James A. B. Scherer, \$0.75, F. A. Stokes Co. *Rising Japan*, by Jabez T. Sunderland, \$1.25; *Romance of Old Japan*, by Elizabeth W. and Frere Champney, \$3.50; G. P. Putnam's Sons. *Japan, the Rise of a Modern Power*, by R. P. Porter, \$2.25, Oxford University Press. *Japan or Germany*, by Frederic Coleman, \$1.35; *Samurai Trails*, by Lucian S. Kirtland, \$2.50; George H. Doran Co. New York. *The Menace of Japan* by Frederick McCormick, \$2.50, Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1917-1918.

The vital issue of Japan looms directly behind those involved in the great war. Our own generation in the Western world has so completely excluded consideration of peoples outside of those of European descent that it is hard for the wisest of us to accept these outsiders as real elements in the problems facing Christian nations. We are confronted now with an ally in the East that not only claims equality with the rest of us but asserts a predominance in Further Asia to balance the predominance of the United States in this hemisphere. Logically, Japan's claim to serve as the effective instrument in China's reform is admissible; England has more than once intervened to save Europe; we have attempted something of the same sort on our own continent. We do not know quite how well we like it, but it happens that in the present crisis the world we were fighting for owes much already to Japan. Her alliance with the Central Powers would have made it impossible to preserve the commerce of the Entente on the high seas or transport contingents from their colonies. Her action in wiping up German outposts in the Pacific insured the establishment of a sea-supremacy without which the Allies would surely have been defeated.

But it is not because we owe this to Japan that we need to

study her civilization, though the fact remains that Japan's participation in the war involves her association with the Allies in the arrangement of a peace. It is due to the limitations of our accepted course of education that Western peoples have neglected Asiatic politics and cultures, and are uneasy now at finding themselves confronted with unfamiliar elements upon which public opinion has thus far reached no generally accepted conclusions. In this respect we are far behind the Japanese. As one of their statesmen told an English audience, "We know ten times more about you than you do about us." In view of the careful instruction in European history provided by the schools of Japan, this will long continue to be true. It is contented ignorance about new and unwelcome conditions that has brought China and Persia within measurable distance of political extinction.

There is no space here to do more than suggest the need of a reconstruction of our common-school curricula, if we would escape the penalty of national ignorance and bring an acquaintance with actual Asia to the meanest intelligence. That this can be done without a convulsive change is shown in Professor Latourette's readable "Development of Japan," which follows his short volume on the development of China recently published for a similar purpose. A book like this, written by a trained historical student oppressed by no pretention to exhaustive erudition in his subject, avoids at once the defects of the popular accounts of returned residents of Japan—so often disqualified as writers by the derangement of their sense of values—and those of accomplished specialists. The volume deserves its place at the head of recent works on Japan because its function is an important one and because it fulfils that function admirably within its proper limits. As an introduction to a knowledge of modern Japan, it supplies the reader with the briefest possible sketch of its past history, from which, however, he is made to realize the true sources of existing political conditions. Her own institutions were so well fitted to her purposes that Japan declined further intercourse with Europeans after a taste of the effects of gunpowder and Romanism in the sixteenth century. Her success in rejecting these mercies was mainly due to her physical isolation, but it has been a rude shock to the tradition of European ascendancy that she could effectually prohibit the trader and mission-



ary as well as the soldier from the Western world until such time as she was prepared to convert its arts to her own requirements.

This is the story plainly told, from which the reader will derive the necessary background for the discussion of details to be found in the other volumes on the shelf before us. None of these authors preserves as perfectly as Mr. Latourette the blameless impartiality of the historian, perhaps because none confines himself, as he does, to affairs of the past. The title of Mr. Pooley's "Japan at the Cross Roads" implies at once the transitory character of a work dealing with a period of crisis. Yet most men in search of data upon which to base an opinion will prefer a discussion of a dubious present to descriptions of that past which Daniel Webster once called "at least safe." It is not very profitable to guess the future, but no one is absolved from the necessity of learning what can be known of those changing forces which are prompting people to act and impelling nations to their destiny. Mr. Pooley, who has filled the responsible position of Reuter's correspondent in Japan, treats frankly but never unfairly of subjects that he examines with the authority of a long experience. It is from such experience as his that the ordinary reader is most likely to form his conclusions, and his verdict, if he reads intelligently, will not be unjust. Japan, Mr. Pooley thinks, is suffering from indigestion. The nation has acquired more things than it has been able to fit properly to its needs, and popular understanding lags behind the superior acumen of its leaders. As the Marquis Inouye put it, "The upper classes learnt much quicker than the lower, and we had the skeleton of a modern civilized state, but the muscles and nerves were undeveloped in comparison." The figure is not perfectly apposite, for Japan does not lack nerves; the trouble would seem to be an excess of nervous tension. The corruption which is evident in political and commercial life is not so much a reflection of immorality as an outcome of fierce desire to employ immediately the pent-up energies of a whole people long shut away from the world. There are, of course, dangers inherent in a dynamic force like this, but there is no need of applying a spark when an explosion is to be feared. For the present, we infer from Mr. Pooley, the *noli me tangere* principle has made the Japanese unduly suspicious. If only, he says, "they would waive their egoism for a moment, to

believe that there are other nations than Japan, and other interests than Japanese, and that the foreign offices of the world do not stay open all night to plot conspiracy against her, the prospects of quiet in the Far East would be much enhanced." The case is one for the pathologist, not the censor.

Mr. Clarke in his "Japan at First Hand," without as full an acquaintance with the country as Mr. Pooley, appears to be rather more hopeful of a speedy realization of these prospects. He is an American newspaper man and playwright who, having long watched Japan from this side, made his visit there without prejudice and returned without reproach. There is abundant comment in his description of the country, not always convincing, but agreeable reading. He accounts as follows for the presence of one shadow in his picture—the habit of deception: under the Tokugawas "society was perfectly organized, but no one trusted another. The theory of authority was that this mutual distrust helped to forbid conspiracy. In other words the people were trained in a sinister way to act to their own enslavement." Missionaries believe the source of this trouble to lie much deeper than this.

The question of national training and temperament enters profoundly into the solution of our relationship with Japan in the near future. Vulgar people on our side ask in a jaunty way, "Well, are we going to have to fight the Japs?" and some Japanese unmask their asperity by asking the same kind of question. President Scherer of Throop College, with a considerable experience of life in Japan, assures us in his "Japanese Crisis" that the marplot element over there is much as it is here, a matter of the *soshi*, or rowdy class, which is only able to compel the government if some blunder of diplomacy or legislation turns its vaporings into a poison gas. Since his book was written we have discovered that German malignity had a part in effecting such lethal changes, but this does not lessen the significance of his statement.

Dr. Sunderland's subtitle to his "Rising Japan" asks "Is She a Menace or a Comrade to be Welcomed?" Of course she must be welcomed—one is not employed as Billings Lecturer in India, China, and Japan by a religious denomination to affirm anything to the contrary—but these well-meant lectures, while admirable in tone, are not particularly satisfying. If you suspect that all is

not as it should be in the Pacific basin, Mr. McCormick's "Menace of Japan," on the other hand, contradicts the assurance of Japanophiles and asks, "Has the time come for the Great Republic to turn back in its westward march, scared from its frontiers, laughed out of the Pacific?" His analysis of the situation there maintains Japan to be a world ogre, "the last country on the globe, save perhaps Prussia, to seek empire by the subjugation of not only other, but great civilized states, and the exploitation of their resources for her individual benefit to the detriment and exclusion of others who are her predecessors, or associates, and even allies." One main thesis of the book, the iniquitous alliance—"the predatory pact"—of Russia and Japan to control Eastern Asia, has been removed from the realm of reality since it was written, another, America's military unpreparedness has disappeared; this will diminish the author's apprehension as to an invasion across the Pacific, but there is still to dread the terrible power of Japanese diplomacy, "and probably no political triphammer ever had the lightning punching power to outdo Japan's diplomacy, as is shown in her handling of China under the conditions created by the European war, especially by her demands upon China and by 'Group V,' the new Japanese diplomatic gun which sent its high explosive shells into the world's diplomatic Dunkirk."

Tirades like this recall the invective of certain British writers sixty years ago, when Mid-Victorian prudery and buckram fermented and became rancor upon meeting with opposition. Each generation produces its literature of objurgation; it is not a commendable style, but it is apt to be forgotten as soon as published. So indeed are most books, yet there is an essential difference between those that excite dislike and those that arouse curiosity. The former do not often quicken to action, they make us uncomfortable; the others stimulate a wish to know more of the subject. Such is the quality to be found in the next two books on our list. Mr. R. P. Porter in "Japan, the Rise of a Modern Power," did not produce a work which will give him lasting fame, but the little volume published after his death last year describes a Japan that actually exists and not the figment of a disordered imagination. The author presents in a small space a fairly complete account of the industrial and social condition of the empire, including a few notes on the trend of recent literature that indicate an inspiration



coming from Russian and German rather than English sources. "It may be remarked in passing," he says, "that the influence of Lafcadio Hearn does not seem to have played any part in shaping the form of Japanese literature, though his lectures on art and poetry broke down many barriers which prevent one hemisphere from sharing the sensibilities of the other."

Shrewdness rather than frankness seems to Mr. Coleman to have characterized the Japanese position in the great war. In his "Japan or Germany" we are given some inside aspects of the struggle in Siberia which leave with us a picture of an unemotional practical people willing to invest in great enterprises, but beguiled by no surging idealism. Morality in diplomacy and politics they treat as a sort of camouflage. The Japanese statesman realizes that his country is poor and unpopular. The cost of a warlike enterprise that ended in discomfiture might mean national bankruptcy with no mercy to be expected from a world that dislikes her. She is desperately determined to play safe. This is why, we are told, "the man who hopes to live until Shantung is free of Japanese control is planning a longevity which would be as extraordinary as the evacuation itself." Yet Japan is playing the game with her allies and she will do so in Siberia; she is aware of Russian susceptibilities and she will be punctilious in any action she takes there. To save Siberia from the Hun, Americans and Japanese co-operating to teach the Russian how to defend himself and withstand the German propaganda were absolutely essential, and some of the gain to be anticipated from such co-operation will be the moral and spiritual elevation of Japan herself. The man who is as outspoken on the subject of Japanese selfishness as this author, expresses a fine optimism in such a conclusion. Hopes like these based upon personal investigation are better for the times as they are, than the sheaf of impossible tales invented by Mrs. Champney in her "Romance of Old Japan." It is idle to ask romance to hold the rein and keep the road, but the day has long since passed when anyone coming back cock-a-whoop from the East, and all that therein is, can be allowed without a protest to foist vagaries like these stories upon a Western world that is at last trying to understand what the East thinks.

Another romantic delineation, this time of modern Japan, Mr. Kirtland's "Samurai Trails," is both more entertaining and more

scrupulous as an interpretation of an exotic people. On a summer walking trip in company with a Japanese friend educated in America, the author secured rare opportunities to gage the actual sentiments of a countryside. His account is rendered with admirable vivacity and offers a most readable guide for the tourist on foot planning a journey in Nippon. Mr. Kirtland is a good friend of Japan but he gives her this word of warning: "Take care that you never attempt the conquest of China. China may be conquered but never the Chinese. They will rise up and slay you, not by arms but by serving you better than you can serve yourselves."

The phenomenon of Japan is unique in history. If we deplore its selfishness and suspect its probity, we must remember that these may mark only a passing phase in the life of a nation in search of its true place in a new world; that if its self-esteem is excessive such excess always meets its due punishment in time; that a people so well trained as these in obedience and devotion are more likely than newly civilized peoples to follow the lead of their wisest minds to the safe places secured by integrity and self-sacrifice. America has been foremost in offering them the fruits of Western civilization untainted by the sinister character of the same offering when it has been made to other peoples of the East; let us hope that the sequel of our intercourse will conform to the nobility of its beginnings.

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### THE WORLD REMOULDED

*Aristodemocracy: From the Great War back to Moses, Christ, and Plato, by Sir Charles Waldstein, \$3.50, Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1917.*

Several different explanations might be given for Sir Charles Waldstein's failure in his ambitious effort rather arbitrarily entitled "Aristodemocracy." He may simply have undertaken more than he could handle; but while it is perhaps desirable in the field of religious aspiration that a man's reach should exceed his grasp, surely this is exceedingly undesirable in the fields of literary composition and logical argument. Or he may merely have attempted to marshal the varied thinking of a lifetime into

the service of a great ideal for human welfare, recapitulating all his earlier writings in the light of the war; but twice told tales are not always renewedly interesting, and a fond author too often lacks the last and greatest art, the art to blot out such of his cherished ideas as may be irrelevant to the subject in hand. Or—be it said with all respect—he may be exhibiting only the natural relaxing effects of advancing years, for Sir Charles has been before the public as an author now for four decades. However, be the explanation what it may, the failure of the book is undeniable in view of its fatal lack of recognizably definite aim, unified orderly progress, coherent self-consistency, and convincing grasp of material. The book contains some valid incidental analysis and criticism, especially of *ante bellum* Germany; many sound sermons, with the not very startling conclusion “Be good and you will be peaceful”; considerable random information and observation; but no logical development of a single well-thought-out thesis. Moreover, besides manifesting culpable ignorance on several minor points such as mysticism, Nirvana, modern recreational theory, etc., Sir Charles displays what in such a veteran author is a positively staggering inability to write English properly, for almost every other page is disfigured by grievous errors in the elementary principles of correct expression.

What then caused the book to be so widely discussed on its first appearance, and called forth an unaltered second edition? For one thing, the honorable standing of Sir Charles Waldstein, as sometime professor at Cambridge, holder of degrees from several universities, and writer of reputation, entitled him to a hearing; then, too, the grandiose pretension of the book perhaps imposed on the critics; furthermore, the Germanophile if not pacifist views advanced in Part I, the religious views in Part III, and the educational views in Part IV provided tempting matter for controversy; and finally, of course, as the following brief outline will show, the book possesses much real value and interest, however irritatingly obscured by faulty presentation.

The general introduction (which is typically misplaced: it should not be included in Part I) asserts that the “object” of the book is to show that “the real cause” of the war is the widespread



lack of adequate ideals and religious faith, and to suggest a cure for this deplorable lack in a future moral regeneration of the world. Part I, occupying nearly half the book, is entirely extraneous to this alleged "object" and really does not belong in the book at all: it is a separate and complete essay proving that German militarism was the true cause of the war and suggesting that the only cure for the future lies in the establishment of an International Court backed by power to enforce its decisions. If this Court were effective, it would render the moral regeneration unnecessary; and if the moral regeneration were effective, it would render the Court unnecessary: thus the book hovers between two conclusions which are never harmonized, nor even so much as envisaged on the same page, while Sir Charles never really brings forward a practicable method of achieving either. Part II blandly ignores this lengthy excursus erroneously called Part I, and, addressing itself to the "object" announced in the general introduction, proclaims "the inadequacy of modern morals" on the score of the deadly discrepancy between our professed faith and our actual daily practice. Strangely enough, Nietzsche is selected as the typical modern moralist. Part III divulges the "cure," which turns out to be the "codification" of the best ethical thought acceptable to the western civilization of our day; and this ethical best reduces in general to the great cardinal principles of Moses, Christ, and Plato, viz., Duty, Charity, and Ideality, respectively.

The process of determining the "obsolete" portions of the Decalogue, the New Testament, and the Platonic Philosophy, is an interesting one, as may readily be supposed, and Sir Charles's frank repudiation of everything in religion that is inconsistent with modern civilization and "big business" is very striking. Part IV gives in detail the "codification" of the new ethics, as man's duties to the family, the community, and society, the state, humanity, himself, things and actions as such, and God. The great weakness of Parts III and IV is that they do *not* "cure" the deadly discrepancy between our professed creed and our practice, as brought out in Part II, because the mere "codification" of admirable moral precepts is obviously futile; seemingly, Sir Charles utterly fails to realize the necessity of devising some sanc-

tion which shall make the code binding and vitally operative—for the few casual pages on school and home influence show no real sense of the difficulty. Still, on the whole, it will be seen from this survey that the book deals with many great questions in a fruitful, even if not in a conclusive or entirely satisfactory, way.

Attention may now be called to a rather odd point: in this discussion and synopsis not one reference to the *title* of the book has had to be made, or indeed could well be made, relevantly. As a matter of fact, the word "Aristodemocracy" occurs but twice in the whole volume, and then only as running-caption for two pages buried in the middle of the book: it does not once appear in the text proper, or even in the heading of a chapter, or in the index! Nevertheless, justified by this curiously adventitious title, it is possible to formulate, on the basis of a few scattered hints, what seems to the present reviewer the really valuable message of the book; and since Sir Charles has nowhere articulately worked out this idea, save in a brief "episodical incident," as he terms it, and further since we are frequently compelled to "endow his [presumable] purposes with words" because he himself is so lamentably unable to deliver himself with accuracy and unmistakable lucidity, it follows that if we misrepresent him here the fault is his own. To the present reviewer, then, the chief value of the book lies in its fleeting and sporadic mention of the great gospel of conscious or directive evolution, with its goal the production of a spiritual and cultural aristocracy in the midst of a sound and vigorous democracy. By all means guarantee to "the masses" freedom, justice, equal opportunity—what you will; but never forget that from the standpoint of the civilization and perhaps even the salvation of the race, it is the aristocracy that counts, not the democracy: it is—to piece together certain quotations from Sir Charles—"more important to develop, if not in man in general, at all events in certain men, those higher attainments the totality of which constitutes a higher human being, than that hundreds, nay perhaps even thousands, of ordinary men should have more food to eat than they have at present."

LAWRENCE MASON.

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## THE MACHINERY OF HENRY JAMES

*The Method of Henry James, by Joseph Warren Beach, \$2.00, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1918.*

Somewhere in the scheme of things literary, as revealed to Professor Beach, his criticism, doubtless, finds not only justification, but triumphant demonstration. For the present reviewer, his book raises more questions than it settles. Assumptions, conclusions, estimates, and doubts—all serve as challenges to further analysis instead of inspiring contented acceptance of these ordered and authoritative statements about method and Henry James. The book is equipped as carefully as if it were a translation of an author in “evski” with a table of contents, a partial list of characters, with their titular dwelling-places, a bibliographical note of the list of books by James published since 1905, and an Index to the novels, “tales, books of criticism and reminiscence, referred to, alluded to, or quoted. Figures in italics refer to passages in which the story is taken up for particular consideration.” These are “helps” indeed, something between gas-masks and a college student’s “crams.” Some sort of expedition into foreign parts, whether enemy or simply alien, is clearly contemplated. One wonders if things have really come to this pass with Henry James and the English speaking and reading public. But leaving the matter of his machinery one side as part of the habit of the time, substituting for what Montaigne called the prattle of chambermaids (and Joel Spingarn considers the drone and sing-song of many schoolmistresses) the technique of science—at once so orderly and so serious, indeed important enough to engage the whole solemn attention of man, the breadwinner—the reviewer, who confessedly belongs to another camp of criticism, fails utterly to grasp the organic principle of the “Contents”: “Part One, The Method,” through eleven stages or aspects, closing with “The Figure in the Carpet”; and “Part Two, Towards a Method,” through six stages or aspects, closing with “Full Prime.” It seems hardly less than discouraging to the gentle reader or the docile student to find that after an illustrated presentation of the method, he is to reconsider the situation from the point of view of an indefinite article. Of course it is no secret that somewhere in this artistic no man’s land Mr.



James's own notes and prefaces play the part of barbed wire entanglements, for help or hindrance. Professor Beach seems to feel no doubt that in the nicely balanced issues of artistic trials the artist's own statements are of final value as testimony. For myself, I entirely discredit their competence. No human documents, perhaps, are more interesting, but they have the same sort of scientific significance as a mother's preoccupation with her most troublesome child.

And here, perhaps, lies the real value of Professor Beach's book. Its meticulous importunity may direct unskilled readers through many things about method and Henry James into a disciplined curiosity concerning the potent charm that kept the critic intent upon his always unfinished, and still alluring, task. For Henry James never talked or wrote about his method, as such, and never once claimed for himself a final success! The most "happy" of his accomplishments always left unexploited some exquisite detail of the real "occasion." No more did he discourse of his aim or his responsibility: there is nothing about holding, or counting, the pulse of the machine, no ambition for a place in the sun at the spiritual centre of the world of meanings, no reference to the great taskmaster's age; instead, the picture of a small boy "gawping." Did Henry James ever find a better description of the artistic process as he experienced it? The interest of the scene, the presence of the fence palings, the inexhaustible promise beyond? Signor Croce might prefer the term intuition instead of the homely one so dear to Henry James, but Thomas Hardy knew the spell although without the uncritical response of the eternal Small Boy.

For one I cannot answer. But I know  
'Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing  
The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing,  
That turns the handle of this idle Show.

To the end, Henry James was not ironic, but full of the joy of work: and when he could not enjoy his work, for pity, he turned to action. It may be objected that this account changes the scale of measurement employed from the microscopic to the cosmic. But the issues of life are infinite and eternal, and it was with those, after all, that Henry James concerned himself. For old furniture,

whether in houses or in souls, might better go up in flames of sacrifice than that living should be ignoble. As for the ignoble living itself, within what close drawn hair-lines it could be practised, a many times repeated series of his fictions shows. Whether Professor Beach is right in his estimate of certain stories as the best that James accomplished or of the relation that they sustain to his alleged method, there must naturally be grave difference of opinion. To the born and bred and contentedly loyal Jacobean, this elaborate attempt to supply the constitutional support for his rule by Divine Right seems a little bit like a work of supererogation; but the practical problem remains of mediating between a questionable reputation for literary greatness and the popular taste. Professor Beach may be right; this may be for some persons not only the best, but the only way of approach to these writings, this art with its "sob of the questing lead." It will always be a different thing to read the log from following "the old trail, our own trail, the out trail, . . . the trail that is always new."

Another service unquestionably rendered by Professor Beach to even the most loyal of Jacobeans is that formally and systematically, in a sort of dress-parade review, he collects the elaborately scattered terms, references, and dark sayings of this master of postscriptum preface.

MARY A. JORDAN.

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### VARIEGATED BIOGRAPHY

*William Claiborne of Virginia*, by John Herbert Claiborne, \$1.75, G. P. Putnam's Sons. *Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, by Lewis A. Leonard, \$2.50, Moffatt, Yard & Co. New York. *The Life and Times of Stephen Girard*, by John Bach McMaster, \$5.00, 2 vols., J. B. Lippincott Co. *The Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian*, by Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, \$3.00, John C. Winston Co. Philadelphia. 1917-18.

Whether biography be more of an art than a science, or vice versa, is one of those debatable questions that can never be satisfactorily answered; and the best we can do with it here is to affirm that biography in its ideal form should represent a skilful compounding of both beauty and truth. A biography aiming at

mere artistry would be worthless, and one seeking complete objectivity would be dull; and from both worthlessness and dullness in biography we beg earnestly to be delivered. Unhappily among the generality of those who essay this form of literary composition there prevails no common understanding of the processes to be employed; and the average biographer, literary condottiere that he frequently is, recognizes only such rules of presentation and criticism as he sees fit to set up for himself. Many biographers honor their subject as one of the greatest of the arts and at the same time win the confidence of scholars by their accuracy, sincerity, good judgment, and self restraint. Others—and their name is legion—allow personal feelings to control their pens and to neutralize any desires that they may have for detachment and freedom from bias and prejudice. Among the latter, methods of biographical treatment are pre-eminently subjective, and the results are as varied as the minds of the writers.

The three biographies and one autobiography, the titles of which stand at the head of this review, are excellent illustrations of the case in point. Dr. Claiborne's life of William Claiborne is a lawyer's brief, embellished with heraldic and genealogical adornments; Mr. Leonard's life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton is a journalistic *tour de force*, with few claims to either art or scholarship; Professor McMaster's life of Stephen Girard is a successfully detached and impersonal work, but as dry as the proverbial dust; while the late Governor Pennypacker's joyous adventures into the world of life and politics rival those of Aristide Pujol in the world of romance.

Despite some idiosyncracies and a very faulty arrangement of material, the life of Claiborne is a serviceable piece of work and deserves consideration at the hands of the historian. Claiborne was the stormy petrel of early Virginia and Maryland history; and his treatment by the Calverts, who drove him from Kent Island, where he had established a trading post seven years before Maryland was founded, has been defended or condemned according to the colonial sympathies of the writer. It is a pity that Dr. Claiborne, who loyally upholds his ancestor, did not base his arguments upon first hand evidence, instead of depending as he has done upon the writings of Scharf, Latané, and John Fiske;



for he would have strengthened his plea thereby and increased the faith of the reader in the reliability of his premises. As it is, one feels that the only original contribution which he has made to the main question is (to use an Irishism) the legal opinion furnished by Mr. John D. Lindsay of the New York Bar regarding the value of the bill of attainder passed against Claiborne by the Maryland Assembly in 1638. The net result of his own argument comes to this—that Claiborne had a just claim to Kent Island and might have made his claim good had he been willing to hold the land of Baltimore as proprietor and overlord. Dr. Claiborne's further contention that the island belonged to Virginia and should have remained in her possession even after the royal grant to Baltimore and the settlement of Maryland is less certainly demonstrated. The matter cannot be settled by an appeal to the modern law of contract, for it seems to involve some understanding of prerogative rights, feudal land law, and the ways of the British chancery; and of these Dr. Claiborne says nothing and probably knows nothing.

That a life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton deserves to be written no one can deny, but that Mr. Leonard was the proper person to write that life no one after reading his volume can possibly affirm. From the introduction by former Governor Glynn of New York, through Mr. Leonard's own preface, to the last chapter recounting the close of an eventful career, the work fairly exudes piety, patriotism, and perfection. One can easily discount the Roman Catholic sympathies of the writer, but it is less easy to condone the slovenly style, frequent misprints of names and places, careless historical statements, and ill-digested grouping of facts with which this work abounds. There is neither bibliography nor index, and the absence of all references makes it impossible to know upon what evidence Mr. Leonard bases his many extravagant claims regarding Carroll's influence in American history. Our confidence is not increased by his almost childlike faith in the words that dropped from the lips of J. H. B. Latrobe—a faith that is one of the whimsical features of the book. Mr. Latrobe was an interesting man, whose long period of existence, recently chronicled, reached back to the closing years of Carroll's life; but even his opinions can hardly have the oracular value that

Mr. Leonard gives to them. The author might have been forgiven much had he made his work more interesting, but what he has written possesses so little life, imagination, and understanding of the spirit of the age to which Carroll belonged as to repel rather than attract the reader. Carroll was too great a man to merit the undeserved fate of so ill contrived and unctious a biography.

Unlike Dr. Claiborne, a physician, and Mr. Leonard, a journalist, Professor McMaster is a distinguished historian, experienced in the ways of his craft and familiar with the rules governing the writing of history. Yet in his life of Stephen Girard he has produced a work that is so ponderous and matter of fact as to chill the enthusiasm of even the most ardent disciple. I doubt if anyone, not under obligation to do so, would read through these volumes except as a mental discipline. What Professor McMaster has given us is not a life of Girard but a documentary history of Girard's commercial and banking career. Hundreds of extracts, in the form of solid quotations from Girard's correspondence and elsewhere, follow each other in a continuous series through these pages. This material is left largely in the rough, its bearing and meaning, except in a general way, being rarely explained. Quotations concerning commercial transactions, business undertakings, money troubles, voyages, routes, cargoes, losses, and profits; letters from agents, ship captains, foreign and home correspondents; and statistics at great length are here entered: but what they are really all about the reader must gather in the main for himself at the expense of considerable mental effort. There are occasional chapters of interest, such as concern Girard's relations with the yellow fever epidemic, the South American republics, and his own bank—the first in America based upon the capital and credit of a single man; but even these chapters are so heavily laden with facts and figures as to be difficult for most readers to comprehend in all their parts. Girard's final act, the bequest of more than six million dollars to the city of Philadelphia for the education of poor, male, white orphan children, has inevitably an appeal of its own; but this appeal is in no way enhanced by the manner of its presentation here. I do not mean to say that these volumes are not valuable. They are enormously valuable, but

not as biography. They constitute a source book of information for the student of the history of the United States, during two of its most critical periods, extending from the Revolution to the year 1830, which in default of the original documents will be of the greatest usefulness to anyone interested in the commercial and financial activities of the time.

Governor Pennypacker was, I suppose, one of those mortals who, in the words of James Russell Lowell, "have been sent into the world unfurnished with that modulating and restraining balance wheel which we call a sense of humor." Else how could he have penned an autobiography which with little of real humor in its pages is still humorous, if by humor we mean "the acute perception of a lack of proportion"? Mrs. Burr in her delightful essay, "The Autobiography," has a chapter entitled "Self Esteem," in which she would certainly have found a place for this well-intentioned but intrinsically egotistical production. It is egotistical not so much for the author's vanity which it discloses—for I doubt if Governor Pennypacker was vain in the commonly accepted meaning of the word—but because of the abnormal stress which it everywhere lays on the author himself, his opinions, accomplishments, reputation, and influence. I have looked in vain for any evidence to show that Governor Pennypacker ever thought less than well of himself. One virtue, at least, he did not possess, and that is modesty. He never questions the essential correctness of his own opinion or of his own position even against the world. His book shows that he was an upright and conscientious public servant, gifted with energy, independence, and persistence even to stubbornness, but it also shows that he had little vision, was endowed with few of the attributes of a statesman, and was accustomed to adhere with great tenacity to judgments of men and events that sound to-day like the echoes of an age that is past. He had a strong and vigorous mentality, but was temperamentally unadaptable and unprogressive, and in some respects resembled one whom he greatly admired and ranked "among the heroes of all time and the whole world"—Oom Paul Kruger.

Governor Pennypacker's idea of what an autobiography should be is very comprehensive, ranging from a description of certain



physical peculiarities of his own, which he called to Darwin's attention as evidence of the descent of man, to the recording of the fact that he was once mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency by some of his Pennsylvania supporters. He includes in his book specimens of his poetry, bon-mots, and addresses, lists of books read—even to the number of pages, references at length to his book-collecting and his library. He narrates in an anecdotal way his career as reformer, judge, and governor, in the last of which offices, he tells us, he followed a rule of conduct "much more correct and safe than that acted upon by Roosevelt and Wilson in our national affairs"; and he neglects no opportunity to express his own approval, or that of others, of what he accomplished. Among the peculiar features of the work may be mentioned his defense of Matthew Stanley Quay: his justification of the Pennsylvania grafters who, he thinks, "well builded the capitol" at Harrisburg; the inclusion of a long series of letters, extolling his own merits and praising his course as governor; the printing of caricatures of himself, such as "Pennypacker of Penn.," "The Schwenkville Sage," and "Who's Zoo in America, Governor Samuel Whangdoodle Pennypacker," all of which are here given in full; and the insertion of a collection of "Miniatures," or characterizations of prominent personages, from Wilson and Roosevelt to Connie Mack and Mary Garden, among whom Quay is the only one of whom he entirely approves. The fact seems to be that he tried to do right himself and approved of no one who did not conform to his precepts. The work is entertaining, well written, and worth reading, if only as an example of self-delineation; but the reader who follows on and on along the garrulous road will wonder at times how any man could ever have enjoyed so prolonged a contemplation of virtue in himself.

From these four works one would naturally infer that biography was neither an art nor a science, nor even a skilful compounding of both, but rather a form of empirical literature governed chiefly by the rule of thumb.

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## PORTUGAL AND SPAIN IN EAST AND WEST

*Portugal, Old and Young*, by George Young, \$2.25, Oxford University Press. *The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New*, by Roger Bigelow Merriman, \$7.50, 2 vols., Macmillan Co. *Rise of the Spanish-American Republics as Told in the Lives of their Liberators*, by William Spence Robertson, \$3.00, D. Appleton Co. New York. 1917-1918.

Among the several volumes published in recent years on the little European country "far flung into the Atlantic," the brief study by a former British secretary of legation at Lisbon easily takes first place. Its object is to acquaint Englishmen with a land of friendly associations in warfare and commerce, maintained through many centuries and epitomized in the couplet:

Com todo o mundo guerra,  
Paz com a Inglaterra.

At the same time it serves to explain why Portugal in the war fought on England's side.

Though not a formal "history," it is historical enough in concept and treatment to show how the Portuguese became a nation. The story is related with a charm of style that lends zest to every line. Where sober facts are introduced, they are garnished with excerpts from Portuguese literature which afford familiar glimpses into the minds and hearts, the customs and sentiments and psychology, of a people congenial to those who know them and deserving of the intimacy that the author makes the reader feel. History and literature, also, are blended with pen pictures of life, present and past. These impart so much vividness to what is portrayed that one is carried in thought through the length and breadth of the land, no less than through the vicissitudes of a nation, once eminent among the states that created empires beyond the seas, and since relegated to an obscurity from which it is only now emerging into the light of recognition.

Early Spain is even more fortunate in its recent biographer. On the period covered, and with all deference to Prescott, there is no work in English, or in any other language except Spanish, comparable with Professor Merriman's "Rise of the Spanish Empire." Its sole rival is Altamira's "Historia de España y de la Civilización Española." It supplies, also, the background long

required for a proper study of the Spanish dominion in America. In contradistinction to its prototype, Altamira's history, Professor Merriman's text is free from parenthetical digressions and lengthiness of sentences. His literary style, indeed, combines the attraction of readability with the scientific precision that a work of this kind must display.

The first of the two volumes deals with Castile and Aragon, approximately up to the middle of the fifteenth century. The second volume explains how the union of Aragon and Castile and the process of consolidating the royal power were effected, discusses the expansion of Spain into the Mediterranean, Africa, and beyond the seas, and closes with an account of international relations up to the death of Ferdinand. Two additional volumes are promised. These will tell the story of the Spanish empire on both sides of the ocean in the times of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second.

Excellent though the work is as a product of scholarship, it has certain characteristics that call for a measure of adverse comment. Beginning with minor points, it may be observed that due care has not always been exercised in the spelling and accentuation of Spanish words. Nowhere are industrial and commercial conditions, or the intellectual and artistic activities known collectively as culture, given much, if any, consideration. Positive errors or misconceptions, to be sure, are few. They are discoverable almost wholly in the author's opinions or statements about Spanish America.

Despite Professor Merriman's contention that the rise of a Spanish "empire" in the old world is connected so organically with the creation and development of the Spanish dominion in America as to justify the choice of his general title, the reviewer holds that the relationship is by no means so close as to warrant an assumption that antecedent or coincident circumstances in the peninsula or in its outlying European or African dependencies are serviceable beyond furnishing an adequate background. Spanish institutions and culture, of course, were transplanted to the New World; but the environment in which they were placed, and the conditions affecting the evolution of the great realm that stretched through the Americas, constitute a field of historical inquiry quite distinct from that of European Spain. It cannot



be worked to advantage, moreover, unless the investigator is provided with the needful implements derived from a close examination of the policies and methods of other nations that engaged in the task of modern colonization. At least this is true so far as his expression of 'general opinions about Spanish colonization in America is concerned.

Revolutionary Spanish America, for its part, has a recent biographer who exercises this function in a more literal sense than either of the authors preceding. Instead of making the region and the inhabitants his particular topic, Professor Robertson has chosen a number of eminent 'personages with whose respective careers he links up the details of the wars of emancipation that destroyed the power of Spain on the continents of the New World between 1808 and 1824. Believing that certain "difficulties inherent in the complexity of the theme" have been "lessened by the use of what may be styled the biographical method," he has centred attention on Miranda, Hidalgo, Iturbide, Moreno, San Martín, Bolívar, and Sucre, the recital of whose lives and deeds, together with incidental accounts of "minor characters," occupies most of the volume. The remainder consists of an introductory chapter on the "historical background" and a "conclusion." At the end is a select bibliography. Pictures of the seven leaders and of four other worthies, two maps, and a plan of the battle of Ayacucho embellish the text.

As a whole Professor Robertson's work is a piece of conscientious and methodical scholarship that calls for due acknowledgment. The statements in his preface about the extent of his researches are amply confirmed by the internal evidence of the volume itself. Students of the period will be grateful for a collection of biographies serviceable in tracing the course of the revolution. And the same is true of the bibliography.

Apart from various matters of omission and commission in the preface, text, and bibliography, for an examination of which space is not available, there is, nevertheless, one outstanding feature of the book to which a fundamental objection might be raised. It is at least an open question whether Professor Robertson would not have made the real nature of his work more apparent, if he had transposed the order of the two portions of his title. Admitting that, in the history of the Spanish-American countries during

and after the wars of emancipation, great personalities play relatively a larger rôle than they do in the records of other nations, too little is commonly known, either of the wars or of the personalities, or even of Spanish America itself, to make it possible for readers unacquainted with them to understand the course of development by reading about the careers of liberators who operated in different areas, at different times, and often under different circumstances. It is difficult enough—if not altogether impossible—for the story of the rise of the North American republic to be clearly told in the life of Washington, supplemented by that of Greene and other characters, major and minor. In the case of the Spanish-American states the task becomes harder still, not only because of general unfamiliarity, but because of the very “complexity” of the theme.

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#### DIPLOMACY AS INTERNATIONAL LAW

*A Survey of International Relations between the United States and Germany, August 1, 1914–April 6, 1917, by James Brown Scott, \$5.00, Oxford University Press, New York, 1917.*

This is a very usable cyclopedia of the international law involved in our relations with Germany. As befits such a cyclopedia, it begins with the President's war message and the war resolution of Congress. Those documents are followed by an introduction of more than a hundred pages of quotation and closely packed footnotes, in which the opinions of leading Germans of the past and recent times as to the state, as to national and international policy, and as to international law are skilfully excerpted. Frederick the Great, Hegel, von Clausewitz, Arndt, Mommsen, Bismarck, von Moltke, Lasson, Rumelin, von Treitschke, Bernhardi, von Bethmann-Hollweg, and others are quoted. Many such collections have been made recently, but few are so good; the opinions have been brought together from a wide range of sources; they have been taken only from men of real distinction, whose words are representative of German thought, and they have been well annotated. The citations prove that the “old Germany,” about which some would still rhapsodize, had implicit in its phi-

losophy of politics the germs of those ideas which have been too lightly set down as solely the product of a modern materialism.

From this introduction the author proceeds to discuss the genesis of the war, analyzing Prussian history in a correct if conventional way. The treatment of Bismarck's spy system is interesting, if of doubtful relevance. The diplomatic history of the years 1871 to 1914 is given in clear outline. But when Dr. Scott comes in the second chapter to the questions of American neutrality, he is obviously more at home. His third chapter is a copy of Senator Stone's famous letter to Secretary Bryan which embodies in twenty points the complaints of the German sympathizers in this country as to the policy of the United States. This affords a frame upon which to hang the following chapters. The fourth chapter is devoted to the censorship of communications, the fifth to the unlawful seizure of persons on the high seas, the sixth to the restraints upon commerce, the seventh to the sale of munitions. In succeeding chapters the question of submarine warfare is taken up in great detail. Reprisals, the belligerent use of neutral flags, mines, war zones, blockades, the status of merchant vessels, these matters are treated systematically. The sixteenth chapter deals with the severance of diplomatic relations, and the seventeenth tells why arbitration was not feasible.

The issues are presented in workmanlike fashion. The international law is set forth in language that should be clear to the layman. The author is particularly happy in adducing German authorities, such as Bluntschli, in support of American contentions. The principles, laid down in the Hague Conventions and the reasons behind those principles, about which no one is better informed than Dr. Scott, are fully explained.

It is to be further said in commendation of the book that the author maintains a judicial attitude and uses a reserve in statement that commands confidence. That he has been permitted to publish for the first time certain State Department manuscripts gives his work unique value.

Yet one wonders as to the place of the book. Will students of international law learn much from it? The reviewer feels himself hardly competent to say, but he supposes that Dr. Scott would not make that claim for the work. For others it is of course a very convenient manual, but it is hardly more. One does not



ask to be spared the lawyer-like statements, but one would be glad to have a more comprehensive treatment of many of the subjects involved. The title seems to call for it. The questions of diplomacy and preparedness, the question of the character of the notes sent to Germany, all the controversial matters of the last campaign may possibly be passed over by the student of international law until the President's policy can be judged as a whole. It is as yet too early to form definitive historical judgments upon many of those disputed points. But the comment of a lawyer and distinguished student of the subject would have been valuable. Again, there are some questions which surely concern the international lawyer that one would have been glad to see discussed. Did the United States take from the start the strongest possible position on the submarine? Would the government have put itself on surer ground had it at the beginning disapproved of the use of submarines against merchant ships because of the very nature of submarines and because their necessary methods of attack constituted an unwarranted danger to non-combatants? Surely these are questions for discussion and interpretation, and one wonders why Dr. Scott has not dealt with them. One might read through his text and footnotes and yet not realize that in the opinion of competent and friendly critics the State Department weakened its position on the submarine question by proposing to the British Government that merchant ships carrying arms of any sort should be regarded as auxiliary cruisers. It will be remembered that when Great Britain refused to admit that position, the United States retired to previously prepared trenches. There seemed to be a mistake in diplomatic strategy.

The Administration had to deal with a new and trying situation. It had to preserve the sanctions of international law, it had to be fair to both sides, it had to uphold the principles of humanity. Nor could it act in a vacuum, solely under the pressure of international law; it had to reckon with public opinion at home and abroad. The situation called for the most refined common sense and the nicest balancing of possibilities. That the Administration acted with the greatest high-mindedness and with the most thoughtful deliberation will be denied by none but intense partisans. Whether it always took the wisest course is another matter,

which many will wish that Dr. Scott might have discussed. Diplomacy to him is international law and it is nothing more. That it is easy for experts with hindsight to comment on such matters hardly relieves them of the obligation of comment.

The author might well have dealt with the common sense of many of the issues involved, the common sense as it seemed to common people. True he has been at pains to set forth the reasons for many decisions. Yet he has not recognized sufficiently—if he meant to prepare a manual for the public—the way things looked to untrained but honest minds. It is hardly enough to say that international law was such and such.

The book, indeed is an annotation, a methodical and sound annotation. It contains a wealth of material and a mass of scholarship. No one better than Dr. Scott manages the machinery of research on a large scale, and his work should be in every reference library.

WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

Minneapolis.

### TOWARDS A SCIENCE OF SOCIOLOGY

*Community*, by R. M. Maciver, \$3.75, Macmillan Co. *An Introduction to Rural Sociology*, by Paul L. Vogt, \$2.50, D. Appleton & Co. *The Immigrant and the Community*, by Grace Abbott, \$1.50, Century Co. *The Offender and His Relations to Law and Society*, by Burdette G. Lewis, \$2.00, Harper & Brothers. *Social Diagnosis*, by Mary E. Richmond, \$2.00; *A Seasonal Industry*, by Mary Van Kleeck, \$1.50; *Disasters and the American Red Cross in Disaster Relief*, by J. Byron Deacon, \$0.75; *Russell Sage Foundation*. New York. 1917-1918.

The old question as to whether sociology can claim the name of science can hardly be said to be settled yet. But the materials for forming a judgment are piling up fast, and some of the evidence comes close to constituting a demonstration. This is particularly true of "Community" and "Social Diagnosis," which present the two aspects seen in almost every science—the theoretic branch, and the applied branch approaching an art.

"Community" is a thorough, consistent, and scholarly examination into the nature of social relationships and the laws of social life. The distinction is clearly drawn between different forms of social combinations. "Society" includes every willed relation-

ship of man to man. "Community" is any area of common life. The last section of the book is devoted to the consideration of the laws of the development of community, and is perhaps the most suggestive portion of the work. Among the significant ideas expounded are the reality of social progress, the potential immortality of a community, and the relativity of the differentiation of community to the growth of personality in social individuals. Of particular interest in the present world crisis is the chapter dealing with the co-ordination of community. Those who look to a world federation as the basis for future lasting peace will find in this book much helpful guidance to their thinking.

Applied sociology, in its most intensive form, is what has come to be called "case-work." In this field, the worker ceases to concern himself immediately with the abstractions of "association," "society," and "social relationships," and devotes his attention to the individual human being—the unit sometimes designated by the abhorrent term, the "socius." In the minds of many ordinary citizens, this is sociology in the exclusive sense. In the opinion of some sociologists, it is not sociology at all. Properly conducted, it certainly is the application to social abnormalities of the laws and principles of social science. The individuals dealt with in "case-work" are always "cases" in the medical sense—that is, they are individuals who are out of order in some way. The abnormality in each case which immediately concerns the sociologist is in the field of social relationships. There is maladjustment or disharmony between the individual and his human environment. It is the business of the practical sociologist to find and apply the appropriate treatment for the ills. In many instances, the social disability traces back ultimately to a physiological or mental ailment, and the assistance of a physician or an alienist may be needed. But this is merely part of the treatment from the sociologist's point of view. His task is the re-establishment of normal relations between the individual and his human environment, and his pharmacopoeia includes every agency calculated to further that result.

Miss Richmond's "Social Diagnosis" assumes the pathological character of social abnormality and devotes itself to that phase of its treatment which has to do with the analysis of the nature of the trouble. It is a discussion of the sources of evidence as to the



facts in the case and the methods of securing evidence from these sources, and of weighing and utilizing the evidence secured. It does not enter the field of the application of remedies, except in so far as the diagnosis itself indicates the treatment. Whether or not the work can be regarded as truly scientific depends upon the correctness of the author's belief that, amidst all the complexity and infinite variation of personal woes, there is sufficient uniformity to justify the induction and enunciation of certain general principles and rules of procedure. It is hard to see how anyone, after reading this book, can fail to decide this question in the affirmative. If the would-be social reformer aspires to be a case-worker, he will do well to supplement his reading of "Community" by a thorough perusal and continuous use of "Social Diagnosis."

Sociology in the generally accepted sense is an inclusive subject, and it is therefore inevitable that there should spring up a number of subdivisions—"Municipal Sociology," "Educational Sociology," and the like—which fall into two broad classes: those that study some detached phase of human relationships in a detached manner, and call the result sociology because the subject matter is a part of the social organization; and those that are an application of the fundamental sociological principles to a defined department of social life. The latter group is evidently the only one worthy the name of science or of sociology. One of the most vigorous and promising representatives of these specialized sociologies is "Rural Sociology," and one of the best examples of the scientific kind of rural sociology is Professor Vogt's new book. The author displays a commendable familiarity with the work of the theoretic sociologists and the established principles and viewpoints of the subject. His book is really an interpretation of the phenomena of rural life in the terms of sociological data. The topics covered are the standard ones—the land question, communication, religion, education, health, and economic organization. The discussions are eminently practical, and the author evinces a knowledge of rural affairs which admirably complements his theoretic equipment. The solution of rural problems—as far as there is any one solution—he finds in the conscious development of the village as a social centre, and the purposeful co-ordination of community interests about the village.

"The Immigrant and the Community" is a specimen of the kind of writing which helps to give sociology a black eye with the followers of the exact sciences, and many other people of common sense. It is interesting, it is suggestive, it is valuable, but it is not science. In this book Miss Abbott embodies the results of her rich and varied experience in working to promote the welfare of the foreign-born residents of this country, particularly in connection with the Immigrants' Protective League of Chicago. She also expounds the theory of social obligation and personal responsibility which has made her such a useful worker in this field. The book is an ardent plea for a better understanding of our alien population and a fuller sympathy with them on the part of the American people, and a resulting wide extension of the agencies and efforts devoted to protecting and advancing these groups.

Emphasis upon all these points is much needed. The people of this country should have their attention called to the sufferings of our immigrant population, and their eyes opened to the seriousness of the dangers which inhere in our established attitude towards foreigners. It is in the interpretation of her facts, and the conclusions which she draws from her observations that Miss Abbott displays the psychological bent, not at all uncommon among those who deal with "social problems" at first hand, according to which all activity should date from the appearance of the evil in a concrete human being. "Here we have this enormous number of unassimilated foreigners," she says in effect. "They constitute a disturbing element in our body politic. They interfere with the proper functioning of our democratic institutions. They menace the stability of our social system. They themselves suffer hardship, indignity, and injustice, and fall far short of realizing the dreams of progress which brought them here. What shall we do about it?" Miss Abbott's answer is that we should devote so much of our national energy as is necessary, however much that be, to the task of Americanizing these aliens, protecting them, fraternizing with them, facilitating their advance towards every economic and social goal. She does not stop to tell us whom she means by "we." She does not inquire how a nation, already thoroughly disorganized and divided by the immigration of the past, can succeed in initiating a social programme

which demands for its success the completest homogeneity and community of action, especially as each new step in its achievement would automatically increase the magnitude of the problem by stimulating immigration. She persistently refuses to consider the remedy of stoppage at the source.

A single example of the author's logic will suffice to illustrate this attitude: "It cost \$2,575,000 to maintain the immigration service for that year (1913), and practically all that expenditure of two and one-half million dollars was made in order that less than twenty thousand persons who were deemed undesirable could be separated from more than a million who were admitted to the United States. Those who realize what this money would have done if expended in behalf of the immigrants who are admitted, think of the costliness of this exclusion with some impatience." How much better is cure than prevention! Has Miss Abbott given a moment's consideration to the other hundreds of thousands of potential immigrants "deemed undesirable" who have been prevented from ever leaving home by the very existence of our immigration service and our selective law? If we admitted immigrants as indiscriminately now as we did before the passage of the federal immigration law, the sum of two and one-half million dollars would be as nothing in meeting the burden that would ensue.

"The Offender" is a practical book by a practical worker. Its subject matter is the origin and nature of the criminal, and the methods of applying social treatment to him. The illogicalities and weaknesses of our established court system are pointed out and improvements suggested. Probation, parole, and the indeterminate sentence are discussed in detail. There is also a full consideration of approved modern methods of prison construction, organization, administration, and government. One of the most valuable ideas presented is that of the penological clearing-house. It is very pertinently pointed out that the tasks of establishing the fact of guilt and of determining the appropriate treatment are entirely distinct functions. Much effort is wasted and many unwarranted conclusions reached because the information about a given individual is now scattered among different agencies, and not commonly available. Taking the book as a whole, the chief criticism is a lack of consistency and orderliness in the arrange-



ment of the material. But the discussions are all worth while, and are marked by moderation and common sense, as well as by abundant inside knowledge of the facts and keen insight.

Miss Van Kleeck's study of the millinery trade follows the same general plan as her previous investigations into the occupational activities of women, and arrives at the same general results. Those familiar with her earlier books will not need a description of the methods and scope of the investigation. The work is done with her customary thoroughness and accuracy, and gives the impression of entire reliability and pertinence. The final conclusion cannot be better stated than in the author's own words: "The great outstanding fact in this investigation of the millinery trade is, then, that the career of a milliner yields less than a living wage for more than half the workers, and that the most important cause of low earnings is irregular employment due to seasonal fluctuations."

"Disasters" is a timely little book dealing with a subject of permanent interest and importance. The various types of disaster discussed are disasters at sea, coal mine disasters, floods, fires, and tornadoes. Particular attention is given to the part of the American Red Cross in the relief of disasters since 1905. The most valuable portion of the book is that dealing with the principles of disaster relief, and the organization of disaster relief. Here again the possibilities of scientific sociology are manifested. No two disasters are alike. At any time disasters may occur which do not conform to any of the types described in this book. But it has been amply demonstrated that there are established general rules of correct procedure which may be applied to the most varied types. An interesting verification of this statement was afforded by the remarkable coincidence that the proof sheets of this book were ready on the very day of the Halifax disaster, and were used by relief workers as a preparation for the task of rehabilitating that city.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

New York City.

# YALE REVIEW

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